This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

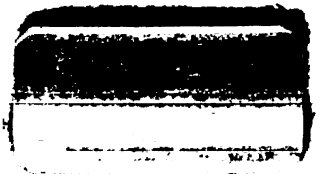
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



THE THEATRICAL 'WORLD' OF 1894.

THE THEATRICAL 'WORLD' OF 1894.

BY

WILLIAM ARCHER.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW,

AND A SYNOPSIS OF PLAYBILLS OF THE YEAR BY

HENRY GEORGE HIBBERT.

LONDON:
WALTER SCOTT, LTD.,
PATERNOSTER SQUARE,
1895.

906s
A67
1894

CONTENTS.

PAGE

PREFACE, BY MR GEORGE BERNARD SHAW - - xi

AUTHOR'S NOTE - - - - - - - - - xxxi

I.

THE PANTOMIMES - - - - - - - - 1

II.

"AN OLD JEW" - - - - - - - - - 9

III.

"TWELFTH NIGHT" - - - - - - - - 22

IV.

"THE CHARLATAN"—"A GAUNTLET"—"UNCLE'S GHOST" - - - - - - - - - 32

V.

"THE TRANSGRESSOR" - - - - - - - 41

VI.

"DICK SHERIDAN" - - - - - - - - 47

VII.

"CASTE" - - - - - - - - - - 53

_85258

VIII. PAGE

"THE LITTLE WIDOW"—"A GAIETY GIRL" - - 58

IX.

"THE NEW BOY"—"THE HEIRS OF RABOURDIN" - 62

X.

"AS YOU LIKE IT"—"MRS DEXTER" - - - 69

XI.

"THE BEST MAN" — "THE COTTON KING" — "FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE" - - - - 73

XII.

"GO-BANG" - - - - - - - - - 80

XIII.

"ONCE UPON A TIME" — "THE LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE" — "A COMEDY OF SIGHS" — "AN ARISTOCRATIC ALLIANCE" - - - - - 85

XIV.

"MRS LESSINGHAM" — "THE LITTLE SQUIRE" — "JAUNTY JANE SHORE" - - - - - 96

XV.

"FAUST"—"FROU-FROU"—"DON JUAN" - - 103

XVI.

"ARMS AND THE MAN" - - - - - - 109

XVII.

"A BUNCH OF VIOLETS"—"THE MASQUERADERS" - 118

XVIII.

"THE MASQUERADERS" - - - - - - 127

XIX.

PAGE

"THE WILD DUCK" - - - - - - - - - 136

XX.

ELEANORA DUSE—"A SOCIETY BUTTERFLY"—"KING KODAK" - - - - - - - - - - 143

XXI.

"DIVORÇONS!" — "JEAN MAYEUX" — "THE TWO ORPHANS" — "THE MAN IN THE STREET" — "MARRIAGE"—"MONEY" - - - - - - 151

XXII.

"CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA"—"LA LOCANDIERA" - 161

XXIII.

"THE CANDIDATE" - - - - - - - - 166

XXIV.

"JOURNEYS END IN LOVERS MEETING" - - - 170

XXV.

"THE MIDDLEMAN" - - - - - - - - 175

XXVI.

"IZÉYL" — "SHALL WE FORGIVE HER?" — "THE TEXAN" — "THE JERRY BUILDER" — "MADAME SANS-GÊNE" - - - - - - - - - - 176

XXVII.

"THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE STORY" — "A NIGHT IN TOWN"—"VILLON"—SARAH BERNHARDT - - 186

XXVIII.

"LES ROIS"—"A MODERN EVE" - - - - - 196

XXIX. PAGE

"MIRETTE" - - - - - - - - - - 203

XXX.

"BECKET" - - - - - - - - - 208

XXXI.

"LA FEMME DE CLAUDE" - - - - - - - 209

XXXII.

"LITTLE JACK SHEPPARD"—"LOYAL" - - - - 218

XXXIII.

"HOT WATER" - - - - - - - - - 222

XXXIV.

"THE NEW WOMAN"—"THE FOUNDLING" - - 223

XXXV.

"THE FATAL CARD" - - - - - - - - 233

XXXVI.

"THE CHINAMAN"—"LITTLE MISS 'CUTE"—"THE GAIETY GIRL" - - - - - - - - - 237

XXXVII.

"THE DERBY WINNER"—THE GERMAN COMPANY - 245

XXXVIII.

"GRAF WALDEMAR" - - - - - - - 253

XXXIX.

"DER PFARRER VON KIRCHFELD" - - - - - 256

XL.

"ODETTE"—"CLAUDE DUVAL"—"DER MEINEIDBAUER" - - - - - - - - - 259

XLI. PAGE

"THE CASE OF REBELLIOUS SUSAN"—"A TRIP TO CHINATOWN"—"TRUTHFUL JAMES" - - - 266

XLII.

"A GAY WIDOW" - - - - - - - - - 276

XLIII.

"ROBBERY UNDER ARMS"—"THE LADY SLAVEY" - 281

XLIV.

"HIS EXCELLENCY" - - - - - - - - 289

XLV.

"ALL MY EYE-VANHOE"—"DIE RÄUBER" - - 298

XLVI.

"JOHN-A-DREAMS"—"A DOLL'S HOUSE"—"THE MASQUERADERS" - - - - - - - - 302

XLVII.

"THE WRONG GIRL"—"THE SHOP-GIRL" - - 312

XLVIII.

"THE WIFE OF DIVES" - - - - - - - 320

XLIX.

"IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS" - - - - - - - 324

L.

"THE BIRTHDAY" - - - - - - - - 332

LI.

"THE RED LAMP"—"HAL THE HIGHWAYMAN" - 333

LII.

PAGE

"THE CHIEFTAIN" - - - - - - - - - 339

LIII.

"A STORY OF WATERLOO"—"THE VICARAGE" - 343

EPILOGUE - - - - - - - - - - - 347

SYNOPSIS OF PLAYBILLS, BY MR HENRY G. HIBBERT 371

INDEX - - - - - - - - - - - - 407

PREFACE.

MY qualification for introducing this annual record is, as I have vainly urged upon my friend the author, the worst qualification possible. For years past those readers of *The World* whose interest in art gave them an appetite for criticism, turned every Tuesday from a page on the drama by W. A. to a page on music by G. B. S. Last year the death of Edmund Yates closed a chapter in the history of the paper; and G. B. S., having exhausted his message on the subject of contemporary music, took the occasion to write "Finis" at the end of his musical articles. But the old association was so characteristic, and is still so recent, that we have resolved to try whether the reader will not, just this once more, turn over the page and pass from G. B. S. to W. A., by mere force of habit, without noticing the glaring fact that the musical duties of G. B. S.,

by cutting him off almost entirely from the theatre, have left him, as aforesaid, quite the most unsuitable person to meddle in a book about the theatre and nothing else.

However, one can learn something about the theatre even at the opera: for instance, that there are certain permanent conditions which have nothing to do with pure art, but which deeply affect every artistic performance in London. No journalist, without intolerable injustice to artists and managers whose livelihood is at stake, can pass judgment without taking these conditions into account; and yet he may not mention them, because their restatement in every notice would be unbearable. The journalist is therefore forced to give his reader credit for knowing the difficulties under which plays are produced in this country, just as the writer of the leading article is forced to assume that his reader is acquainted with the British constitution and the practical exigencies of our system of party government. And it is because the reader hardly ever does know these things that newspapers so often do more harm than good.

Obviously, Mr Archer, in reprinting his weekly articles exactly as they appeared, and thereby preserving all their vividness and actuality, pre-

serves also this dependence of the journalist on the public for a considerate and well-informed reading of his verdicts. I need hardly add that he will not get it, because his readers, though interested in the art of the theatre, neither know nor care anything about the business of the theatre; and yet the art of the theatre is as dependent on its business as a poet's genius is on his bread and butter. Theatrical management in this country is one of the most desperate commercial forms of gambling. No one can foresee the fate of a play: the most experienced managers carefully select failure after failure for production; and the most featherheaded beginners blunder on successes. At the London West End theatres, where all modern English dramas are born, the minimum expense of running a play is about £400 a week, the maximum anything you please to spend on it. And all but the merest fraction of it may be, and very frequently is, entirely lost. On the other hand, success may mean a fortune of fifty thousand pounds accumulated within a single year. Very few forms of gambling are as hazardous as this. At roulette you can back red or black instead of yellow. On the turf you can take the low odds against the favourite instead of the high

odds against the outsider. At both games you can stake as much or as little as you choose. But in the theatre you must play a desperate game for high stakes, or not play at all. And the risk falls altogether on the management. Everybody, from the author to the charwoman, must be paid before the management appropriates a farthing.

The scientific student of gambling will see at once that these are not the conditions which permanently attract the gambler. They are too extreme, too inelastic; besides, the game requires far too much knowledge. Consequently, the gambler pure and simple never meddles with the theatre: he has ready to his hand dozens of games that suit him better. And what is too risky for the gambler is out of the question for the man of business. Thus, from the purely economic point of view, the theatre is impossible. Neither as investment nor speculation, enterprise nor game, earnest nor jest, can it attract a single sovereign of capital. You must disturb a man's reason before he will even listen to a proposal to run a playhouse.

It will now be asked why, under these circumstances, have we a couple of dozen West End theatres open in London. Are they being run

by people whose reason is disturbed? The answer is, emphatically, Yes. They are the result of the sweeping away of all reasonable economic prudence by the immense force of an artistic instinct which drives the actor to make opportunities at all hazards for the exercise of his art, and which makes the theatre irresistibly fascinating to many rich people who can afford to keep theatres just as they can afford to keep racehorses, yachts, or newspapers. The actor who is successful enough to obtain tolerably continuous employment as "leading man" in London at a salary of from twenty to forty pounds a week, can in a few years save enough to try the experiment of taking a theatre for a few months and producing a play on his own account. The same qualities which have enabled him to interest the public as an actor will help him, as actor-manager, to interest the rich theatre fanciers, and to persuade them to act as his "backers." If the enterprise thus started be watered now and then by the huge profits of a successful play, it will take a great deal to kill it. With the help of these profits and occasional subsidies, runs of ill-luck are weathered with every appearance of brilliant prosperity, and are suspected only by experienced acting-managers,

and by shrewd observers who have noticed the extreme scepticism of these gentlemen as to the reality of any apparently large success.

This system of actor-manager and backer is practically supreme in London. The drama is in the hands of Mr Irving, Mr Alexander, Mr Beerbohm Tree, Mr Lewis Waller, Mrs John Wood, Mr Hare, Mr Terry, Mr Wyndham, Mr Penley, and Mr Toole. Nearly all the theatres other than theirs are either devoted, like the Adelphi and Drury Lane, to the routine of those comparatively childish forms of melodrama which have no more part in the development of the theatre as one of the higher forms of art than Madame Tussaud's or the Christy Minstrels, or else they are opera-houses.

We all know by this time that the effect of the actor-manager system is to impose on every dramatic author who wishes to have his work produced in first-rate style, the condition that there shall be a good part for the actor-manager in it. This is not in the least due to the vanity and jealousy of the actor-manager: it is due to his popularity. The strongest fascination at a theatre is the fascination of the actor or actress, not of the author. More people go to the Lyceum Theatre to see Mr Irving and Miss

Ellen Terry than to see Shakespere's plays; at all events, it is certain that if Mr Irving were to present himself in as mutilated a condition as he presented *King Lear*, a shriek of horror would go up from all London. If Mr Irving were to produce a tragedy, or Mr Wyndham a comedy, in which they were cast for subordinate parts, the public would stay away; and the author would have reason to curse the self-denial of the actor-manager. Mr Hare's personally modest managerial policy is anything but encouraging to authors and critics who wish that all actor-managers were even as he. The absence of a strong personal interest on his part in the plays submitted to him takes all the edge off his judgment as to their merits; and except when he is falling back on old favourites like *Caste* and *Diplomacy*, or holding on to *A Pair of Spectacles*, which is as much a one-part actor-manager's play as *Hamlet* is, he is too often selecting all the failures of the modern drama, and leaving the successes to the actor-managers whose selective instincts are sharpened by good parts in them. We thus see that matters are made worse instead of mended by the elimination of personal motives from actor-management; whilst the economic conditions are so extremely

unfavourable to anyone but an actor venturing upon the management of any but a purely routine theatre, that in order to bring up the list of real exceptions to the London rule of actor-management to three, we have to count Mr Daly and Mr Grein of the Independent Theatre along with Mr Comyns Carr. Mr Grein, though his forlorn hopes have done good to the drama out of all apparent proportion to the show they have been able to make, tells us that he has lost more by his efforts than anybody but a fanatic would sacrifice; whilst Mr Daly, as the manager and proprietor of a London theatre (New York is his centre of operations), has had little success except in the Shakesperean revivals which have enabled him to exploit Miss Ada Rehan's unrivalled charm of poetic speech.

Taking actor-management, then, as inevitable for the moment, and dismissing as untenable the notion that the actor-manager can afford to be magnanimous any more than he can afford to be lazy, why is it that, on the whole, the effect of the system is to keep the theatre lagging far behind the drama? The answer is, that the theatre depends on a very large public, and the drama on a very small one. A great dramatic poet will produce plays for a bare livelihood, if

he can get nothing more. Even if a London theatre would perform them on the same terms, the sum that will keep the poet for a year—or five years at a pinch—will not keep the theatre open for more than a week. Ibsen, the greatest living dramatic poet, produces a play in two years. If he could sell twenty thousand copies of it at five shillings apiece within the following two years, he would no doubt consider himself, for a poet, a most fortunate man in his commercial relations. But unless a London manager sees some probability of from 50,000 to 75,000 people paying him an average five shillings apiece within three months, he will hardly be persuaded to venture. In this book the reader will find an account of the production for the first time in England of Ibsen's *Wild Duck*, a masterpiece of modern tragi-comedy, famous throughout Europe. It was by no means lacking in personal appeal to the actor-manager; for it contains two parts, one of which, old Ekdal, might have been written for Mr Hare, whilst the other, Hjalmar Ekdal, would have suited Mr Beerbohm Tree to perfection. What actually happened, however, was that no London manager could afford to touch it; and it was not until a few private persons scraped together

a handful of subscriptions that two modest little representations were given by Mr Grein under great difficulties. Mr Tree had already, by the experiment of a few matinées of *An Enemy of the People*, ascertained that such first-rate work as Ibsen's is still far above the very low level represented by the average taste of the huge crowd of playgoers requisite to make a remunerative run for a play. *The Wild Duck*, therefore, had to give place to commoner work. This is how the theatre lags behind its own published literature. And the evil tends to perpetuate itself in two ways: first, by helping to prevent the formation of a habit of playgoing among the cultivated section of the London community; and second, by diverting the best of our literary talent from the theatre to ordinary fiction and journalism, in which it becomes technically useless for stage purposes.

The matter is further complicated by the conditions on which the public are invited to visit the theatre. These conditions, in my opinion, are sufficient by themselves to make most reasonable people regard a visit to the theatre rather as a troublesome and costly luxury to be indulged in three or four times a year under family pressure, than as the ordinary

way of passing an unoccupied evening. The theatrical managers will not recognise that they have to compete with the British fireside, the slippers, the easy chair, the circulating library, and the illustrated press. They persist in expecting a man and his wife to leave their homes after dinner, and, after worrying their way to the theatre by relays of train and cab or omnibus, pay seven-and-sixpence or half-a-guinea apiece for comfortable seats. In the United States, where prices are higher in other things, the same accommodation can be had for five and six shillings. The cheaper parts of the London theatre are below the standard of comfort now expected by third-class travellers on our northern railway lines. The result is, not that people refuse to go to the theatre at all, but that they go very seldom, and then only to some house of great repute, like Mr Irving's, or to see some play which has created the sort of mania indicated by the term "catching on." No doubt, when this mania sets in, the profits are, as we have seen, enormous. But when it does not—and this is the more frequent case—the acting-manager is at his wit's end to find people who will sit in his half-guinea stalls and seven-and-sixpenny balcony seats for nothing, in order to

persuade the provincial playgoer, when his turn comes to see the piece "on tour" from an excellent seat costing only a few shillings, that he is witnessing a "great London success." In the long run this system will succumb to the action of competition, and to the growing discrepancy between the distribution of income in the country and the distribution of prices in the theatre; but the reader who wishes to intelligently understand the failures and successes recorded in this book, must take account of the fact that, with the exception of the shilling gallery, every seat in a West End London theatre is at present charged for at a rate which makes it impossible for theatrical enterprise to settle down from a feverish speculation into a steady industry.

Among other effects of this state of things is an extreme precariousness of employment for actors, who are compelled to demand unreasonably high salaries in order that they may earn in the course of the year discouragingly small incomes. As we have seen, the few who have sufficient adaptable ability and popularity to be constantly employed, save rapidly enough to become actor-managers and even to build theatres for themselves. The result is that it becomes

more and more difficult to obtain a fine cast for a play. The "star system," which is supposed to have disappeared in London, is really rampant there as far as acting is concerned. Compare, for example, the Opera, where the actor-manager is unknown, with the Lyceum Theatre. Sir Augustus Harris can present an opera with a whole constellation of stars in it. One of the greatest operas in the world, sung by half-a-dozen of the greatest dramatic singers in the world, is a phenomenon which, as a musical critic, I have seen, and found fault with, at Covent Garden. Now try to imagine Mr Irving attempting to do for a masterpiece of Shakespere's what Sir Augustus Harris does for *Lohengrin*. All the other stars are like Mr Irving: they have theatres of their own, and are competing with him as men of business, instead of co-operating with him as artists. The old receipt for an opera company, "Catalani and a few dolls," is, leaving scenery and mounting out of the question, as applicable to a Shakesperean performance at the Lyceum to-day as it was to the provincial starring exploits of the late Barry Sullivan. One expects every month to hear that Mr Waring, Mr Fred Terry, Mr Yorke Stephens, Mr Forbes Robertson, Mr Brandon

Thomas, and Mr Hawtrey are about to follow Mr Alexander and Mr Waller into actor-management. We should then have sixteen actor-managers competing with one another in sixteen different theatres, in a metropolis hardly containing good actors enough to cast three good plays simultaneously, even with the sixteen actor-managers counted in. No doubt such an increased demand for actors and plays as six additional managers would set up might produce an increased and improved supply if the demand of the public for theatrical amusements kept pace with the ambition of actors to become actor-managers; but is there, under existing conditions as to growth of population and distribution of income, the slightest likelihood of such an upward bound of public demand without a marked reduction of prices?

There is yet another momentous prospect to be taken into consideration. We have at present nine actor-managers and only one actress-manageress—Mrs John Wood. So far, our chief actresses have been content to depend on the position of "leading lady" to some actor-manager. This was sufficient for all ordinary ambitions ten years ago; but since then the progress of a revolution in public opinion on

what is called the Woman Question has begun to agitate the stage. In the highest class of drama the century has produced, the works of Richard Wagner, we find the Elsa of *Lohengrin*, the most highly developed of the operatic "prima donnas" whose main function it was to be honoured with the love of the hero, supplanted by a race of true heroines like Brynhild and Isolde, women in no sense secondary to the men whose fate is bound up with their own, and indeed immeasurably superior in wisdom, courage, and every great quality of heart and mind, to the stage heroes of the middle Victorian period of Romance. The impulse felt in heroic music drama has now reached domestic prose comedy; and Esther Eccles and Diplomacy Dora are succeeded by Nora Helmer, Rebecca West, Hedda Gabler and Hilda Wangel. The change is so patent, that one of the plays criticised by Mr Archer in the pages which follow is called *The New Woman*. Now it is not possible to put the new woman seriously on the stage in her relation to modern society, without stirring up, both on the stage and in the auditorium, the struggle to keep her in her old place. The play with which Ibsen conquered the world, *A Doll's House*, allots to the

"leading man" the part of a most respectable bank manager, exactly the sort of person on whose quiet but irresistible moral superiority to women Tom Taylor insisted with the fullest public applause in his *Still Waters Run Deep*. Yet the play ends with the most humiliating exposure of the vanity, folly, and amorous beglamourment of this complacent person in his attitude towards his wife, the exposure being made by the wife herself. His is not the sort of part that an actor-manager likes to play. Mr Wyndham has revived *Still Waters Run Deep*: he will not touch *A Doll's House*. The one part that no actor as yet plays willingly is the part of a hero whose heroism is neither admirable nor laughable. A villain if you like, a hunchback, a murderer, a kicked, cuffed, duped pantaloon by all means; but a hero *manqué*, never. Man clings to the old pose, the old cheap heroism; and the actor in particular, whose life aspiration it has been to embody that pose, feels, with inexpressible misgiving, the earth crumbling beneath his feet as the enthusiasm his heroism once excited turns to pity and ridicule. But this misgiving is the very material on which the modern dramatist of the Ibsen school seizes for his tragi-comedy. It is

the material upon which I myself have seized in a play of my own criticised in this book, to which I only allude here to gratify my friend the author, who has begged me to say something about *Arms and the Man*. I comply by confessing that the result was a misunderstanding so complete, that but for the pleasure given by the acting, and for the happy circumstance that there was sufficient fun in the purely comic aspect of the piece to enable it to filch a certain vogue as a novel sort of extravaganza, its failure would have been as evident to the public as it was to me when I bowed my acknowledgments before the curtain to a salvo of entirely mistaken congratulations on my imaginary success as a conventionally cynical and paradoxical castigator of "the seamy side of human nature." The whole difficulty was created by the fact that my Bulgarian hero, quite as much as Helmer in *A Doll's House*, was a hero shown from the modern woman's point of view. I complicated the psychology by making him catch glimpse after glimpse of his own aspect and conduct from this point of view himself, as all men are beginning to do more or less now, the result, of course, being the most horrible dubiety on his part as to whether he was really

a brave and chivalrous gentleman, or a humbug and a moral coward. His actions, equally of course, were hopelessly irreconcilable with either theory. Need I add that if the straightforward Helmer, a very honest and ordinary middle-class man misled by false ideals of womanhood, bewildered the public, and was finally set down as a selfish cad by all the Helmers in the audience, *à fortiori* my introspective Bulgarian never had a chance, and was dismissed, with but moderately spontaneous laughter, as a swaggering impostor of the species for which contemporary slang has invented the term "bounder"?

But what bearing have the peculiarities of Helmer and my misunderstood Bulgarian on the question of the actress-manageress? Very clearly this, that it is just such peculiarities that make characteristically modern plays as repugnant to the actor as they are attractive to the actress, and that, consequently, the actress who is content to remain attached to an actor-manager as "leading lady," forfeits all chance of creating any of the fascinating women's parts which come at intervals of two years from the Ibsen mint. Among the newest parts open to the leading lady, Paula Tanqueray counts as "advanced," although she would be perfectly in her

place in a novel by Thackeray or Trollope, to either of whom Nora Helmer would have been an inconceivable person. A glance at our theatres will show that the higher artistic career is practically closed to the leading lady. Miss Ellen Terry's position at the Lyceum Theatre may appear an enviable one; but when I recall the parts to which she has been condemned by her task of "supporting" Mr Irving, I have to admit that Miss Janet Achurch, for instance, who made for herself the opportunity of "creating" Nora Helmer in England by placing herself in the position virtually of actress-manageress, is far more to be envied. Again, if we compare Miss Elizabeth Robins, the creator of Hedda Gabler and Hilda Wangel, with Miss Kate Rorke at the Garrick Theatre, or the records of Miss Florence Farr and Miss Marion Lea with that of Miss Mary Moore at the Criterion, we cannot but see that the time is ripe for the advent of the actress-manageress, and that we are on the verge of something like a struggle between the sexes for the dominion of the London theatres, a struggle which, failing an honourable treaty, or the break-up of the actor-manager system by the competition of new forms of theatrical enterprise, must in the

long run end disastrously for the side which is furthest behind the times. And that side is at present the men's side.

The reader will now be able to gratify his impatience, and pass on to Mr Archer's criticisms (if he has not done so long ago), with some idea of the allowances that must be made for circumstances in giving judgment on the curious pageant which passes before the dramatic critic as he sits in his stall night after night. He has had to praise or blame, advocate or oppose, always with a human and reasonable regard to what is possible under existing conditions. Most of his readers, preoccupied with pure ideals of the art of the theatre, know nothing of these conditions, and perhaps imagine that all that lies beyond their ken is the working of the traps and the shifting of the scenery. Perhaps these few hints of mine may help them to understand that the real secrets of the theatre are not those of the stage mechanism, but of the box-office, the acting-manager's room, and the actor-manager's soul.

G. B. S.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.

I HAVE to thank the Trustees under the will of my lamented Editor and friend, Mr Edmund Yates, for confirming his sanction of this reprint. To the Editors of the *Pall Mall Budget*, *Sketch*, and the *Athenæum* my thanks are also due for their permission to include one or two articles necessary to complete the record of the year. It is a great pleasure to me to be able to associate the name of my friend Mr George Bernard Shaw with my own on the title-page of this volume; and I am sure that the synopsis of playbills, kindly suggested and compiled by Mr Henry George Hibbert, will be found very materially to enhance the value of the book for purposes of reference.

W. A.

TO

C. A. AND J. A.

Mid gaunt hill-bastions of Hindostan,
And 'neath the sacred cone of Fuji-san,
May these faint echoes from our haunts of yore
Set boyish pulses stirring in the man.

LAST PERFORMANCES OF PLAYS STILL RUNNING AT PUBLICATION OF "THEATRICAL WORLD OF 1893."

	Last Performance. 1894.
BEAUTY'S TOILS (Strand)	January 3.
CAPTAIN SWIFT (Haymarket)	January 17.
DON JUAN (Gaiety)	June 16.
A GAIETY GIRL (Prince of Wales's; transferred to Daly's, September 10)	December 15.
GUDGEONS (Terry's)	January 6.
THE HEADLESS MAN (Criterion) ...	March 10.
MRS. OTHELLO (Vaudeville)	January 12.
MOROCCO BOUND (Shaftesbury; transferred to Trafalgar Square, January 8)	February 10.
THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY (St. James's)	April 21.
SIX PERSONS (Haymarket—First Piece)	April 21.
TOM, DICK, AND HARRY (Trafalgar Square; transferred to Strand, January 8)	February 21.
TRIPLE BILL (Court Theatre)	January 16.
A WOMAN'S REVENGE (Adelphi) ...	March 3.

THE THEATRICAL "WORLD" OF 1894.

I.

THE PANTOMIMES.

3rd January.

"WITH *Cinderella*,"* I read in last week's "Celebrities at Home," "Mr Oscar Barrett hopes to mark an epoch in the history of modern pantomime. He means still further to widen the gulf which already divides the pantomime of to-day from the pantomime of a couple of generations ago." In the first of these aspirations, Mr Barrett has in all probability succeeded. He has certainly produced by far the prettiest and most entertaining pantomime we have seen for many a year. If it has anything like the success it deserves, he will be encouraged to follow it up, others will tread in his footsteps, and we shall indeed have a new epoch in pantomime—an epoch of beauty, refinement, and, if not precisely wit, at least of reason and coherence.

* Lyceum, December 26, 1893—March 17.

But all this is surely not "widening the gulf" between the pantomime of to-day and that of half-a-century ago. It is rather carrying the art of Christmas spectacle back to the days of its youth—the days of Mathews and Vestris at this very Lyceum, the days of Planché and of Beverley. Mr Barrett's production, of course, is far more costly and splendid than anything Planché would have dreamt of;* but it runs entirely on the lines of the old-fashioned Christmas piece, telling its story clearly and gracefully, and illustrating it with fantastic episodes which have a certain natural relevance to the main theme. It is difficult to express, without seeming to exaggerate, the pleasure which one feels in this return to rational and thoughtful artistic methods, this happy co-operation of mind with money. In writing of last year's pantomimes, I was moved to forecast a regeneration of this most useful and admirable art-form. "When the Aristophanes arrives for whom we are all yearning," I said, "he will almost certainly write pantomime. . . . The ideal pantomime should charm the senses, stimulate the imagination, and satisfy the intelligence. It should be an enchanting fairy-tale to the young; to the old a witty, graceful, genially satiric phantasmagoria." Thus I

* This statement was disputed by a courteous correspondent. But I believe he will find that, though Planché doubtless produced striking effects, he dealt in far less costly materials than are nowadays used in spectacular productions.

prophesied, little dreaming that a single year would carry us so far towards the realisation of my vision. How far? Well, suppose we say half-way. Mr Horace Lennard, though he writes simply and pleasantly enough, is not precisely an Aristophanes, or even a Planché. The wit and satire of the production are to be found in the "gags" of the comedians (inoffensive, but not over-brilliant) rather than in the written text. If Mr Barrett is disposed to proceed further along the path on which he has already made so daring an advance, might he not induce one of our acknowledged masters of satiric verse to collaborate with Mr Lennard, whose practical experience would always be invaluable? How about Mr Austin Dobson? or Mr Anstey? or Mr H. D. Traill? or Mr Courthope? Might not Mr "Lewis Carroll" be persuaded to lend a hand in a fairy-play for children? If I were a manager, I know the poet whom I should bribe with untold gold to work my Christmas puppets for me: the author of *The Happy Prince*, *The Selfish Giant*, and other exquisite fairy-tales—to wit, Mr Oscar Wilde.

A poet and literary artist, then, would have made *Cinderella* more interesting to grown-up people; no one could possibly have made it more amusing to children. It is a delight to the little folks from first to last, and a delight of the healthiest and most innocent order. One pleasure succeeds another with-

out intermission: the iridescent glooms of the "Factories of Fairyland," the dance of the Autumn Leaves, with the episode of the Wood Pigeon and the Fox, quite the most beautifully-coloured ballet I can remember to have seen; the entrance of Cinderella, her encounter with the Fairy Godmother and with the handsome Prince; her gambols with the stray cat in the kitchen at home; the departure of the Baron, Baroness, and the ugly Step-Sisters for the ball; the reappearance of the Fairy Godmother, and conversion of the cat into a black footman (one of the most marvellous of Mr Lauri's quick changes), with all the indispensable miracles of the pumpkin, the mice, the rat, and the lizards; the attiring of Cinderella in the Fairy Boudoir, a deliciously fanciful scene; her departure for the ball in a chariot drawn by six black ponies, and with wheels ablaze with electric jewels; the arrival of the Sisters at the Palace in Sedan-chair-tricycles; the opening of the Bal Champêtre, with its Classical, Florentine, Indian, Tudor, and Japanese dances; the entrance of Cinderella, and her flight; the trying-on of the slipper, and ultimate discomfiture of the unkind Sisters; the imaginative and beautiful Transformation Scene; and, finally, a novel and spirited Harlequinade, with Mr Charles Lauri as Clown, made up (if I mistake not) in exact imitation of a well-known print of Grimaldi. It must be indeed a terrible infant whose cup of content is not filled to

overflowing by all these enjoyments. Mr Barrett has been singularly happy in casting his pantomime. Miss Ellaline Terriss is an ideal Cinderella—simple, child-like, and pathetically pretty. Miss Susie Vaughan makes a most amiable and authentic Fairy Godmother; and Miss Minnie Terry is charming as the Sylph Coquette, who presides over the jewels and scents, the handkerchiefs, gloves, fans, and powder-puffs of the Fairy Boudoir. Mr Harry Parker and Miss Clara Jecks are an amusing Baron and Baroness; and Mr Victor Stevens and Mr Fred Emney, who play the Sisters, are as unobjectionable as male comedians in petticoats can possibly be. Mr Stevens, indeed, is often irresistibly funny. Miss Kate Chard makes a dashing Prince, and sings capitally; and Miss Alice Brookes acts with pleasant vivacity as his valet Dandini. Miss Louie Loveday and Mlle. Zanfretta are graceful, accomplished, and non-gymnastic dancers; and as for the merits of Mr Charles Lauri's cat, are they not the most indisputable fact in pantomimic natural history? But it is not only in his principals that Mr Barrett has been fortunate. His chorus and ballet are most carefully selected, and present an uncommonly high average of beauty; the dresses (by Wilhelm) are admirably tasteful and fanciful; and in the arrangement of the dances Madame Katti Lanner has surpassed herself. The only fault of the scenery, by Messrs Emden and Hawes Craven, is an occasional

neglect of the principle of contrast. In the ball-scene, for example, the background is so bright that the figures do not stand out against it as they ought to, and the eye is fatigued in a wilderness of glitter. The musical setting, to conclude, is in Mr Barrett's best manner, popular airs of the day being charmingly diversified with classical fragments and concerted pieces. For my own part, I could spare one or two of the sentimental ballads, graceful though they be; and something ought certainly to be cut out in order to make room for the second scene of the harlequinade. The first was so amusing, that all the children, big and little, were full of regrets when the curtain prematurely descended. My whole feeling about *Cinderella* may be summed up in the statement that I should be delighted to see it again to-morrow; and it is twenty years and more since it has seemed to me possible for any human being to sit out a pantomime twice over.

Sir Augustus Harris's fifteenth annual, *Robinson Crusoe*,* is an excellent pantomime of what may be called the monster-medley type. It has as little as possible to do with the story of Robinson Crusoe, but that name is as good as another for a series of gorgeous pageants, with interludes by the most popular "artistes." The Fish Ballet is resplendent beyond description, and will no doubt be spirited as

* Drury Lane, December 26, 1893—March 10.

well when the dancers have become accustomed to their scaly habiliments. The Indian Ballet is not only magnificent, but really beautiful; and the tableaux from English history are elaborate, ingenious, and for the most part effective. No more superb spectacle has been seen on the Drury Lane stage than the final Apotheosis of the House of Hanover, if we may call it so. The "artistes" were somewhat ill at ease on the first night, but have no doubt long ago shaken off their nervousness. Miss Ada Blanche made a very popular Robinson Crusoe, and ministered to that patriotism which is one of the holiest feelings of our nature, by exterminating a huddled crowd of savages with a machine-gun. "Little Tich," who is really a very agile and amusing personage, was nominally Man Friday, but did not take himself seriously enough to blacken his face. Mr Herbert Campbell, as Will Atkins, converted into a Pirate Chief, seemed to me unusually subdued, and therefore unusually amiable; but nothing, apparently, can subdue Mr Dan Leno, who appeared as Crusoe's mother. The most successful incident of the evening was the bedroom scene, in which Miss Marie Lloyd modestly disrobed and retired to rest. At every string she untied, the gallery gave a gasp of satisfaction; and when Mr Dan Leno exhibited himself in a red flannel petticoat and a pair of stays, the whole house literally yelled with delight. You may think it odd, and even

ungallant, but somehow I don't seem to yearn for the privilege of assisting at Miss Marie Lloyd's toilet, or admiring Mr Dan Leno in dishabille; but, amid all that vast audience, I was evidently in a minority of one. The two Poluskis, as the Captain and Mate, proved themselves admirable pantomimists. When you go to Drury Lane take care to be in time, for the encounter of the Poluskis with the dummy sailors, in the opening scene, is the funniest thing imaginable. Miss Julia Kent did some very clever patter-dancing; and Madame Zucchi and Signor Albertieri, and Mr John and Miss Emma D'Auban, represented the higher branches of the art.

The Crystal Palace pantomime of *Jack and the Beanstalk** may be confidently recommended to parents and guardians. It is pleasantly written by Mr Horace Lennard, and produced with care and liberality by Mr Oscar Barrett. There are two ballets, "The Revels of the Nereids," and a most picturesque dance of diablerie in the Valley of Desolation; and as pretty as either of them, to my thinking, is the rustic dance in the village of Cowslipdale. Miss Edith Bruce makes a very spirited Jack, Mr Reuben Inch is a terrific giant, and Miss Kitty Loftus is exceedingly bright and vivacious as Scarlet Runner, the Spirit of the Beanstalk. The harlequinade, unfortunately, is decidedly poor.

* December 23, 1893—February 10.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

II.

"AN OLD JEW."

10th January.

LET me make one thing clear before attempting to discuss in detail Mr Sydney Grundy's new play at the Garrick. The executioner, in Thackeray's story, wept over *The Sorrows of Werther;* whence we learn that even the most despicable of human beings, in the most odious of offices, has "his feelinx" as a man. Of myself I narrate the fable. Though by profession an executioner, not to say an assassin, of dramatic literature, when I lay aside the axe, the rope, and the furtive stiletto, I can be a man even as Mr Grundy is. Simply as a man, then, I admire and applaud the courage shown by Mr Grundy and Mr Hare in writing and producing *An Old Jew.** Perhaps because my own disposition is cautious and timorous, courage, even carried to the extreme of foolhardiness, has always had a peculiar fascination for me. Well, Mr Grundy has had the courage of his opinions, of what he no doubt believes to be his observations. He has said his say, and made a clean breast of it, and, like his own Paul Venables, has let off the steam of a long-pent indignation in the very face of the objects of his scorn. It was a plucky thing to do, and it enhances the respect in which, as a man, I hold Mr

* January 6—February 3.

Grundy as a man. Mr Hare, too, in producing the play, and loyally doing his best to give full effect to Mr Grundy's satire, has shown a courage which, frankly, one did not quite expect of him. He has, in especial, faced one or two really awkward situations with admirable and unflinching firmness. We can all remember the time when the conclusion of the fourth act—the driving of the money-changers from the Temple—would have been considered audacious almost to the pitch of blasphemy; some of us, perhaps, may even have been present when an audience (at the old Haymarket, I fancy) hissed the line, "I came to scoff, but I remain to pray," under the impression that it was a quotation from the Bible. That day is long past. We have not only ceased to pay a superstitious reverence to Biblical phraseology, we have ceased even to respect the literary beauties of the Bible. At our most popular burlesque theatre a low comedian is night after night singing, with unbounded applause, a slangy and vulgar parody of the story of the Prodigal Son,—the Censorship, which vetoed the tragic and beautiful *Salome*, offering no objection. Such is popular inconsistency, however, that had *An Old Jew* been "going badly," it is quite likely that the malcontents would have professed themselves shocked by Julius Sterne's parallel between himself and the Scourger and Purger of that other "den of thieves." Mr Hare, then, deserves all credit

for facing this and other dangers; one only wishes that his intrepidity had been displayed in the cause of a better play.

For here the man must give place to the critic, and I must own that *An Old Jew* has by no means enhanced my esteem for Mr Grundy as an observer, a thinker, a dramatic artist. No; it is not a good piece of work, either as a drama or as a satire. It is full of clever and amusing things, and is very well worth seeing; but as a work of art, an effort of thought, it breaks down at almost every point. Mr Grundy himself will scarcely doubt the sincerity of the regret with which one makes this admission. He must know that even the meanest of critics enjoys the cheap magnanimity of professing his withers unwrung by satire, and praising, from an impersonal and impartial standpoint, a work which might have been expected to rub him the wrong way. If Mr Grundy had given us the slightest opportunity for exercising this facile virtue, I am sure we would all have rushed at it with avidity. But he has not. The drama is commonplace; the satire is thin, superficial, and confused. Since Mr Grundy has set the good example, we too may as well have the courage of our convictions.

The drama, of course, is neither here nor there; it is a mere framework for the satire. It has the merit of being a quite simple framework, but it cannot be

called neat in its simplicity. Not that I, for my part, object to its essence. That fairy-tale was, perhaps, as good as another for the author's purpose. The Monte Cristo motive appeals unfailingly to the imagination. Who does not find a pleasure in picturing "The Return of the Millionaire," transformed by his wealth into a sort of incarnate Providence, and able to mete out rewards and punishments to the just and the unjust with an accuracy which the other Providence does not always attain? There is even a certain novelty in the conception of a Monte Cristo who carries coals of fire in his magic pocket-book (my metaphors, like Mr Grundy's fable, smack of the pantomime season), and heaps them upon the heads of those who have wronged him. It would be unjust, moreover, to object to the absence from the fairy-tale of anything like observed or studied character. Where is the ideal personage in his right place if not in the fairy-tale? Here we have perfect magnanimity and beneficence, combined with sententious wisdom, in the benign Enchanter; the Good Boy and Girl are of talent and virtue all compact (of course there is not the least need for the Old Jew to open Paul's manuscript in order to assure himself that it is a masterpiece);* and even the Erring Mother has

* Mr Grundy, in the American edition of the play, objects to this remark, alleging that "it is nowhere described as a masterpiece." No; but Slater, who is represented as an able though

come as gold through fire, and is an exquisite embodiment of chastened penitence. This would be all very well if the fairy-tale were well told; but unfortunately it isn't. In the first place, it is told several times over; or, at any rate, long explanations of matters which we have all divined hours ago produce an effect of tedious repetition. This is the last error one would have expected from Mr Grundy, who knows—no one better—that if there is one thing the skilful playwright should dread more than obscurity, it is over-insistence on the obvious. Again, the thing does not rightly dovetail. If Julius Sterne wants to preserve his incognito, why does he come and go with the utmost freedom in his wife's house, trusting to the very improbable chance that he may not meet her? We are not given to understand that he is altered beyond recognition. Slater does not recognise him, but Slater is blind with drink. When at last the husband and wife do meet, she is at some trouble not to look at him until her cue comes for the recognition. This is a small matter, but in the work of a champion of the well-made play we may surely look for nicety of adjustment. Is it not carrying the Arabian Nights convention a little too far to represent a young playwright, even in a crisis of

corrupt critic, very emphatically calls it "a splendid play." If the difference seems vital to Mr Grundy, I cheerfully withdraw "masterpiece" and substitute "splendid play."

discouragement, selling a play for three-guineas-worth of Old Dramatists? And how is it that the name of this rising young author seems to convey no idea to the mind of Slater, not even piquing his curiosity? Drink-sodden though he be, he can scarcely have forgotten so remarkable a name as Paul Venables. I think, too, that Mr Grundy has made a mistake in not keeping his satire distinct, as it were, from its framework of story. No doubt he thought it an ingenious stroke of economy to make the seducer and the dishonest trustee members of the Moonlight Club; but the result is only an added sense of artificiality. It was not in the least necessary that the evil genii of the fairy-tale should appear in person at all. This attempted welding of the story and the satire goes far to spoil the simplicity which is the chief merit of the story. It is improbable, without being really ingenious.

All these objections, however, would be of very little moment if the satire were good. We do not look too closely at the feathers of an arrow, if the barb goes straight to its mark. But does it? I really do not know, for I cannot in the least tell what mark Mr Grundy was aiming at; and the worst of it is that I don't think he knows himself. There is a terrible lack of lucidity about Mr Grundy's invective. As trait followed trait, and each seemed more irreconcilable than the last with journalistic life and manners

as I know them, I kept on saying to myself, "But how can you tell? This is not supposed to be the life you know. It is the gutter journalist, the garbage-grubber, that is writhing under the lash." I did my very best to bear this in mind, though every here and there I recognised scraps of satire—amusing and quite legitimate raillery—that were evidently aimed at the so-called new school of criticism, to which I may claim the honour of belonging. For instance, I am not aware that a tendency to make light of plot, situation, and what is commonly termed construction in drama, is a characteristic of gutter journalism; but it is certainly a characteristic—a foible, if you will—of "the new criticism." However, it is quite possible that our catchwords may be taken up by the *Vultures* of the press; and in any case I should be the last to grudge Mr Grundy his little fling, even if it involve a trifling defect of verisimilitude. Granted, then, that the main brunt of the satirist's attack is directed against a phase of journalism with which I am personally unfamiliar, the fact remains that here we have three or four dramatic critics writing for papers which cannot be entirely uninfluential, or it would not be worth Monte Cristo's while to buy them up; and yet not one of them strikes me as bearing the most distant resemblance to any journalist I ever saw in my life. Mr Grundy does not represent that they *all* habitually write their notices without going

to the theatre, so it follows that I must rub shoulders with their prototypes two or three times a week, year out, year in. Well, I looked for these prototypes—I literally stood up and looked around, lest I might spy some obscure first-nighter shrivelling in a corner, who had escaped my memory, and in whom I could recognise some traits of John Slater, or Willie Wandle, or James Brewster—but no! he was not to be found. My worst enemy, I am sure, will not accuse me of suffering from exaggerated or supersensitive *esprit de corps*. I frankly admit that it would have given me lively satisfaction to have seen a little good-natured banter levelled at some of my colleagues—just as they, no doubt, enjoyed the aforementioned hits at some of my little manias. So far from finding us a clique of log-rollers, the satirist "up to date" would probably have to represent us as a set of Ishmaels—not, I hope, devoid of personal kindliness and good fellowship, but with every man's pen, in a literary sense, turned against his neighbour. Thus there is ample material for the satirist in theatrical journalism as it is, and if he distributed his satire with any impartiality, all parties would enjoy it; but where is the use of satirising theatrical journalism as it isn't? I have heard legends of such critics as John Slater, M.A., LL.D., but they were extinct before my time, and I don't know why they should be resurrected. As for Brewster and Wandle, did

Mr Grundy even find them in his memory? Has he not simply evolved them out of his moral consciousness? Other portraits are more recognisable. I think I could put my finger on Bertie Burnside and Mr Polak (am I right in bracketing them?); the Hon. and Rev. Adolphus Finucane I used to know very well, and though my particular Honourable and Reverend has disappeared from my ken (whether to the House of Lords or to Portland I cannot tell), no doubt he still survives in other incarnations; and the Old Actor is familiar to all of us, in several editions. "Well then," Mr Grundy may say, "since you admit the resemblance of some of my portraits, is it not only reasonable to assume that I have what you would call 'documents' for the others also?" Agreed; we *will* assume it; but I must still maintain that the whole picture is false and inartistic. At the very best—even admitting that somewhere, in some purlieu of Bohemia, there may exist such a den as this Moonlight Club—it is obviously dragged into grossly exaggerated prominence, and grossly exaggerated influence is attributed to it. Managers, for instance, may be egregious noodles, but where is the manager in London who would shape his policy, as Mr Wybrow Walsingham does, by the auguries of the *Vulture*? No, no; this club is not really intended for a mere "boozing-ken" of the rag-tag and bobtail of journalism, which Mr Grundy has happened to

discover in his peregrinations. He is not instructing us in the natural history of an unknown region, but appealing to our knowledge of the life around us. He is not exposing some obscure clique of mere ruffians of the press—why should he be at the trouble?—but satirising modern dramatic criticism as a whole. He intends that we should recognise the picture, and we don't. He may say that the people satirised are always the last to recognise the justice of the satire. That may be so when the satire is directed against a united and homogeneous body of men; but we are nothing of the sort. The first-night house is a house divided against itself, of which each section and sub-section would be only too ready to chuckle over well-directed hits at the other parties. As it was, the only hits (at dramatic criticism) in which I recognised any substantial justice, and which consequently afforded me the least entertainment, were those which I may perhaps assume without undue vanity to have been partly levelled against myself.

There is only one way in which I can explain the total lack of verisimilitude in Mr Grundy's picture of theatrical journalism. Is not the play an old one rather hastily furbished "up to date"? Does it not depict the Bohemia of Mr Grundy's first years in London, the Bohemia of the 'sixties and early 'seventies, with a few catchwords of the 'nineties placed in the mouths of the personages, and perhaps even an

extra character or two (Mr Polak, for example) thrown in? The erudite and alcoholic critic is certainly a thing of the past (his erudition, I fear, no less than his alcoholism); and there are a good many other touches which remind one of the Bohemia sketched by Mr Grundy in his early novel, recently republished, entitled *The Days of his Vanity*. There may even have been coteries in the days of Mr Grundy's vanity in which such a scene as that of the election by acclamation of Stern and Paul Venables to the membership of the Moonlight Club would not have been entirely inconceivable. That Bohemia, it is certain, is long since dead; social geographers are even in doubt as to whether the very name of Bohemia ought not to be expunged from the map. It is true I have seen one critic writing his notices in a club smoking-room; but the club was in St James's Street, not Maiden Lane, and the notices happen to be as unimpeachable in honesty as they are (Mr Grundy himself would, I am sure, admit) brilliant in ability. It is possible, of course (though I don't believe it), that we journalists of to-day may be as venal and spiteful as Messrs Slater, Brewster, and Wandle; but at least we are not so gregarious in our villainy; we have learned a decent hypocrisy.*

* On this Mr Grundy remarks:—"Has Mr Archer forgotten his own lapse from virtue? Does he not remember the occasion (I wish I could blot it from *my* memory) when he publicly

You may find among us "the smyler with the knife under the cloke;" but who has seen the band of blustering bravos—the Moonlighters—of Mr Grundy's imagination?

---

invited 'us pressmen' to combine to 'boycott' every author who resented criticism? I am happy to believe it was a moment of aberration . . . but there was no 'decent hypocrisy' about that. When Mr Archer suggested that the pressmen of London should enter into a criminal conspiracy, was he not 'gregarious in his'—unwonted enthusiasm?" If Mr Grundy will refer to the incriminated article (*World*, April 24, 1889), he will find that its purport was precisely to deplore the lack of gregariousness which rendered this "criminal conspiracy" impossible. The whole article, in fact, is only an amplification of the very phrase to which Mr Grundy cites it as a contradiction. As to the "criminal conspiracy," boycotting is one of the law-made or rather law-defined crimes which are no crimes until they come within the legal definition. I did not suggest that "every author who resented criticism" should be boycotted, but that this treatment should be adopted in the case of authors (and managers and actors) who took one particular method of resenting honest comment on their productions—a recourse, namely, to the notoriously one-sided machinery of our law of libel. At the same time, I am prepared, in substance, to accept Mr Grundy's rebuke. Without in the least departing from my opinion that the artist who submits questions of art to the arbitrament of a British jury thereby places himself without the pale, I recognise that press boycotting, even within the limits imposed by our sufficiently stringent law of conspiracy, might be made the instrument of injustices still more crying than those it proposed to counteract. It is best to leave in its sheath, even under the strongest provocation, a weapon which, once drawn, would clearly lend itself to tyrannous misuse. Therefore, even if we were as gregarious in fact as in Mr Grundy's fancy, I should now say, "Let us leave boycotting alone."

But I say again, go to the Garrick, and see whether you recognise us. *An Old Jew* will certainly amuse you, for it is full of wit, much of the sentiment is pleasant enough, and it is admirably acted by everyone, from Mr Hare, who makes a quite memorable figure of the Old Jew, down to young Mr Du Maurier, who is a delightfully realistic Swiss waiter. Mr Gilbert Hare is "in progress," as they say in France; Miss Kate Rorke and Mrs Wright are charming; and Mr Anson, Mr Abingdon, Mr W. H. Day, Mr Scott Buist, Mr Gilbert Farquhar, Mr De Lange, and Mr Robb Harwood are all as good as they can be. The mounting and stage management of the club scene are a delight to all that have an eye for such things. And whatever its faults, the piece is by no means unpleasant. For my part, I find it quite curiously amiable, for a play that sets forth to be, and is, so vehemently satiric. I have just been re-reading a few chapters of *The Days of his Vanity*, a work of ingenuous, hot-headed, charmingly boyish idealism. The same quality survives unimpaired in the fairy-tale of *The Old Jew*. Even in the satire and invective it has only put on a thin disguise.

III.

"Twelfth Night."

17th January.

At last, at last! The long series of disappointments has ended at last, and we have to thank Mr Daly for an evening of rich and keen, if not absolutely unmixed, enjoyment. The performance of *Twelfth Night* * has the one supreme merit which, in a Shakespearean revival, covers a multitude of sins—it really "revives" the play, makes it live again. There is nothing mechanical or academic about it. We feel we are in a live playhouse, not a historical museum. Not that I, personally, object to seeing the theatre turned now and again into a historical museum. When we have our Endowed Theatre, at which Mr Sydney Grundy scoffs (but "come it will, for a' that"), some twenty to five-and-twenty nights in the year (not more, Mr Grundy!) will probably be devoted to the merely historical drama,—to plays which interest us, not for their living merits, but because, like those people with whom Mr Browning parleyed in one of his last books, they were of importance in their day. *The Country Girl*, despite the freshness and charm of Miss Rehan's Peggy, belongs on the whole to this class. It is pleasant enough to parley with Garrick for once in a way (since Wycherley is out of the question): but his work gives us pleasure, not because

* Daly's, January 8—April 28.

it is absolutely and perdurably beautiful or witty, but because the mediocrity of long ago acquires a certain charm in the very act of growing old. Here, I take it, lies the explanation of the difference between Mr W. S. Gilbert and Mr Clement Scott. Mr Scott, perhaps, does not quite thoroughly analyse the pleasure which he receives from *The Country Girl*, and mistakes for inherent superiority what is really an "unearned increment" of quaintness due to mere lapse of time; while Mr Gilbert, not making sufficient allowance for this unearned increment—as inevitable, under certain conditions, in literature as in economics—is inclined to compare new plays and old on their absolute merits, weighing wit against wit, and invention against invention, as though the pleasure we received from wit and invention were, or ought to be, strictly commensurate with the sheer brain-power involved in it. *Twelfth Night*, on the other hand, is a work of inherent and permanent vitality. Poetry is the one thing imperishable, and Shakespeare has never written more tenderly and exquisitely than in the romantic scenes of this comedy. The fable has all the charm of a myth of the elder world, when instinct spoke to instinct unashamed, and when love found its sufficient sanction in beauty, with "no d——d nonsense about merit," about spiritual affinity, or harmony of souls, or friendship, or even mutual esteem. Someone in Paris has recently produced a

pantomime-play in which Juliet awakens before Romeo has drunk the poison, and they set up house together, quarrel, and lead a cat-and-dog life. What wanton vulgarity of imagination! In *Twelfth Night*, only Malvolio, the would-be "bourgeois gentilhomme," associates love with domesticity. Malvolio, a born major-domo, dreams of ruling Olivia's house, bidding others know their place as he knows his, and, in short, fulfilling the social duties of marriage. To the noble and beautiful children of fantasy, marriage is only a spell or charm to be recited "for luck," as it were, as they cross the threshold of love. They are pagans in a pagan world, and we no more care to imagine them "married and settled," than we want to follow the figures on Keats's Grecian Urn into their workaday life in the

> "Little town, by river or seashore,
> Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel."

We leave the lovers in each other's arms, beyond the reach and time of destiny. It is in this etherealising of the material, this elimination of all after-thought from life, all doubt and fear and shame, that the perennial charm of the poem consists. These "high-fantastical" beings are so frankly absorbed in the passion of the moment that they make the moment an eternity. Since Shakespeare left the comedy without an epilogue, Keats might have supplied it, in the shape of a fantasia on the theme: "For ever shalt thou love, and she be fair."

Mr Daly and I will never quite agree, I fear, as to the proper way of treating Shakespeare's text. We differ in our fundamental principles. To me it seems that the aim of the artistic manager should be to present any given play with as little cutting and re-arrangement as possible, having regard to the altered conditions of the theatre both before and behind the curtain. Mr Daly seems rather to cut and rearrange as much as he possibly can, without absolutely going the length of Dryden, Tate, and Cibber, and re-writing his author. My rule would be, "When in doubt, play Shakespeare;" to which Mr Daly would probably reply that he is never in the least doubt as to the superiority of his own ideas. For instance, nothing shall ever reconcile me to the barbarism (of which Mr Irving was also guilty) of opening the play with a seashore tableau, instead of with that bewitching speech of Orsino's, "If music be the food of love, play on," in which Shakespeare (who occasionally knew what he was about) strikes the keynote of the whole comedy. Mr Daly is not content with running Shakespeare's first and fourth scenes together as the second scene of his production: he actually cuts the six loveliest lines in the Duke's speech:

> Give me excess of it: that, surfeiting,
> The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
> That strain again!—it had a dying fall:
> O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing, and giving odour.

This is so incredible, that I almost hesitate to make the assertion; my wits may have been wool-gathering for the moment; but I certainly did not hear the lines. The running together of the two scenes, Mr Daly may say, was necessary because of the deep stage required for the Duke's court. Well, if the retention of Shakespeare's arrangement had involved the sacrifice of a few of the odalisques strewn about the floor of the ducal seraglio, we need not have been inconsolable. But I do not even see that any such sacrifice would have been necessary. If the resources of the modern theatre are unequal to the changes of scene required in following Shakespeare's arrangement, all I can say is, the more shame to it. There are many cases, of course, in which judicious rearrangement is quite permissible; but a rearrangement which displaces and mutilates what Shakespeare obviously intended for the opening chord of his romance is surely the reverse of judicious. The text throughout is treated very cavalierly, not only in the omission of important and characteristic speeches (such, for instance, as Viola's reply to Antonio, "I hate ingratitude more in a man," &c.), but in the curtailment and alteration of some even of the best-known phrases in the play. Why should the Clown's part be docked of the protestation that "Ginger shall be hot i' the mouth, too"? Why should Viola stop short at "By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one" (*i.e.*,

a beard), and omit "though I would not have it grow on my chin"? Is Mr Daly of opinion that Shakespeare "rubbed in" the jest inartistically? Perhaps; but what we want is Shakespeare's lack of art, not someone else's art. What possible authority is there for "And dallies with the innocence of love like *ripe* old age"? The emendation is as stupid as it is unnecessary. Finally, to pass over many more important matters, and descend to a very trifling, but not uncharacteristic, detail, why should the Clown modernise the line "Youth's a stuff will not endure," and sing "that won't endure" instead? This may seem the very pedantry of fault-finding, but the alteration serves no conceivable purpose, and to the ear which is familiar with the phrase in its quaintly archaic form (and what ear is not?), the modernisation is a quite sensible annoyance.

There now; I have had it out with Mr Daly, and can now return with an easy conscience to my original statement that, whatever his lapses of taste, he has truly *revived* the play, making it, as it ought to be, a thing beautiful, enjoyable, and lovable. I shall not even quarrel with the omission of "Come away, come away, Death," and the interpolation of one or two other more or less appropriate airs. In an ideal revival, the play would doubtless be less operatically treated; but the musical portion of the present performance is too beautiful to be otherwise than grate-

fully accepted. I don't know where Mr Windmer found the setting of "Oh, Mistress Mine!" which Mr Lloyd Daubigny sings so charmingly. It seems curiously unlike the words, converting the Clown's light-hearted ditty into a solemn and plaintive dirge: but it is beautiful, exquisitely beautiful and touching.* "Who is Sylvia?" treated as a serenade at the end of the third act, is perhaps not strikingly appropriate, but it, too, is perfectly rendered, while the stage, by an original and ingenious arrangement of lights, presents one of the loveliest pictures imaginable. The performance, take it all round, is capital. In the very

* I am permitted to borrow from my friend and colleague G. B. S. the following note on the music of the production :—

The musical side of Mr Daly's revival of *Twelfth Night* is a curious example of the theatrical tradition that any song written by Shakespeare is appropriate to any play written by him, except, perhaps, the play in which it occurs. The first thing that happens in the Daly version is the entry of all the lodging-house keepers (as I presume) on the sea-coast of Illyria, to sing Ariel's song from *The Tempest*, "Come unto these Yellow Sands." After this absurdity, I was rather disappointed that the sea-captain did not strike up "Full Fathom Five thy Brother Lies" in the course of his conversation with Viola. Since no protest has been made, may I lift up my voice against the notion that the moment music is in question all common sense may be suspended, and managers may take liberties which would not be allowed to pass if they affected the purely literary part of the play? "Come unto these Yellow Sands" is no doubt very pretty; but so is the speech made by Ferdinand when he escapes, like Viola, from shipwreck. Yet if Mr Daly had interpolated that speech in the first act of *Twelfth Night*, the leading dramatic critics would have denounced the pro-

first scene, Mr Hobart Bosworth, as Viola's sea-captain, led off by speaking his lines not only with perfect verbal correctness (alas, that we should have to remark on so simple and mechanical a virtue!), but with excellent phrasing and accentuation. Similar praise must be accorded to Mr John Craig, who did full justice both to the metre and the meaning of Orsino's lines. Miss Violet Vanbrugh made a pleasant and intelligent Olivia; and the other blank-verse parts, if not excellently treated, were at least not notoriously maltreated. Mr George Clarke's Malvolio lacked fantasy, but was otherwise quite respectable; Mr James

---

ceeding as a literary outrage; whereas the exactly parallel case of the interpolation of the song is regarded as a happy thought, wholly unobjectionable. Later on in the play Shakespeare has given the Clown two songs—one, "Come away, Death," to sing to the melancholy Orsino; and the other, "O, Mistress Mine," quite different in character, to sing to his boon companions. Here is another chance of showing the innate superiority of the modern American manager to Shakespeare; and Mr Daly jumps at it accordingly. "Come away, Death," is discarded altogether, and in its place we have "O, Mistress Mine"; whilst, for a climax for perverse disorder, the wrong ballad is sung, not to its delightful old tune, unrivalled in humorous tenderness, but to one which is so far appropriate to "Come away, Death," that it has no humour at all. On the other hand, the introduction of the serenade from *Cymbeline* at the end of the third act, with "Who is Sylvia?" altered to "Who's Olivia?" seems to me to be quite permissible, as it is neither an interpolation nor an alteration, but a pure interlude, and a very seductive one, thanks to Schubert and to the conductor, Mr Henry Widmer, who has handled the music in such a fashion as to get the last drop of honey out of it.

Lewis was an admirable Sir Toby, incomparably the best I have ever seen; Mr Herbert Gresham, as Sir Andrew, was quite worthy of his partner; and Miss Catherine Lewis, though she somewhat over-elaborated the sprightliness of Maria, was not so very florid in her humour as she is sometimes apt to be. The comic scenes, on the whole, had the true "festivitas," without which they are a weariness of the flesh. By the way, why does Daly take all the humour out of Viola's appeal for "Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady," by making it apply to Malvolio instead of Maria? The contrast between Miss Rehan's stature and Miss Lewis's is quite sufficient to give the thing point, though Shakespeare no doubt intended Maria to be played by a mere "wren" of a boy.

Lastly, of Miss Rehan's Viola. It is a beautiful, a fascinating, a truly poetic creation—on the whole more pleasing, to my own personal taste, than her Rosalind. Its one prevailing defect is *slowness*. Strange that one should have to say this of a performance of Miss Rehan's, but it gives all of Viola except her sparkle, her vivacity. A large exception, you may say; but until you have seen Miss Rehan you don't know what liberal compensations she presents in the shape of tenderness, delicacy, and quiet, subdued humour. At the same time, there is every reason why she should try to bring her achievement up to the

point of perfection by hastening the movement of several passages. She has adopted a curious sort of psalmody in her treatment of verse. She exaggerates her pauses, and lengthens out her vowel sounds, caressingly, beautifully, but, as I cannot but think, immoderately. I first noticed this tendency to what I then called grandiloquence in her performance of Maid Marian in *The Foresters*. It is an error on the right side, and gives a peculiar, dreamy, languorous charm to many passages of her Viola; but an error it certainly is when carried to excess. Now and then, too, she misses what I may call syllabic perfection in the wording of her lines, baffling the ear, for example, by saying, "I'm the man, if it be so as 'tis," instead of "I am the man." Her worst slip of this nature occurs in the very first lines of her part. Can anything be more beautiful than the echoing cadence of—

> "And what should I do in Illyria?
> My brother, he is in Elysium,"

which Miss Rehan ruins by omitting the "he"? But, after all possible deductions, this Viola remains a creation of indescribable beauty and charm—a thing to be seen, and never to be forgotten.

IV.

"THE CHARLATAN."—"A GAUNTLET."—"UNCLE'S GHOST."

24th January.

MR ROBERT BUCHANAN has written for the Haymarket Theatre an interesting, effective, and quite intelligent play, which will in all probability enjoy a long run. *The Charlatan*,* as its name portends, is concerned with the impostures of modern miracle-mongering, and at the same time dallies pleasantly with some other crazes and affectations of the day. Mr Buchanan is a firm believer in the maxim "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do" (and his are certainly not the idle hands for which Satan provides employment), "do it with all thy might." For the moment, he is writing popular drama, and he spares no pains to make it popular in every sense of the word. He leaves the how and why of imposture—the temptations of the Charlatan and the cravings of his dupes—to Bostonian novelists and other dabblers in nice distinctions and fine shades. The business of the popular stage, as Mr Buchanan very justly recognises, does not lie in analysis, casuistry, or any sort of moral hair-splitting. The dramatist should not seek to impart or suggest new knowledge or thought, but should simply appeal, as regards character, to the common stock

* January 18—March 17.

REESE LIBRARY OF CALIFORNIA

of observations,—as regards morals, to the currently accepted standards. Mr Buchanan's impostors, then, are impostors pure and simple, innocent of self-deception, and actuated by sheer, undiluted self-interest. One of them, it appears, has genuine hypnotic powers, which he exercises through the medium of eloquent adjurations that smack of the Old rather than the New Demonology. He has also a knack of summoning up "astral bodies," under conditions which seem very unfavourable for any Pepper's-Ghost or magic-lantern trickery. A less skilful playwright would probably have taken some trouble to explain the apparition of Colonel Arlington; but Mr Buchanan knows that we are quite prepared to take it on trust, if only the situation, of which it forms the culminating point, interests and thrills us. He knows, too, that audiences are devout adherents of what Professor Marrables would probably call the catastrophic theory in psychology, especially where the purifying power of love comes into play. Therefore he has deftly contrived to introduce the necessary element of sympathy into his theme, by instantaneously converting his Cagliostro into a Bayard as soon as the woman he loves is in his power and at his mercy. There are, no doubt, superfine persons who will call this "rudimentary" and "childish." Perhaps, in another mood, I should have done so myself. But Mr Buchanan had somehow managed to put me in

just the right mood for this pleasant piece of romance; and what is the inmost secret of the playwright's art, if it be not to beget in his hearers the mood he requires for the purposes of his fable? Mr Buchanan played on the right strings throughout. The entrance of the mysterious Philip Woodville was a piece of truly scenic imagination; the séance of the second act was admirably handled, with real originality and skill; the third act was charmingly picturesque and romantic; and the fourth act, which might easily have been an anti-climax, kept its hold on my interest and my sympathies to the end. The comic or satiric scenes, too, contain a good deal of light and clever badinage, at which one cannot choose but smile; and altogether we have to thank Mr Buchanan for a well-imagined, and skilfully and genially executed, romance, which filled an evening very pleasantly, and will doubtless fill a long series of evenings at the Haymarket.

There! At last! I have had nothing but praise for a play of Mr Robert Buchanan's, and have said, withal, exactly what I think about it. It is the proudest moment in my life. I have not lived in vain, and can die happy.

And now, having achieved one of my most cherished ambitions, I may whisper a thought which I have hitherto studiously dissembled, lest it might introduce a jarring note into the millennial harmonies of the foregoing paragraph. It seems to me that in the

character of Philip Woodville, Mr Buchanan has been on the verge of lapsing into subtlety, and sinking almost to the Bostonian level. What he intended I do not quite know, for he has not lapsed into lucidity; but I seem to see in Philip the glimmerings of a novel and delicately-observed character-type. I permit myself the Bostonian indiscretion of inquiring: What are the motives of his imposture? and I see a possible answer which Mr Buchanan at least says nothing to contradict. He does not seem to be a mere needy adventurer; so far as we can make out, money is no object with him. What, then, has made him a charlatan? May we answer, that he is one of those people (and they are not so rare as you perhaps think) who love imposture for its own sake, or, more precisely, for the power it confers, and the skill and daring it calls into play? The game of deceit has its fascination like any other sport, and it is the crudest misconception to suppose that even the criminal is always actuated by the gross, material considerations which we describe as "mercenary motives." Who can doubt that men and women have sometimes yielded to the sheer intellectual fascination of "murder as a fine art," avid of the glorious excitement of baffling justice? When they fail, we call them homicidal maniacs; but who knows how many may have succeeded, and gone to their graves in the odour of sanctity and sanity? The literary impostors, again—

the Chattertons, Irelands, and Colliers—is it for mere filthy lucre, or even for the sake of renown, that they go about their nefarious work? Suppose Ireland could have reaped endless glory and profit from the production of *Vortigern* under his own name, would it have given him half the pleasure, think you, that he received from palming it off as Shakespeare's? The sense of power which belongs to adept rascality—the sense of intellectual, ay, and moral, exaltation over your fellows—must be one of the finest intoxications of which human nature is capable. Then refine a little further upon this, and, without going beyond the bounds of the possible and even probable, you can conceive an impostor of such truly "sporting" temperament that he cares only for the excitement of the chase, and not at all for bringing down the game. Once assured that it is at his mercy, he lets it slip through his fingers without a second thought. Thus, for example, one can imagine a Don Juan—and is this Joseph-Juan quite imaginary?—making victims on all hands, enough to tax the arithmetic even of a Leporello, yet always desisting from the chase just at the psychological moment. May we not take Philip Woodville to be an impostor of this sort? Mr Buchanan seems almost to indicate as much in the apologue of the white gazelle, which prepares us for the revolution of the third act. There is, in short, a pleasant field for speculation in the character of this

"Eurasian Mystery." One could fill columns with conjectures as to what the author intended or might have intended. He has had a very narrow escape. A little more clearness and consistency, and he might have drawn a character worthy of Mr Howells—and passed the rest of his days in an agony of contrition.

Mr Beerbohm Tree's performance of the enigmatic Philip is polished, picturesque, and, in the later acts, full of genuine feeling. His make-up is masterly; and, take it all in all, his chivalrous Charlatan is an immense advance, in point of artistic finish, upon his fascinating Bushranger. The minor key in which the whole character of Isabel Arlington is pitched suits Mrs Tree's talent to a nicety, and I don't mind owning that I was really moved at several points in the scenes between Isabel and Woodville in the last act. Mr Frederick Kerr and Miss Lily Hanbury played the comic lovers very brightly, and Mr Nutcombe Gould and Mr Charles Allan contributed clever character-sketches. Mr Fred Terry, as Lord Dewsbury, makes an unnecessarily thunderous entrance, marching on like the Statue in *Don Giovanni;* but he puts all due earnestness into a somewhat "sacrificed" part. Miss Gertrude Kingston's part, also, is none of the best, but she does all that can be done with the cigarette-smoking Russian adventuress. How often, I wonder, has this useful actress played Madame Obnoskin under other aliases? Mr Holman Clark's Professor

Marrables is an excellent bit of character. The tone of placid detachment in which he remarks, "The soul?—Ah, yes, the soul!" is the most amusing thing in the whole play. We feel that the soul has not yet come within the ken of his microscope, but that, if it ever should, he will know how to deal with it.

Björnstjerne Björnson — why does Mr Osman Edwards persistently misspell his name?—is an exquisite lyric poet, a novelist and romance-writer of the first order, a historical dramatist of almost Shakespearean power (I vie with Mr Robert Buchanan in my admiration for *Sigurd Slembe*), and the great orator and demagogue (if you like to put it so) of his country and time. If you do not know Norwegian (but who does not, nowadays?), the best way to make acquaintance with him is to read his beautiful and most touching novel, *Paa Guds Veje*, somewhat unhappily entitled *In God's Way* by its English translator. As a writer of social dramas he is somewhat overshadowed, both at home and abroad, by Henrik Ibsen, but even in that line he has done excellent work. I say all this because no one, assuredly, would divine from the performance of what purported to be one of his plays, at the Royalty Theatre on Saturday evening, that he was a writer of any note whatever. *A Gauntlet** purported, I repeat, to be "translated by Osman Edwards and adapted by George P. Hawtrey"

* January 20–24.

from his three-act drama, *En Hanske;* but how much of its feebleness was attributable to Björnson, and how much to Messrs Edwards and Hawtrey, I really cannot say. It was utterly, unrecognisably different from the drama now before me, published in 1883; but I am aware that Björnson himself made some alteration in it, for the German stage, if I am not mistaken; and I presume that in some points, at any rate, Messrs Edwards and Hawtrey have followed this second version.* It seems almost incredible that a writer like Björnson should convert a strong, if somewhat disputatious, social drama into a clumsy farcical comedy like that of Saturday night; but we know that when a playwright begins to boggle and botch at a play which has once taken definite form, he almost always makes a mull of it. The inherent defect of all dramas which seek to establish an equal moral law for both sexes, is that it is practically impossible, on the open stage, to go to the root of the existing difference. Even in the French drama this difficulty is felt. In *Denise*, no less than in *The Profligate* and *A Gauntlet*, the discussion resolves itself into a bandying of empty phrases, no one daring to state in plain terms the very obvious reason why society has in all ages laid down one law for men and another for women. I do not

* I have since ascertained that they followed it pretty closely. This version has never been published in Norway, but there seems to be no doubt that Björnson himself is responsible for it.

mean that the recognition of this obvious reason would end discussion, but rather that discussion cannot profitably be begun until it is recognised and admitted. Its inconclusiveness, then, *A Gauntlet* shares with many other plays; its crudeness of construction and feebleness of dialogue (as here presented) are all its own. Miss Annie Rose was very much overweighted with the part of Svava; Miss Louise Moodie (a valuable actress, of whom we see too little) was excellent as Mrs Ries; and Mr Elliot, a clever comedian, had certainly some excuse in the dialogue assigned him for treating the character of Ries from a farcical point of view.

Mr Sapte's farce, *Uncle's Ghost*,* produced last week at the Opéra Comique, has at least the merit of being a home-grown and inoffensive piece of tomfoolery. It shows once more at what trifling expense of wit or invention an audience can be amused—for this class of work does undoubtedly entertain its own particular public. Mr Fred Thorne is reasonably funny as a ghost in a tourist suit and a straw hat; Mr Tresahar plays a light-comedy part with a good deal of spirit; and Miss Carrie Coote is bright as an American heiress.

* January 17—February 12.

V.

"THE TRANSGRESSOR."

31st January.

MR A. W. GATTIE, the author of the new play at the Court Theatre, is evidently a man of marked ability. Rumour has it that, like Charles Lamb, Mill, Grote, Bagehot, and so many other distinguished writers, he is by profession "something in the City." Whatever his actual calling, he would evidently have made an excellent barrister or leader-writer, and probably a good doctor or scientific lecturer—in short, he would have made his mark in any profession in which a good solid intelligence is a sufficient basis of operations. Clearly, too, he could write an interesting novel—for aught I know, he may already have done so. It is even possible that he may have latent in his composition the special gift, the indefinable, incommunicable something, that constitutes the dramatist; but his first play, *The Transgressor*,* gives no very convincing evidence of it. It is the work of a man who is far too intelligent to make a fool of himself, even on the stage; but although he had hit on a strong theme, there was no moment in the course of the four acts when we said to ourselves, "Ha! there is the unmistakable touch of the born playwright!"

* January 27—April 7.

Construction, dialogue, characterisation, ratiocination —everything was able, respectable, interesting; only there was no single scene or speech to make us (as the vulgar phrase it) "sit up," either intellectually or emotionally.

Mr Gattie is of opinion that the insanity of one of the parties to a marriage should be, not merely a permissive, but a compulsory ground for divorce—that it should of itself, as it were, annul the contract. He does not explain what extent of mental aberration he proposes to class as "insanity," or what authority is to pronounce upon the mental state of the patient; but these are details upon which the dramatist, as such, is certainly not bound to enter. He assumes a case of indubitable, incurable mania,—in other words, he takes the very plainest aspect of the matter, and asks us to reflect upon that, leaving definitions, distinctions, and difficulties for further consideration. The point is one of vast importance, and eminently arguable by dramatic methods—of that there can be no doubt. The author, too, has shown strong logical sense in the form in which he has chosen to present his case. Many playwrights would have shilly-shallied over a Rochester and Jane Eyre who could not marry because of the Mrs Rochester in the garret; and then, after three acts of virtuous anguish, would have killed Mrs Rochester No. 1, so that the funeral baked meats might legally furnish forth the marriage feast of No. 2.

Not so Mr Gattie. He indicts the law by making his hero break it, and showing, or at least arguing, that his crime is a law-made crime, not an offence against humanity, or even social policy. Eric Langley's action, it must be admitted, is more logical than probable. He either has, or has not, reason to believe that his wife's death will presently set him free. In the former case, he would surely be content to wait a little rather than risk penal servitude; in the latter, as it is not in the nature of things that the second marriage can long be kept secret, he faces, not the risk, but the certainty, of imprisonment for himself and misery for Sylvia, for the sake of a few weeks or months of precarious and clandestine happiness. A man who would do this ought to be, by the author's own argument, incapable of marriage, for he certainly cannot be called sane. Under the circumstances stated, one could conceive Langley marrying Sylvia, and immediately after the ceremony, saying to her: "This marriage is a felony in the eyes of the law. If you agree with the law, there is no harm done; give me a week's start for South America, and I will leave in your hands evidence which will at once nullify the marriage and make you a free woman again. If, on the other hand, you set love and conscience above an iniquitous law, our boat is on the shore and our barque is on the sea; and, now that there is an extradition treaty with Argentina, we will live happy and

die happy in Bolivia or Chili." This course would have been much more rational, and no whit more dishonourable, than that which Eric actually adopts. The fact is, he is not animated by ordinary human motives, but, out of pure public spirit and friendship for Mr Gattie, is bent upon getting up a good "test case." In this he succeeds, and in giving himself up to the law he brings the thing to its logical conclusion. But if he proves anything at all, he proves rather more than he seems to have intended. He commits Sylvia to her uncle's charge during her enforced "widowhood," assuming that when he emerges from retirement they will resume conjugal relations, whether the legal Mrs Langley be alive or dead. The inference seems to be, not merely that marriage should be nullified by insanity, but that marriage, as a whole, is a decorative detail which persons of the highest principle (for these two are nothing if not heroic) may, if they please, dispense with altogether. On this point I express no opinion; I merely deduce what appears to be, whether Mr Gattie intends it or not, the ultimate moral of his fable.

Able as the play is, it cannot be said that Mr Gattie has, at his first attempt, attained to perfect technical competence. He introduces one flagrantly superfluous character—Sir Thomas Horncliffe; his comic relief is cumbrous, and not very comic; he brings about his central revelation conventionally and

rather clumsily; and he misses what I take to be, not only from the dramatic, but from the dialectic point of view, the *scène à faire*. Surely the one person whom it is important to convince of the iniquity of the present law is the heroine who suffers by it. I fully expected that her discovery of the illegality of her marriage would be followed by a scene in which her lover should plead his cause, and convert her from horror and amazement at his treachery to sympathy for his temptation, and pride in the great love which made him risk everything for its sake. We should thus have had the theme thrashed out by the two protagonists of the drama—surely, I repeat, the one essential end to be attained, both from the dramatic and the dialectic point of view. But Mr Gattie passes quite beside this scene. The heroine is duly converted from horror to sympathy, but it is by an almost instant intuition, not by the hero's statement of his case, or any ordered appeal either to her intellect or her emotions. Miss Nethersole's powerful and striking performance concealed for the moment the emptiness of the scene; but, none the less, the author let slip a fine opportunity. It was in the character of the Rev. Henry Meredith, however, that his inexpertness chiefly betrayed itself. Here he sinned both in omission and commission. When the secret came into Meredith's possession, he was evidently in a very nice moral dilemma. He might instinctively feel it

his duty to denounce the bigamist, and yet be restrained by fear lest the vindictiveness of the defeated and jealous lover should reinforce the purer motive impelling him to such a determination. This interesting and truly dramatic point of conscience Mr Gattie entirely overlooks—that is his sin of omission. His more positive and demonstrable error lies in making Mr Meredith such an egregious ass as to suppose that his own cause could possibly gain by his denunciation of Langley. True, it is conceivable that Sylvia might be coerced into a loveless marriage with him, simply for the sake of hushing up the scandal; but if he is prepared to accept that solution of the matter, his case is a morbid one, which requires far more careful analysis than Mr Gattie vouchsafes. So far as we can see, his conduct at the end of the third act and beginning of the fourth is based upon an idiotic idea that he is going to divert to himself Sylvia's passionate love for his rival, by the simple process of ruining their happiness, and inflicting on her as well as him the greatest possible injury and pain. "Clergymen," says one of the characters, "are not a bit better than other men;" but does Mr Gattie really believe that they are so very, very much foolisher?

I have already spoken of the extraordinary intensity and power of self-abandonment displayed by Miss Nethersole in the part of Sylvia. This performance

ought to mark a step in her career. Mr Elwood played the part of the virtuous bigamist with more discretion, perhaps, than force; but the character is an exceedingly difficult one, and discretion in this case was doubtless the better part of valour. Mr Fernandez, as the old Colonel who is the spokesman of the conventional morality, would be more convincing if he did not disdain the modern art of make-up, and stick to the undeceptive wig and whiskers of fifty years ago. Other parts are very fairly filled by Mr Brookfield, Mr Seymour Hicks, Mr Bucklaw, Miss Fanny Coleman, and Miss Bessie Hatton.

VI.

"DICK SHERIDAN."

7th February.

WHEN a fond mother, adopting Mr Pinero's excellent idea, articles her son to me for instruction in the noble craft of dramatic criticism (premium, &c., on application), one of the first great truths I shall instil into him is that the critic, as such, has nothing to do with a play's chances of success. His business is to appreciate it as a work of art, not to take upon himself the function of Old Probabilities, and predict how the "popular wind," as Dick Sheridan calls it, is likely to blow. Only the other night, I was discussing

The Charlatan with an able and influential critic. "I did not like it," he said, "*because* I don't think the public is interested in the two subjects it deals with—theosophy and hypnotism. The public cares for nothing but a love story." I am sure my colleague will forgive me if I protest against this "because," and the undue humility of the attitude it implies. Why should he pause to consider what "the public" likes? It is his business to lead, not to follow, the public. If the author has succeeded in interesting *him* (if only for the moment) in theosophy and hypnotism, let him tell the public so, and bid them go and be interested likewise. The drama must inevitably sink lower and lower if the critics and the public keep on thus underbidding each other, as it were—each claiming less and less at the (real or supposed) dictation of the other. But—I should say to my ingenuous apprentice—even the best of rules has its exceptions. Plays there be with regard to which no mortal man need ask himself any question except "Will this please the public?" Mr Buchanan's *Dick Sheridan*,* produced amid much applause at the Comedy Theatre on Saturday night, is one of these plays. There is absolutely nothing in it that calls for critical thought or discussion. From the point of view of literature, of literary history, of theatrical technique, it simply does not exist. A few ready-

* February 3—March 30.

made puppets from eighteenth-century comedy (one or two of them bewildering us a little by their obtrusive unlikeness to the very well-known historical personages whose names they have assumed) go through a childishly simple action, every step of which we all foresee from the first, and talk certain lengths of dialogue which is neither well nor ill written, neither brilliant nor flagrantly inane, but has the air of a sort of expert, fluent improvisation, founded on reminiscences of all the plays of the standard English repertory. If you find this sort of thing amusing, you spend a pleasant evening, and there is no more to be said. The great majority of the audience seemed to spend a very pleasant evening on Saturday, and Mr Comyns Carr congratulated them on their good taste. I, too, congratulate them, for they were happier than I. It will interest me greatly to watch the fortunes of *Dick Sheridan*. The runs which Mr Buchanan's eighteenth-century plays used to achieve at the Vaudeville were always marvellous to me; but the Vaudeville (in those days) was worked under peculiar and inexpensive conditions. If *Dick Sheridan* becomes really popular at the theatre where that powerfully-written and moving play *Sowing the Wind* ran only a little over a hundred nights, I shall admit in this instance (what, as a rule, I strenuously deny)—a total discrepancy between my taste and that of the great public. We often differ as to what is

beautiful and interesting, very seldom as to what is tedious.

It has always seemed to me that Mr H. B. Irving has a career before him as a romantic actor, an actor of cape-and-sword parts. He may develop higher qualities later; in the meantime, he has picturesqueness and a certain distinction. His humour, on the other hand, is almost a negative quantity, though, like his father, he can sometimes make us laugh by the mere unbending of his normal gravity and stateliness. It would be unfair to hold him responsible for his total unlikeness to Richard Brinsley Sheridan, as he lives for us in a thousand traits of history and legend. Perhaps he could not, at best, have come very near the sanguine, mercurial Irishman; there is more of the Spanish hidalgo in his composition; but certainly Mr Buchanan gave him no opportunity for any attempt at genuine character-acting. It was not Mr Irving but Mr Buchanan that made Sheridan the unconscionably dull dog who on Saturday night moped and prosed through four interminable acts. There are doubtless debatable points in Sheridan's character, but three things are abundantly clear: that he had wit, that he was of a happy-go-lucky devil-may-care temperament, and that he had kissed the Blarney Stone, or, as the Irish guide-books put it, was possessed of "the gift of persuasive eloquence." All these characteristics Mr Buchanan has sedulously

suppressed. True, it has been said that Sheridan, like other noted wits, made up his impromptus beforehand; but in this case he has come abroad quite unprovided, not only with well-coined epigram, but even with the small change of humour and whim. He "jocks wi' deeficulty," if ever man did. Questioned as to *The Rivals*, he remarks, "I can say of it, as the lady said of her complexion, 'It is my own'"; and David Garrick actually has the complaisance to laugh! His repartee never rises above the unpretending level of "You're another." "You're an impudent beggar," says Lord Dazzleton; "And you, sir, are an impudent lord," is the crushing retort. "You shall rot in the Fleet," says Captain Matthews; "And you shall sulk [or skulk—I did not quite catch the word] outside it," rejoins the author of "the best comedy, the best farce, the best prologue, and the best oration in the English language." Sheridan, indeed, is the one leading character in the play who never has a scintillation of wit. Miss Linley makes one or two neat rejoinders to Lady Miller; there is a certain humour in some of O'Leary's lines; and one or two of the others now and then turn a phrase not inaptly. The only approach to wit that I can remember in the part of "the illustrious author of *The School for Scandal*," is a saying to the effect that "What everybody says is what nobody should believe," and even that I fancy he spoils with some

superfluous words. And if his wit is ignored, what shall we say of his powers of blarney? This magnificent representative of the great race of Borrowers, this man who, more than any other of his time, could be trusted not only to soothe an irate creditor, but to squeeze a further loan out of him, is represented as clumsily infuriating a Hebrew money-lender in sheer wantonness of insolence! The scene, as Mr Buchanan owns, is "lifted" from *Love for Love;* but Congreve keeps it within the limits of comedy, by making Valentine civil throughout to Trapland, and only Scandal openly impertinent. Congreve, in his turn, borrowed from the passage between Don Juan and Monsieur Dimanche in *Le Festin de Pierre.* Molière's scene is exquisite, Congreve's is coarsely effective, Mr Buchanan's, as even the first-night audience felt, is senseless and grotesque. And here, precisely in the wrong place, is the one point where we have any glimpse of the recklessness of Sheridan's character. For the rest he is stolid, sedate, saturnine, diffident, dolorous, with much more of Chatterton than of Sheridan in him. What could Mr Irving do with such a part? It seemed to me that, barring a little natural nervousness, he played very well the character Mr Buchanan had set down for him. Perhaps the chronic corrugation between his eyebrows added a touch of unnecessary gloom; but that was a result, no doubt, of the nervousness aforesaid.

Miss Winifred Emery made a charming Elizabeth Linley, but there was really nothing for her to take hold of in the namby-pamby personage. Mr Cyril Maude, as Lord Dazzleton, added another to that long list of "Stap-my-vitals" characters of which he must surely be getting very tired. Mr Brandon Thomas as O'Leary was amusing, but rather too deliberate; and Miss Pattie Browne, as Mrs Lappet, made excellent use of her fine eyes. Mr Lewis Waller was good as the lurid Captain Matthews; and other parts were well played by Mr Sydney Brough, Mr Edmund Maurice, Mr Will Dennis, Miss Vane, and Miss Lena Ashwell.

VII.

"CASTE."

14th February

WE are all agreed to regard T. W. Robertson as an innovator, a "way-breaker," as the Germans say, in our theatrical life; but what he really did, and whither he led, it is not quite easy to determine. We are apt to talk very much in the dark about the theatrical history of the past half-century or so, for the necessary documents, if procurable at all, are almost unreadable and quite unrememberable. What was the state of the drama, and especially of comedy, when Robertson

came to the front? It is useless to talk as though "he found not, but created first, the stage." The stage was there, and men of ability were writing for it. Westland Marston, Tom Taylor, Charles Reade, Dion Boucicault, were at the height of their activity; Douglas Jerrold's last comedies were things of yesterday. To Jerrold in especial—a writer of original English comedies—Robertson must have stood in some sort of relation, whether of likeness or unlikeness; but who remembers Jerrold's comedies, so as to compare them with Robertson's? Not I, for one, though I have read several of them in my time. Did Robertson head a revolt against the tyranny of Scribe and the mechanically "well-made play"? Nothing, certainly, could exceed the simplicity of such a play as *Caste*. It is as plotless as any "slice of life" ever served up at the Théâtre Libre, and makes us feel that in declaiming against plot, in these later days, we have been battering at an open door. But can we say that Robertson substituted character for plot? Scarcely, I think. Eccles, in this play, is the one real character he created; the rest of his figures are ready-made puppets, which for a time passed muster as characters by reason of a certain modernity of dress and dialect. It was "business," rather than character, that he substituted for plot. His true originality (at least so I am disposed to think) lay in his knack of placing everyday objects and incidents upon the stage.

He dealt in "touches of things common," and enlarged the property-list of serious comedy by such objects as milk-cans, tea-kettles, and rolling-pins, which had hitherto (unless I am mistaken) been held available only in farce. In dialogue, too, he pursued an analogous method, replacing the formal "wit" of would-be classic comedy with the easy-going flippancy of common talk. All this is implied in the famous nickname (who invented it, by the way?) of "cup-and-saucer comedy"; but the name, though happy enough, does not help us to place the thing it represents in its true relations either to what went before or what has come after. Did Robertson initiate the modern English drama? Is he the intellectual ancestor of Mr Pinero and Mr Oscar Wilde? Is *The Second Mrs Tanqueray* implicit in *Caste*? Or did the Robertson impetus die away in Mr Byron and Mr Godfrey, while Mr Pinero, Mr Wilde, and Mr Jones are the products of a still newer movement? Is Mr Carton, perhaps, the one survivor of "the tribe of Tom"? Twenty years hence, when we see things in a truer perspective, we may be better able to answer these questions. In the meantime, I am inclined to regard Robertson as a man with a curious instinct of superficial modernity, of which his intimate knowledge of stage-effect enabled him to make the most, but without the psychological penetration, the philosophical culture, or the artistic seriousness neces-

sary for the great dramatist. He has been called the Thackeray of the stage—I should rather call him the Leech, inasmuch as his criticism of life is that of the family caricaturist rather than of the philosophic satirist. His comparatively early death was perhaps a greater loss to his friends than to the drama, for it seems that he has done his real work, which may be described (inadequately, but not inaccurately) as the modernisation and refinement of the mechanism of the stage. This is the view I am inclined to take for the moment; but there is nothing more difficult, I repeat, than to write recent history, and stage history in particular.

His masterpiece, *Caste*,* remains surprisingly fresh and "up to date." It is only in definite allusions—to the Indian Mutiny, to dramatic ballets at Covent Garden, and so forth—that it reminds us of its age. Its general tone is quite that of to-day. What is unnatural now has not become so by lapse of time, but was no less unnatural twenty-seven years ago. It is curious to remember that *Caste* (produced in 1867) is now just as old as *Money* and *London Assurance* were when *Caste* was new. Yet the distance that separates them from *Caste* in tone and diction appears infinitely greater than the distance between *Caste* and *Liberty Hall*, which is very slight indeed. It is quite true that at the Garrick *Caste* seemed to have "gone

* February 5—April 4.

off" a good deal, but that was mainly on account of the distinct inferiority of the acting. The three parts which were really well played are those which are least essential to the success of the comedy—George d'Alroy, Esther, and the Marquise, to wit, performed by Mr Forbes Robertson, Miss Kate Rorke, and Miss Rose Leclercq. Miss Rorke, as Esther, greatly overdid the end of the second act, making it ugly and stagey, but at every other point she was charming; and Miss Rose Leclercq, looking quite regal in her sables, made the Marquise as little of a bore as possible. Esther's terrible line about "Master d'Alroy" had been judiciously cut. Might not a few lengths of Froissart follow it into oblivion? Mr Anson was a forcible and grotesque rather than an unctuous or comic Eccles. He exaggerated the sheer physical ugliness of the character. Captain Hawtrey seemed entirely to elude Mr Abingdon. The character simply faded out of the play, to the total destruction of its balance and meaning. Mr Gilbert Hare, as Sam Gerridge, was neither good nor bad, but colourless. His sobriety was praiseworthy in intention, but somewhat insipid in effect. To Miss Hay Harvey's Polly hard measure had been meted out in more than one quarter. Miss Harvey is distinctly a clever comedian, who will prove her value, I have no doubt, when she comes across a good original part. Following Mrs Bancroft as Polly Eccles, she was altogether too

heavily handicapped. Her humour seemed hard, aggressive, self-conscious, and her mere physical unlikeness to the ideal Polly whom we had in our mind's eye was greatly to her disadvantage. But it is an abuse of words to say that she showed no humour or talent. To those who had never seen the play before, she no doubt seemed all that could be desired; and there were several things—notably her recognition of George in the third act—which she did not only comparatively, but positively well.

VIII.

"The Little Widow."—"A Gaiety Girl."

21st February.

The first ten minutes or so of *The Little Widow*,* produced last week at the Royalty, seemed to belie the announcement in the programme: "This play has no motive." A motive was very clearly announced—a motive something like that of *Niobe*, or of Mr Anstey's *Fallen Idol*—what may perhaps be briefly indicated as the Frankenstein Motive. An amateur mesmerist has hypnotised a lady, and does not know how to break his own spell, so that she follows him about, worshipping him as her "lord and master," to the total disorganisation of his domestic economy.

* February 15—March 10.

Not only is this *a* motive—it is *the* motive of a fairly well-known play, to wit, *The Master Builder*, by one Henrik Ibsen. Had Mr William Jarman (the motiveless author) been alive to his opportunities, he might have enlisted the sympathies of the majority of the critics by professing to ridicule that exasperating production. But after the first ten minutes all appearance of reason vanished. "The Little Widow" came upon the scene, and incoherence instantly set in, with imbecility following hard upon it. The Little Widow, be it known, is not the Monster of the hypnotic Frankenstein, but a totally different person, having no connection whatever with the subject originally announced. In a word, the piece is indescribably senseless and vulgar, and it is pitiful to see actors like Mr Charles Sugden and Mr Welton Dale engaged in such work. Miss Minnie Palmer played the title-part, and seemed to have numerous and vociferous admirers among the audience. Indeed, the piece may be said, on the whole, to have been favourably received.

The hundredth night* of *A Gaiety Girl* was quite a brilliant and festive occasion. The piece went very briskly, and everybody, both on and off the stage, seemed to be in the best of spirits. This type of musical farce is not an elevating or intellectual art-

* Prince of Wales's, February 9. Transferred to Daly's Theatre, September 10—December 15.

form, but it is at least an improvement on the solemn and stodgy Gaiety burlesque of the old school which it seems to be supplanting. In selecting Mr Dudley Hardy to design the handsome memento which was distributed in the theatre, the management showed a nice sense of appropriateness. Along with French methods of draughtmanship, the tone of the French comic papers is gradually permeating a large section of English journalism; and *A Gaiety Girl* is, on the stage, an unmistakable symptom of the same tendency. "Spiciness" is the distinguishing trait of this class of work both in the drama and in art; and the dialogue of Messrs "Owen Hall" and Harry Greenbank is certainly spiced with an unsparing hand. For my own part, I have queer old-fashioned notions as to the limits of becoming mirth on the stage. If I cannot see why the serious drama should deal with nothing but dinner-table topics, still less do I see why the wit of the lighter stage should persistently approximate as nearly as possible to that of the tap-room. It gives me very little pleasure, even in the presence of ladies, to hear dialogue which elaborately leads up to an objectionable point, and then, as it were, sheers off with a wink before the point is quite attained. There is an old legend of some ingenious gentleman who had invented an anecdote with two endings, one gross, the other innocent. He would tell it with the "spicy" ending at the dinner-table after the ladies had left, and

then, to the consternation of all the other men, would recommence it in the drawing-room, fathering it upon the most grave and reverend senior who happened to be present. In this playful gambolling on the verge of indecency lies half the art of the "up to date" librettist, whose great aim seems to be to get the aroma of the smoking-room over the footlights. Well, the ladies seem to enjoy it, and who am I that I should complain? Indeed, I am not complaining; I am only recording a sociological observation. *A Gaiety Girl* has, since the first night, been pruned of some of its spiciest flowers of fancy, and the laicising of the erstwhile "Honorary Chaplain" is an immense improvement. Mr Monkhouse is a comedian of such over-brimming energy and irrepressible "go" that he can afford to dispense with tasteless and meaningless travesties. I see no reason why "the cloth" should be sacred from fair satire and even caricature; but this was a case of gratuitous insult. "But," you may ask, "is not the insult simply transferred to the medical profession?" In a sense, yes; but it loses all its sting. The doctor has no "cloth," no "livery," to be insulted; and besides, as sanctity is no part of the medical ideal, the contrast between profession and practice is not so flagrant and painful.

IX.

"The New Boy."—The Heirs of Rabourdin."

28th February.

It is not easy, in the case of a production like *The New Boy*,* to apportion the requisite "praise, praise, praise," between the author and the leading actor. Mr Arthur Law, to be sure, would have been nowhere without Mr Weedon Grossmith; but where would Mr Weedon Grossmith have been without Mr Arthur Law? This is not one of the cases in which the author, so to speak, merely provides the horse-collar, while the actor does all the grinning. What we laugh at is not simply the personal quaintness of Mr Grossmith—of that we should tire soon enough—but the ingenuity of Mr Law in complicating the embarrassments and miseries which throw the comedian's quaintness into relief. The very funniest moment in the play occurs, not in one of the "pathos scenes" (to adopt the phraseology of Greek tragedy) while the protagonist is protagonising before our eyes, but in the "messenger scene" of the last act, when we are informed of the gruesome expiation to which the police-court Rhadamanthus has condemned the hero. Here it is clearly the author, not the actor, who moves us to laughter; though even here a very subtle disputant might argue that it is not

* Terry's, February 21. Transferred to Vaudeville, April 16. Still running.

so much the author's invention in the abstract that we laugh at, as the concrete image conjured up in our minds of Mr Weedon Grossmith undergoing the *peine forte et dure* of castigation. The upshot is, of course, that the pleasure we receive is due to a very equal and intimate co-operation between author and comedian. Mr Law stands to Mr Grossmith precisely in the relation in which Sardou stands to Sarah Bernhardt when he fits her with a part like Fédora or Théodora. Just as *La Tosca* exploits the beauty and genius of the divine Sarah, so does *The New Boy* exploit the genius and beauty of Mr Weedon Grossmith. It is very easy to say that Mr Law might have treated his theme with greater ingenuity. Possibly he might; but the critic who makes such a complaint is bound in honour to indicate the opportunities which the author has missed. For my part, I think Mr Law has shown all the ingenuity which his theme "comported." It would have been mere waste of labour to raise a very delicate and complex structure on such a foundation; for no ingenuity in the world can give the initial idea that air of plausible common-sense which is indispensable to what may be called literary farce. Take Mr Pinero's three farces, *The Magistrate*, *The Schoolmistress*, and *Dandy Dick*—does not their very charm lie in the fact that there is nothing which we can utterly reject as impossible either in their starting-point or in their development? No single

incident is quite incredible; the author's art lies in concentrating a fantastic number and continuity of ludicrous moments into the two hours' traffic of the stage. But Mr Law's farce, though he does not, like Mr Anstey in *Vice Versa*, call in the aid of the supernatural, is frankly impossible from the outset. Even if we could conceive it physically possible that a man of thirty (whatever his stature) should pass for a boy of fourteen, the motive for keeping up the deception has no sort of plausibility. We cannot possibly believe that Archibald Rennick is going to pass as his wife's son until Dr Candy's will comes into operation, which may not be for a quarter of a century or so. Mr Law simply asks us to hold our reason and common sense in total abeyance for a couple of hours, in order to enjoy the humour of Mr Weedon Grossmith; and under these conditions it would be mere wastefulness to expend upon the theme any more ingenuity than is necessary in order to keep the attention of the audience on the alert. The dialogue is not without a certain humorous vivacity, and that is all the literary quality required in work of this description. On the other hand, the piece is quite funny enough to dispense with one or two witless and vulgar lines, at a particular point which I need not specify. Mr Grossmith is excellently supported by Mr Beauchamp, Mr Beveridge, and Miss Gladys Homfrey, while some younger artists make quite marked successes. Mr

Sydney Warden's sketch of the French tutor is really clever; Mr Kenneth Douglas as "Bullock major" is the hulking schoolboy to the life; and Miss May Palfrey as a wide awake young lady of sixteen, shows a good deal of address in a not over-pleasant part. The farce is preceded by *The Gentleman Whip*, by Mr H. M. Paull, a pleasant old-fashioned comedietta, in which Miss Esmé Beringer plays with freshness and vivacity.

Yes, it was a dismal, deplorable evening that we spent at the Opera Comique on Friday last. For once the Independent Theatre entirely failed of its purpose, and gave us a bad performance of an intolerable play. Not that *Les Héritiers Rabourdin** is devoid of interest. On the contrary, it might make the text of a very curious and suggestive article on "The Old Humour and the New." But the starting-point of any such article would necessarily be the inquiry, "Why is the play intolerable?" That it is a lugubrious blunder on Zola's part is the postulate on which all profitable discussion must be based; and as this fact was easily verifiable in the study, there was no occasion for experiment on the stage. Let me simply record that Mr Welch struggled gallantly and not unsuccessfully with the part of Rabourdin and, that justice done, say no more of a performance which ought never to have taken place.

* February 23.

That delightful artistic-critic, Mr Quiller-Couch, once did me the honour to reprove me for holding that fiction is a progressive art, or, at any rate, an art that has progressed. The thing is to me so self-evident that I think I must have failed to convey my meaning to Mr Couch, else he could scarcely have disagreed. If he would read *Les Héritiers Rabourdin* (including, of course, Zola's preface), and then ask himself the question suggested above: "Why is the play intolerable?" I think he might see my position in a new light. Zola has gone back to two of the great comic writers of the seventeenth century: he has taken a theme from Ben Jonson, and treated it, or tried to treat it, after the manner of the farces of Molière: and the result is a hideous fiasco. Why? It is not sufficient to answer that Zola is neither Jonson nor Molière, for it is not from no lack of ability that he has failed. It is not the execution of the play that is at fault, but the whole conception, the form as it were. The execution is, of course, open to criticism, but we feel it useless to trouble about details, for no possible merit of execution could have saved such a theme. It is the very idea of the Molièresque treatment of the Jonsonian subject that we cannot away with. The more successful the *pastiche* (to use Zola's own word), the more intolerable the play would be. Again, why? Surely because we have outgrown the necessity for Jonson's gross, crude,

ogreish exemplars of the primary passions, and the taste for that reckless and triumphant effrontery, that rough and cruel horseplay, that perpetual exhibition of the cudgel and the bolus, in which the public of Molière's day delighted. We, too, take a certain delight in these things, *in relation to their time*, as belonging to an interesting chapter in the history of the human spirit; but we have turned over a new leaf, or rather many new leaves, and such elementary psychology and semi-barbarous humour do not fit into the context of that Chapter XIX. (to adopt an arbitrary numeration) which is now drawing to a close. We have nothing to learn from such monstrous embodiments of cynical rascality, cupidity, and cunning as Rabourdin, Chapuzot and Charlotte, the Volpone, Corbaccio and Mosca, of the French play. These crude passions have become commonplaces to us—what interests us is their disguises, their modifications, their attenuations, their conflict with other motives and passions in the individual. Jonson's personages, and Zola's, have no moral consciousness; and, on the stage at any rate, it is moral consciousness which interests us. Zola has shown that great effects can be produced by an epic treatment of the "human beast;" but in drama he, or rather it, must be used sparingly, incidentally, by way of contrast. Give us the beast, the whole beast, and nothing but the beast, and tedium culminating in nausea is the result. This

large-type psychology in words of one syllable had its use in its day, for a public just awakening to moral consciousness; but nowadays the man in the street has got beyond it. "What about Shakespeare?" I shall be asked. "Do you tell us that the psychology of modern fiction has got beyond Shakespeare?" Certainly, *with Shakespeare's help.* It is quite true that Shakespeare had moments, many moments, of miraculous clairvoyance; but his discoveries have entered into the common stock, and men and women without a tithe of his genius are now able to look more deeply and minutely than he did into the inmost fibres of human nature. Psychology, in a word, is a science which progresses by cumulative experience and observation; and as the art of fiction is correlative to the science of psychology, it follows that the one tends to advance at an equal pace with the other. What Zola has done in *Les Héritiers Rabourdin* is to throw overboard the accumulated knowledge and skill of nearly three centuries—to what purpose I cannot conceive, nor, clearly, could the Opera Comique audience.

The World,* revived at the Princess's on Saturday evening, is the first and, to my thinking, the liveliest and best of the series of Drury Lane melodramas. The invention of the authors—Messrs Meritt and Pettitt and Sir Augustus Harris—was fresh and fertile

* February 24—April 14.

in those days, and the mechanical sensation scene had not yet become the be-all and end-all of the melodramatist's craft. The raft-scene is effective, and the two murder-scenes have really a touch of Wilkie Collinsish ingenuity. It is capitally played at the Princess's by Mr Charles Dalton as the hero, Mr Charles Glenny as the villain, Mr Elton as the comic Hebrew, and Miss Olga Brandon and Miss Kate Tyndall as the heroines.

X.

"AS YOU LIKE IT."—"MRS DEXTER."

7th March.

FOR a man to lay down laws as to what is and is not "womanly" and "seemly," appears to me, theoretically, a piece of impertinent Helmerism. Those who do so may urge Pauline precedent, but Paul himself could not plead the precedent of his Master. Nowadays, at any rate, women are perfectly capable of looking after their own dignity, and are even beginning to turn the tables and lay down laws for men. I will not be so audacious, then, as to assert that the performance of *As You Like It*,* by a company consisting entirely of women, sinned against any eternal canon of conduct or ideal of Womanhood. All I will venture,

* Prince of Wales's, February 27 (afternoon).

very diffidently, to remark, is that neither the use nor the beauty of such an exploit is quite apparent to the male observer. This is a case in which I think we may fairly ask, "What does it prove?" What does it exemplify? What does it illustrate? A performance by men alone might help to illustrate the conditions of the Shakespearean stage; but this performance has no bearing on either the past or the future, for I do not understand that even the most vindictive champion of her sex proposes to take revenge for the sixteenth century by entirely excluding men from the stage of the twentieth or twenty-first. There was no sociological principle at stake, no artistic lesson to be learnt. The performance had not even the comprehensible attraction of burlesque, that appeal to the average sensual man which lies in the display of "shapely" limbs; for jack-boots were the only wear in the Forest of Arden. The whole thing, then, was a purposeless curiosity, and rather ugly than beautiful. It is true that the ladies, as a rule, wore their male habiliments inoffensively, and with considerable grace and ease; but there is something uncomely to the eye and unpleasing to the ear in a "bearded woman." It matters not whether the beard be well or ill applied, deceptive, or transparently false. In the latter case the effect is simply grotesque and ugly; in the former, the illusion gives place to a disturbing and almost painful disillusion as soon as the performer opens her mouth.

So far as I am aware, this (or, at any rate, the New York performance which this one imitated) was very nearly the first occasion on which bearded ladies have been seen outside the showman's booth. I vaguely remember to have read of a female Falstaff, but cannot lay my hand on the reference. For the rest, actresses who have played male parts have almost always chosen beardless ones. Peg Woffington's very popular performance of Sir Harry Wildair was the occasion of a jest of Quin's, which, as the demure and reverend Genest phrases it, "must not be repeated." Mrs Siddons played Hamlet in the provinces, and I myself have seen a female Hamlet in my day. Charlotte Cushman acted Romeo to her sister's Juliet; there have been several female Macheaths; and innumerable boys or boyish characters have been performed by women ever since women first appeared on the stage. But Sir Harry Wildair, Hamlet, and Romeo are all, or at any rate may be, as beardless as the Ganymede of Arden, and I certainly cannot remember that, until the other day at the Prince of Wales's, I ever saw anything beyond the least indication of a moustache on a female face on the stage. The next time I want to see a bearded lady, I shall seek her in her proper habitat—the caravan.

It is only fair to say, however, that many of the ladies, hirsute or otherwise, spoke their lines well, and acquitted themselves with much credit. Miss Ada

Ferrar made a most spirited Orlando, Miss Charlotte Morland and Miss Naomi Hope were good as Adam and Jacques respectively, and Miss Sophie Larkin was by no means the worst Touchstone on record. Miss Beatrice Selwyn was a charming Celia, Miss Lillie Belmore a very passable Audrey, and Miss Frances Ivor a competent if not very poetical Rosalind. When next she plays the part, I would beg her not to say:

"*Like* many other mannish cowards have."

Dr Furnivall, indeed, maintains that Shakespeare did use "like" in this way; but the only lines in which it is unmistakably and intentionally so used, are unmistakably the work of someone else than Shakespeare. This, I need scarcely say, is not one of them. The playbill confessed that Mr Leonard Outram was responsible for the acting version of the play "now performed for the first time in London." I wish I could think that confession in this case implied penitence.

Mr J. H. Darnley's farce, *Mrs Dexter*,* at the Strand Theatre, suffers from a total lack of connected interest. There is nothing in it to excite our curiosity as to what is going to happen, much less to arouse a sympathetic interest in the course of events. The fun is extracted—or purports to be—from a quite arbitrary series of situations, due to the mania which

* February 28—March 10.

possesses all the characters for calling on each other with no rational motive, and consequently encountering the people they least wish to meet. Mr Hawtrey's Irish accent does not sit very lightly on him, but he is amusing when he gets a chance; and Miss Fanny Brough manages to put a good deal of humour into a part in which but little is supplied to her. The best scene in the play is the reconciliation between Mr and Mrs Dexter, with its pianoforte accompaniment; but even here a little more fancy and ingenuity in working up the interplay of dialogue and music would not have been out of place.

XI.

"THE BEST MAN."—"THE COTTON KING."—"FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE."

14th March.

THE courteous and indefatigable Mr Bram Stoker—just as all majesties are "gracious" so are all acting-managers "courteous and indefatigable"—has, it appears, been taking his turn at the popular sport of chastening the dramatic critics. No doubt he thinks that long experience in putting them in their places qualifies him, *a fortiori*, for putting them in their place. I have not yet had an opportunity of sitting at his feet, so that if in this article I sin against any of

his canons, it is in ignorance, not in obduracy. I see it stated, however, that he makes some allusion to a critic *and translator of plays* who had the audacity and imbecility, or words to that effect, to remark that the actor is a parasite upon the play. We are all staring at each other with a wild surmise, and asking who can have been the audacious imbecile in question? Charles Lamb, as everyone knows, said something of the sort in one of his most famous essays; but as he was not a translator of plays, he cannot be Mr Stoker's imbecile. Coleridge translated plays, and so did George Henry Lewes; but it may be doubted whether Mr Stoker's literary researches have carried him so far back into the abysm of time. Among contemporaries, I fancy Mr Walkley has made some passing remark of the kind; but he is innocent of translations. Can it have been Mr Clement Scott? Mr Malcolm Watson? Mr J. H. M'Carthy?—translators all! I can quite understand that the guilty creature should shrink from confession, for really, even if Lamb had not anticipated it, the statement was too obvious to be quite worth making. In moments of intellectual lassitude we are all of us apt to fall back upon truisms; but we do not like to be reminded, however courteously and indefatigably, of our lapses. It is patent, I will not even say to the meanest intelligence, but to the mere physical sense, that the play can and does exist apart from the actor, the actor cannot and does not exist apart

from the play. The odd thing is that Mr Stoker, unless he has been misquoted, seems to doubt this. His doubt proceeds, I gather, from a generous but illogical jealousy for the dignity of criticism. If the actor, he says, be a parasite on the play, the critic must be a parasite on the actor; and from that conclusion he shrinks with abhorrence. In the worst event, Mr Stoker's abhorrence could not alter the stubborn fact above stated; but fortunately we need not take so gloomy a view of the critic's position. He is not a parasite upon the actor, but a co-parasite with the actor upon the play. The critic could exist without the actor, the actor without the critic, but neither without the play. The person who could *not* exist without the actor is the courteous and indefatigable acting-manager.

But to every rule there are exceptions (if Mr Stoker will pardon the truism), and the standing exception to this one is Mr J. L. Toole. He is not a parasite upon anything; he is self-existent, fundamental. Plays are all one to him; he is the substance, they the mode, the accident. He sets at defiance the logic of Mr Stoker's imbecile. That dialectician must either admit that there is a gap in his syllogistic net, or must set about proving that Mr Toole is not an actor—which is absurd. It is true that Mr Ralph Lumley in his new farce, *The Best Man*,* provides an

* March 6—June 27.

agreeable setting for Mr Toole's humour; but who would call the picture a parasite upon its frame, the jewel a parasite upon its socket? There is a good deal of ingenuity in the piecing together of the play, and some merriment, if not precisely wit, in the dialogue. One cannot but chuckle over the idea of the railway director, travelling on his own line, who pulls the communicator in implicit confidence in its inefficiency, and finds to his horror that it actually works! Miss Beatrice Lamb plays the lady of the railway carriage with spirit and humour; Miss Cora Poole shows indications of talent in a somewhat monotonous part; and those "permanent officials," Mr John Billington, Mr C. M. Lowne, Mr George Shelton, and Miss Eliza Johnstone, are all at their posts.

Mr Sutton Vane, the author of *The Cotton King** at the Adelphi, may at least claim one distinction—he has created the champion villain of this, or any other, age. There are defects in his drama, even as tested by the poetics peculiar to its class. For example, it is not necessary to tell even the stalest story twice over in order to make it comprehensible to the Adelphi audience; and this practice tends to bring the fall of the curtain perilously near "closing time" —a grave error in Adelphi art. But before these lines are in print the redundancies and superfluities of

* March 10—May 5.

The Cotton King will doubtless have vanished, and the villain will remain to delight the sympathetic soul. For my part, I cherish for him a respectful admiration, like that which Mr Kipling's Tommy Atkins bestows upon the Soudanese Fuzzy Wuzzy—"he's a pore benighted haythen, but a fust-class fighting man." Against overwhelming odds—for his machinations have never the remotest chance of success—he carries on a heroic battle with inexhaustible resourcefulness and indomitable daring. Not that there is any ingenuity in his crimes—on the contrary, they are quite childish; but he always has a fresh one ready to meet any emergency, and each more foolhardy than the last. And then he is so obliging as to tell himself all about his villainies, every now and then, in the minutest detail—after the manner, to be sure, of his great exemplar, Iago. But there is this difference between the methods of these distinguished men: Iago thinks aloud in the act of concocting—or, as he puts it, engendering—his wiles; whereas Mr Richard Stockley's revelations are retrospective: he recapitulates his turpitudes, he chews the cud of his depravities. As thus: "Ha! uneasy is he? I fancy he'd be more than uneasy if he knew that I had altered his code-number 24, by which he instructed his American agent to sell, into 124, which means 'Buy all you can.' The telegraph-clerk is in my power, and dare not oppose me, so that even when the American

agent cabled for confirmation of the orders, we were able to cook the despatches," and so on through several monologues almost as long as that of Charles V. before the tomb of Charlemagne. The complexity of his crimes is positively bewildering, and it is part of his method always to accuse other people of them, without any reasonable likelihood of being believed. He seduces the "Pet of the Works," and declares that the hero is the culprit, though it is obviously impossible to keep up the deception for half an hour, and he very nearly gets lynched for his pains. He ruins the hero by means of the aforesaid forged cablegram, and then lays the blame on the benevolent Jew financier, though no one believes him for half a moment. He places stolen money in the hero's safe; he has the hero kidnapped and chained in a lunatic asylum; he suborns a drunken workman to expose the heroine to the contagion of a deadly fever, thereby putting himself irrevocably in the drunkard's power; he cages the heroine in the shaft of an elevator and then rings down the lift upon her; he wades and wallows in iniquity, is exposed and denounced over and over again, but goes on irrepressibly, imperturbably, for the sheer pleasure of the thing. I feel quite sure, though this is not explicitly stated, that it was he who set fire to the lunatic asylum in which the hero is chained, hoping on the roast-pig principle, to secure a dish of roast hero; but unfortunately it is only the other lunatics

who are roasted. And all these crimes he crowds into three acts; how many he adds to the calendar in the fourth act I cannot tell, for I tore myself away at 11-20, leaving him with another half-hour or so of sin still before him. He is, indeed, a colossal, a magnificent malefactor, beside whom the petty scoundrels of Messrs Merritt, Pettitt, Sims, and Buchanan shrink into utter insignificance. Mr Edward O'Neill embodies him admirably. There is villainy in every twirl of his cane. Mr Charles Warner makes the impressive hero we all know; and Miss Marion Terry is such a charming heroine, that no one feels the slightest surprise when she receives three offers of marriage within less than fifteen minutes. Mr Herbert Flemming plays the philanthropic financier with quiet skill. Have we to thank Mr Zangwill for the fact that the sinister and the comic Israelite are now quite at a discount on the stage? Certain it is that our playwrights no longer go to Barabbas and Fagin for their Hebrew types, but rather to Spinoza and Nathan der Weise. Miss Hall Caine makes a pleasant and pathetic "Pet of the Works," and Mr Charles Cartwright's portrayal of the drunken engineer is a powerful piece of melodramatic acting.

Of Mr Percy Fendall's duologue, *Fashionable Intelligence*,* which now precedes *The Transgressor* at the Court Theatre, one may at least say that it improves

* March 5—April 7.

as it goes on. The opening scene, with Mrs Fitz-Adam's criticisms of her supposed rival, is emphatically farcical, and this is a pity, for it might have been much more subtly handled. The latter half of the little piece, however, rises into the region of light comedy, and is worth seeing. Miss Lottie Venne plays the widow with unflagging humour and vivacity, and Mr Brookfield does all that is needed with a somewhat sacrificed part.

XII.

"GO-BANG."

21st March.

MR "ADRIAN ROSS," the librettist of *Go-Bang** at the Trafalgar Square Theatre, is one of the interesting figures of the stageland of to-day. He is interesting, not so much for what he is, as for what he might be if he chose. Of course that is an unphilosophical expression. If he does not choose to rise above *Morocco Bound* and *Go-Bang*, it is because he cannot choose —he lacks some subtle convolution of the brain. What we mean when we say that a man could "if he chose" do this or that, is that he at least comes within measurable distance of the ability. Will is in one sense a part of faculty: if you have not the

* March 10—August 24.

will, the character, to do a thing, that is the most fatal disability of all. But there is also a very important sense in which will and faculty are distinguishable; and though will without faculty is the complaint from which most of us suffer, there is always, in any art, a respectable minority possessed of faculty without will. *Go-Bang* has confirmed an old impression of mine that Mr Adrian Ross has all the faculty, if only he has the will, to rescue extravaganza from the slough of inanity, and give it something like intellectual substance and literary form. "The theatre is irresistible: let us organise the theatre," said Matthew Arnold in one of his late essays, with a certain air, perhaps, of making the best of a bad business. It is with no such feeling, I vow and protest, that I say, "Extravaganza is inevitable: let us rationalise extravaganza." Don't tell me that the public prefers witless tomfoolery. The public puts up with it when it can get nothing better; but, other things being equal (and by "other things" I mean pretty faces, bright dresses, taking music, and so forth), it prefers clever nonsense to stupid nonsense, and good rhymes to bad. See how the return of Mr Gilbert at once brings the public back to the Savoy; see how Mr Adrian Ross, by far the cleverest rhymer, after Mr Gilbert, on the contemporary stage, has with surprising rapidity made himself by far the most popular librettist of the day. If an Aristophanes were to

appear to-morrow, the public would rise at him; and even a semi- or a demi-semi-Aristophanes would not fail of a welcome. Why should not Mr Adrian Ross be he?

It may seem a Hibernianism, or even a complicated Hiberno-Scotticism, to recommend a burlesque writer to take himself seriously; but that is nevertheless my earnest advice to Mr Adrian Ross. At present his frivolity is an affectation, a deliberate and unpleasing exaggeration. He is—so I gather from the newspapers—"inland bred," a man of culture and even of academic distinction. His training has been in the direction of refinement, of æstheticism, perhaps even of puritanism. He is not a Bohemian, native and to the manner born, but an immigrant trying to prove his right to naturalisation by becoming, in manners and dialect, more Bohemian than the natives themselves. Having once kicked over the traces, he sets no limit to his escapades, forgetting the wisdom of that gnomic couplet of his own (I alter only one word in it):

> The proper kick for a don, you know,
> Is not too high and it's not too low.

"Go to!" he seems to say, "since we must be vulgar, let us be vulgar with a vengeance; since frivolity is our cue, let us out-frivole the most frivolous." He dredges the music-hall for its English, the drinking-bar for its manners, the smoke-room for its wit.

"When I'm boss of the blooming show," says one of the personages in *Go-Bang*,

> Then all my subjects I'll amuse
> With lovely songs as fairly ooze
> With booze and booze and booze and booze.

Of course this is "rote sarkastic," but the shot is not without its recoil. A great deal of Mr Ross's own work "fairly oozes," if not with mere alcohol, at least with a highly alcoholised style of humour. It is redolent of the tap-room. How far he is directly responsible for the prose dialogue of *Go-Bang* I do not know, but he is at least indirectly responsible for all but the mere "gags," and the wit of it, barring one or two flashes, is decidedly cheap and—well, the opposite of nice. There is a certain humour in the notion of the Eastern potentate who supposes the Divorce Court to be one of the legislative institutions of Britain, "because it is there that the nobility go to get their decrees made absolute;" but there are, on the whole, far too many allusions to the Divorce Court and kindred topics. This facile vein of cynicism is already overworked by Mr Ross's imitators in *The Gaiety Girl*. And then he is fatally careless of plot. Mind of man cannot conceive anything more inept and incoherent than the fable of *Go-Bang* —unless it be that of *Morocco Bound*. If Mr Ross has no invention, he ought to find a collaborator who can supply the deficiency; but I suspect it is

rather carelessness than incapacity that is the matter with him. He thinks anything is good enough for the public, which cares only for jingle, frivolity, and mild topical illusions; but one day he will find out his mistake. If *Go-Bang* should fall short of success, it will be on account of the poverty of its idea and the inconsequence of its incidents.

But I hope and believe that it will live down these defects, in virtue of Mr Ross's rhymes, Dr Carr's music, and Miss Letty Lind's dancing. Mr Ross is certainly an inexhaustibly ingenious rhymer. His work is easier and more fluent even than Mr Gilbert's; language is more plastic in his hands. Mr Gilbert's verses always seem to be exquisitely carved in wood; Mr Ross's are modelled in some ductile material, which yet takes and retains very sharp and definite forms. Some of his refrains are irresistible bits of verbal tintinnabulation. The average "book of the words" is a terror to the eye and ear; but I positively invested in a libretto—letting sixpence go bang for *Go-Bang*—in order to enjoy at leisure the delicious jingles of "You're not supposed to know, you know," "Di, Di, Di," and "The Chinese Dolly." These are not things that will bear quotation in cold blood; you must go and hear them if you want to appreciate Mr Ross's really remarkable talent. Dr Carr's music, too, if it does not tax the intellect or strain the attention, is at least fluent and vivacious.

Its melodic forms are perhaps a little too familiar, its orchestration too unpretending. I suspect, though I am not musician enough to say this with confidence, that Dr Carr shares his colleague's tendency to write down rather than up to his hearers. But he is neither heavy nor pedantic, and that is the main thing. Miss Letty Lind gambols very gaily through the part of Di, and her dancing is quite delightful. Her imitations of Miss Katie Seymour and Miss Sylvia Grey astonished as much as they amused me. I had no idea that dancing could be made the subject of such delicate mimicry. As for Miss Lind's imitation of Miss Cissie Loftus's imitation of Miss Lind—our English pronouns are quite inadequate to so complex a phenomenon—it is a marvel of ingenuity and humour. Mr J. L. Shine is excellent as the Boojam of Go-Bang; Mr Henry Grattan, though greatly overweighted by the part of Jenkins, is full of good intentions; and Miss Jessie Bond seizes every possible opportunity in a part entirely unworthy of her.

XIII.

"ONCE UPON A TIME."—"THE LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE."—"A COMEDY OF SIGHS."—"AN ARISTOCRATIC ALLIANCE."

4th April.

ONCE upon a time there was a king, who ruled over the ancient and famous realm of Haymarckia. His

name was Rhododendron I., and he was handsome, wise, witty, valiant, and withal an ardent champion of the divine right of kings. He was always to be found in the forefront of every battle, and, as a token of his divinity, a shaft of light descended from heaven and followed him wherever he went, forming a halo around his head. Now King Rhododendron had many children. They succeeded one another faster than he could quite have desired; but there are some circumstances beyond the control even of the best-regulated autocrat. And there was this melancholy peculiarity about his offspring, that one always died before another was born, so that in the royal nursery the funeral was apt to tread upon the heels of the christening with frightful rapidity. In vain did King Rhododendron invite all the sages and magicians of the world to the christening feasts. At times they would actually mutter curses over the cradle, and even their blessings seemed somehow of small avail. For the first few weeks, indeed, each child would appear preternaturally healthy, and the Court Circular would announce in leaded type that so vigorous a bantling had never been known in the annals of Haymarckia. But presently, just as it seemed to be "going strong and well," it would turn rickety, dwindle, peak, and pine; and, after an unostentatious funeral, the cards would be sent out for another christening. In the space of a little more than a year, King Rhododendron

had lost no fewer than four children. The first, a handsome girl of classic features, was thought to have been killed by a Jewish physician whom the king unwisely called in to attend her. The second was a sprightly youth of great promise; but he succumbed to a surfeit of epigrams, of which he was so immoderately fond that he would not even stop to distinguish the new-baked from the stale. Next came a misshapen and tinsel-eyed changeling, babbling blusterous and unseemly words. Him King Rhododendron fondly loved, and of the sages who thronged to his christening, one only, and he a sage of no importance, was rudely candid as to the little stranger's ugliness and deformity. But the blessings which the other Wise Men of the West showered down upon the cradle could not prolong the poor monster's unhealthy existence. He was succeeded by a somewhat commonplace but sturdy-looking bairn, who might perhaps have come to maturity, had not a potent enchanter, the Archimagian of his day, hurled a terrific curse at his head, beneath which he melted away like snow-wreaths in a thaw. Finally—and here the history of Haymarckia suddenly breaks off—a pretty, and merry, and fairy-like babe came to gladden the royal nursery. The sages, duly convoked, did not quite know what to make of him. They praised his robes and trappings, but they were far too sage to care about the vivacity, and grace, and charm of the child himself. The ancient manuscript

comes to an end just as they were drawing the most depressing horoscopes around the smiling innocent. What may have been its fate? Alas! one apprehends the worst. Yet it is well to remember that the weak things of this world sometimes confound the strong, and we can at least hope that the love of children, and of all whose imagination still answers to the spell of "Once upon a time," may have counteracted the predictions and imprecations even of the austerest sages.

In all seriousness, I beg you to go and see *Once upon a Time*,* and to take your children if you have any, and other people's if you haven't. There is only one thing in it they won't understand—why Magdalena should refuse to be in love with the King in the first act, and should consent with effusion in the last—and that they will never trouble their heads about. For the rest, they will be enraptured to see one of the most amusing of their beloved Hans Andersen's stories blended with another pretty fantasy—the exchange of station between Diomede and Habakuk, Magdalena and Rita,—and decked out with all the gorgeousness of a veritable Arabian Night. And you, if you do not delight in it too, don't flatter yourself because it is of your superior wisdom. It only shows that you have vitiated your palate with alcohol, and nicotine, and curry and cayenne, till you have lost your honest natural relish

* Haymarket, March 28—April 21.

for "lucent syrups tinct with cinnamon." Of course, in a fairy-tale, the psychology is primitive, the ethics simple; it would not be a fairy-tale else. But if you must needs find grist for the mill of that vast unresting intelligence of yours, there are a score of symbolic issues to the legend of the Emperor's New Clothes which you can follow up at your sweet will. For one thing, it is a genuine Fable for Critics. Which of us has not in his time gone into ecstasies over (say) the gorgeous singing-robes of some heaven-born poet, and shouted down the still small voice of the unsophisticated child (within us or without us) whispering, "But I see nothing at all"? As for the poet himself, may he not read the lesson that the unanimous acclaim of a host of log-rollers will not shield him from the biting blast of oblivion unless he have indeed woven for himself a robe of honest, tangible, durable texture? And other people besides poets have been known to array themselves in these air-drawn filaments. Have we not seen more than one actor-manager marching forth solemnly in his pyjamas amid the all-hails of his faithful first-nighters, and recalled to his senses only by the "churlish chiding of a wintry wind" from his box-office? For my part, too, I own that I am not indifferent to the political satire of the play. Whether Herr Fulda intended it or not, his fable has an obvious application to what may be called contemporary history, which I take leave to find entertaining. But these

REESE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

things are all inessential. Meaning or no meaning, the piece is charming simply as a dramatised fairy-tale. It is a poem, not certainly of any very lofty order, but graceful and unpretending so far as it goes; and I welcome it as an oasis amid the arid prose of our workaday modern drama.

Messrs Parker and Tree's "free adaptation" of *Der Talisman* is not unwarrantably free, and does no substantial injury to the original. The English text is smooth and pleasant, except where Mr Tree and others make a deliberate hash of lines which were evidently written as blank verse. The tripping irregular rhymes in which the part of Rita is written are of charming effect, and Mrs Tree speaks them very prettily. Dramatically, the weak point in the play is the second act, where the succession of courtiers rubbing their eyes before the empty clothes-horse necessarily becomes monotonous. The first act is bright, interesting, amusing, and went excellently. The third act is really dramatic, and would be more so if Miss Neilson and Mr Nutcombe Gould could manage to put a touch of sincerity into the scene between Magdalena and Diomede. The audience has been credited with a gigantic effort of courtesy in not laughing at the king's entrance in his undergarments. Where would have been the harm if they had laughed? The play is not a tragedy, but a romantic legend, and the situation is inherently,

intentionally ludicrous, though its dramatic interest may make us for the moment put a curb upon our mirth. There was one point, however, where Mr Tree raised an undesirable laugh. It was at the end of the third act, where he says, "I am cold; give me a cloak." By speaking this loudly and hardly he made it comic; had he moderated his voice, and put some feeling into it, we should have felt the pathos rather than the ludicrousness of the situation. The fourth act was so imperfectly rehearsed that its dramatic movement was lost; but it contains some pretty and effective scenes. Mr Fred Terry was capital as the weaver of the magic robes; Miss Neilson, in the last act, made a most imposing Amazon; Mr Luigi Lablache was a duly sinister villain; and Mr Lionel Brough was really amusing as Habakuk.

The untoward circumstances which converted *A Comedy of Sighs* into a Comedy of Groans affected even the opening play of the evening, *The Land of Heart's Desire*,* by Mr W. B. Yeats. The players had taken no account of the defective acoustic of the Avenue Theatre, so that I, for one, heard only about half the dialogue, and that imperfectly and with a painful strain. There can be no doubt that the little piece is prettily written, but its spiritual motive, so to speak, eluded me. The fairy's power over Mary Bruin must surely symbolise something in her nature,

* March 29—April 14; April 21—May 12.

or, at any rate, there must be something in her nature or circumstances to give the Good People a hold over her. Now what this something was entirely escaped me, whether by the author's fault or the actors' I cannot tell. There is no more beautiful idea in the whole realm of folklore than that of a wild, elemental creature, tamed for a time by human love, yet drawn by an irresistible home-sickness back to her native element, be it water, air, or fire. Such legends are innumerable in all mythologies, and have been treated a hundred times by poets of all orders—for instance, by Ibsen in *The Lady from the Sea*, and (in an inverted form) by Matthew Arnold in *The Forsaken Merman*. Mr Yeats has every right to deal with it for the hundred-and-first time, and that I conjecture to have been his intention; but even in a fairy-play the author's intention should not be left to conjecture.*

Dr Todhunter's intention in *A Comedy of Sighs* † seems to have been to get the scent of *Keynotes* over the footlights, and some pretty strong whiffs of it certainly reached the nostrils. Well, it is an ambition like another, and I don't quarrel with it. Nor is it a criticism of essence to remark that he has expanded a one-act comedietta—we have all seen it under half a dozen different names—into a four-act comedy. There is no reason in the nature of things why this should

* See concluding paragraph of Article XVI.

† March 29—April 14.

not be done, and done successfully. Dr Todhunter has not succeeded, because he has not developed his characters clearly, because his wit is apt to be pedantic rather than scenic (the dialogue bristles with quotations, which should always be used very sparingly on the stage), and because his audacities of thought and expression are frigid, deliberate, self-conscious, and therefore inartistic. It is possible, of course, that the last objection might not have made itself felt had the Frou-frou-Hedda-Gabler heroine been played by an actress of genius, a Desclée or a Duse, for it would have required no less. Miss Florence Farr was (not inexcusably) panic-stricken from the outset; but at best one does not see that she possesses either the physique or the art for such a character. It is overwhelmingly difficult, and one is tempted to add, with Dr Johnson, "Would to heaven, madam, it were impossible." Miss Vane Featherstone and Mr James Welch were both excellent, and quite held the play together when they were on the stage; and Mr Bernard Gould and Mr Yorke Stephens were at least passable. I am puzzling my head to remember in what other play the incident occurs of the wife flinging her jewels at the husband's feet. Is it in *La Princesse de Bagdad*? As for the easy-going husband who so astounds his wife by swearing at her that she rushes into his arms, crying,

> "Vous êtes mon lion, superbe et généreux—
> Je t'aime!"

—the difficulty is rather to remember in what play he does *not* occur. This modern and George-Egertonian shrew is remarkably easily tamed; but one could almost wish that Dr Todhunter had reserved for her some of the poison which seemed so out of place in *The Black Cat.* As Mr Stevenson puts it in *Underwoods:*

> "Dear heaven, with such a rancid life,
> Were it not better far to die?"

Why do Mr Wyndham and Lady Violet Greville lend colour to the accusations of MM. Sardou and Company, the former by omitting all mention of *Le Gendre de M. Poirier* on the playbill of *An Aristocratic Alliance,** the latter by bowing from a box in response to the call for the author? Of course one acquits them from the outset of any wish to deceive. The origin of the play has been paragraphed on every hand, and, in any case, the original is so widely known that they might as well produce a new rendering of *Faust* and hope to escape detection. By this objectless lack of courtesy they do a serious wrong to the English stage, and especially to our original dramatists. It is the prevalence of such practices in the past, and (as we see) their occasional survival in the present, that makes it so difficult to disabuse even rational Frenchmen of the idea that the English stage lives entirely upon pilferings from Paris. Mr Pinero, of

* Criterion, March 31—May 29.

course, is not responsible for the proceedings of Lady Violet Greville; but from the Parisian point of view the distinction between them is immaterial; what one English playwright does (at a respectable theatre) another is capable of doing; therefore the boulevard journalist has no difficulty in believing, without the smallest evidence, that *The Profligate* is adapted from *Denise*, and *The Second Mrs Tanqueray* from *Le Mariage d'Olympe*. The whole production marks a return to the bad methods of the bad days. There is something sublime in the audacity of foisting a set of unspeakably feeble love-scenes upon a classic like *Le Gendre de M. Poirier*. Poor Miss Annie Hughes! What a part to assign to an artist of such talent! And Miss Emily Fowler comes but little better off. Where Lady Violet Greville condescends to fall back upon Augier, some of the interest of the original survives, though English names, costumes, and allusions sit very uneasily upon the essentially French characters, and the necessary elimination of the duel leaves the last act utterly savourless. It was not Mr Charles Groves's fault that Mr Firkin Potter was to Monsieur Poirier as a crab-apple to a jargonelle. The ineffable bourgeois so inimitably incarnated by Got, and so cleverly acted by Coquelin, would of course have been quite out of place in a quasi-English play. Mr Wyndham was good in the lighter passages of the Anglicised Gaston de Presles; Miss Mary Moore

made an ingenuous Antoinette; and Mr De Lange contributed a most amusing sketch of the outraged Vatel.

XIV.

"Mrs Lessingham."—"The Little Squire."—"Jaunty Jane Shore."

11th April.

In all discussions of the actor-manager question, those of us who are opposed to the system have been careful to introduce a saving clause in favour of Mr John Hare. An artist to the finger-tips, he has never made his theatre a mere instrument of self-glorification, and has thus earned our esteem no less as a manager than as an actor. But until Saturday night we had not reckoned adventurousness among his virtues. We should rather have called intelligent conservatism the note of his policy. He was certainly not the manager whom we should have held most likely to produce a first play, by an untried author, and that author of the sex which has commonly, of late years at any rate, been considered destitute of dramatic faculty. The production of *Mrs Lessingham** proves that Mr Hare has the insight to recognise good work when he sees it, and the courage to act upon that recognition. The event should be highly inspiriting to those who have hitherto believed our

* Garrick, April 7—May 16.

leading managers totally inaccessible to unproven talent. "One swallow," I shall be told, "does not make a summer, and the exceptional good fortune of 'George Fleming' may not find a parallel for years to come." I do not deny that this lady has had the luck on her side, but her first and greatest piece of luck lay in her ability to write a strong, moving, and eminently actable play. No one who can do that need despair of finding a hearing. For my part, I wish I could believe in the unacted masterpieces with which the managerial pigeon-holes are said to be bursting.

The faults of *Mrs Lessingham* are not faults of femineity—to use a word which may plead the authority of Coleridge and Mr George Moore. Except, perhaps, in an occasional touch of tenderness beyond the reach of your average male, I fancy it would be a very keen critic who should detect a feminine hand in the workmanship. It is true that the author's effort is bent rather towards emotion than analysis; but then we are told (and several striking instances can certainly be alleged in favour of the theory) that the faculty for analysis is precisely that which has been brought to greatest perfection in Woman by the immemorial necessity imposed upon her of studying the motives and caprices of the tyrant Man. (This is the doctrine, I beg to state, of Herbert Spencer, not, as you might suppose, of

Madame Sarah Grand.) It is also true that there are several errors and weaknesses in the construction of the play; but members of the superior sex have been known to commit similar, and perhaps even greater, maladresses, in their first attempts at playwriting. Let us glance at some of these weak points. Theoretically, nothing could be clumsier than the means by which the meeting between Gladys and Lady Anne is brought about in the first act; but as there is, after all, nothing impossible in it, and as the audience accepts it without a murmur, it should perhaps be called a happy audacity rather than an error. In the second act, the scene between Hardy and Lady Anne is perhaps a trifle too long; but that is the only technical defect. The opening of the third act — though, being essential to the development of the situation, it ought not to be called "comic relief" — is deplorably crude and amateurish. The author should have invented some quite different method of indicating the painfulness of Gladys's position. It seemed to me, too (this is not the author's business, but I may as well get through with my fault-finding at once), that the stage-management of the whole scene down to Gladys's exit might have been improved. It cost us quite an effort to determine what portions of the dialogue were or were not supposed to be audible to all on the stage. In the fourth act, the old nurse's warnings

against an overdose of the medicine are distinctly overdone. We are so fully prepared for what is coming that they seem merely conventional and tedious. A much greater fault, and yet, one would think, quite easily corrigible, lies in the author's omission to make it clear, before the scene between Gladys and Forbes, that Lady Anne has relented towards Major Hardy, and that therefore Gladys's self-effacement is destined, in so far, to fail of its purpose. This would at once heighten the tragic irony of the closing scenes, and relieve the audience from an uneasy dread lest Lady Anne and Forbes should be going to fall into each other's arms over Gladys's body. As it is, the huddling up of matters between Lady Anne and Hardy, in the very horror of the catastrophe, would be felt to be heartless if it were not so hurried as almost to escape notice. A very short scene, interpolated at an earlier point in the act, would enormously help the position for all the leading characters.

Chief among the merits of the play is the sobriety and firmness of its style in all the more serious scenes. "George Fleming" knows how to strike the just mean between flatness and either pathetic inflation or artificial brilliancy. Her dialogue is thoughtful, nervous, natural. In a word, she writes well. And she invents well too. We see the true dramatist in the contrast, so skilfully brought out in the first act,

between Forbes's recollection of the Algerian time and the same five years as they dwell in the memory of Gladys. This is a true touch of human pathos; and equally strong and original is the scene between Forbes and Lady Anne at the end of the act, in which she wrings from him the truth about Mrs Lessingham. The great scene of the second act is on the surface a little more conventional, but only on the surface. Scenes of magnanimity, self-accusation, heroic dissimulation, are common enough on the stage and generally very undeceptive; but here the pathos of the thing lies in its undeceptiveness. The two women are playing a heart-broken comedy, and in the duel of quixotisms the battle is necessarily to her who has the less pretence to keep up. The author has set forth to show that there are complications in life from which the utmost effort of selflessness provides no tolerable exit; and it was morally necessary as well as dramatically effective, that Gladys should be, as it were, coerced against her own wiser instinct into the error for which she pays so dear. Lady Anne, in fact (though the analogy may seem a trifle grotesque), is very much in the position of Gregers Werle in *The Wild Duck*, and her attempts to enforce "the claim of the ideal" meet with no better success than his. It is inevitable that the solution of such a knot should be less novel and interesting than the complication; but the scene at

the close of the third act is, in a commonplace sense, perhaps the most effective in the play, and Gladys's death, though doubtless foreseen and discounted, is felt to be such a natural outcome of her character, that we lose the sense of conventionality in that of inevitableness. The scene, too, is beautifully written, with a delicacy of touch in which you may, if you are so minded, discern the sex of the writer.

And it is beautifully acted by Miss Elizabeth Robins, who in her sincerity, simplicity, and penetrating, unconventional pathos, more than redeemed her shortcomings in the first act. I wish I could attribute these shortcomings entirely to nervousness. No doubt that had a good deal to do with the matter; but it could not altogether account for the lack of grip and realisation which appeared in some passages, or for the abruptness of movement and singularity of carriage which again and again detracted from the desired effect. In the second act, on the other hand, Miss Robins handled her very difficult scene with originality and power, and she contributed her full share to the excellent effect of the situation at the end of the third act. Miss Kate Rorke played Lady Anne very charmingly. There is perhaps more character, more wilfulness in the part than Miss Rorke quite brought out, but all that she did she did tastefully and well. There is probably no actor on the stage who could have made so much of the exceed-

ingly ungrateful part of Forbes as did Mr Forbes Robertson. His firmness and tact were invaluable. Major Hardy gave Mr Hare another chance of proving the versatility of his art. The character is a delightful one, and Mr Hare played it delightfully. It does not come within what we are accustomed to consider Mr Hare's "line"; but the mistake lies in supposing that so accomplished an actor is tied down to any "line" whatever. Miss Helen Luck, though a little overweighted, was very bright and pleasant as Mrs Hope Glen.

As several critics have assumed that *Mrs Lessingham* must have been in some way inspired by *The Second Mrs Tanqueray*, I may mention that I read "George Fleming's" play three or four months before the production of Mr Pinero's, and that it had then, I understand, been in existence for at least a year.

Though there are three children instead of one in *The Little Squire* * at the Lyric, they did not together make up a Little Lord Fauntleroy. The children themselves—Miss Dorothy Hanbury and Misses Isa and Emspie Bowman—are as pretty and clever as need be. Miss Hanbury, indeed, in the title-part, makes a very charming boy. But the play, adapted by Mrs William Greet and Mr Horace Sedger from a novel by Mrs De La Pasture, is a poor and tedious

* April 5—May 4.

affair, into which even the excellent company engaged —Miss Rose Leclercq, Miss Mary Rorke, Miss Fanny Brough (in an ultra-lachrymose character), and Mr Charles Sugden—cannot infuse any real life. It was favourably received, however, and may possibly suit the taste of afternoon audiences.

Messrs "Richard Henry's" burlesque of *Jaunty Jane Shore* * at the Strand is old-fashioned in style, and somewhat meagrely mounted and presented, but not unentertaining if you happen to be in the humour for such divertissement. To those who like Mr Harry Paulton's humour—and for my part I have somewhat laboriously acquired a quite real relish for it—his Richard of Gloucester will afford plenty of amusement. It is capital fooling of its kind. Miss Alice Atherton, in the title-part, certainly justifies the epithet accorded her, and makes herself very popular with the audience. The rest of the company are rather provincial in tone, but show unbounded energy and some talent.

XV.

"FAUST."—"FROU-FROU."—"DON JUAN."

18th April.

AN Anglo-Swiss newspaper, some years ago, recording the first ascent of the Matterhorn by ladies, stated

* April 2—May 19.

500.72

that on their return to Zermatt the adventurers (or should I say adventuresses?) were received "with much enthusiasm and some fireworks." That phrase sums up Saturday night* at the Lyceum. It was an occasion of much enthusiasm (in the audience) and some fireworks (on the stage). Mr Irving's welcome bore vociferous testimony to the respect and affection in which he is held, and justly held, by all classes of playgoers. The plaudits of all America seemed to be re-echoed in the Strand, until one's pulse could not help bounding in sympathy. Without attempting to analyse it, I am quite conscious in my own breast of the feeling which evidently animated the whole house —the feeling, to wit, that Mr Irving had conferred a personal favour on me, and somehow ministered to my self-esteem, in bringing back from America whole shiploads of laurels and doubloons. There is something inspiriting, exhilarating, in great success: the mere spectacle of it warms the cockles of the heart and he who denies or dissembles the sensation is a hypocrite or a curmudgeon. As for the play—well, it really doesn't matter two pins what I think of it. The public which has flocked to see it "four hundred and thirty-one times at this theatre" thinks differently and in theatrical matters the majority is always right. Meanwhile, "Goethe in Weimar sleeps," and, to all appearance, "sleeps well." We do not hear, at any

23600 23600

* *Faust*, April 14—July 7.

rate, that his protesting ghost has been seen in Wellington Street. But I do think that Mr Irving might imitate the delicacy of Mr Charles Wyndham, and omit Goethe's name from the programme. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum;* the dead (in the present rudimentary stage of psychical research) cannot defend themselves. One can imagine, however, an interesting and animated "Dialogue of the Dead" between the Herr Geheimrath and the late Mr W. G. Wills—let us hope that the shade of Eckermann is there to report it. In the meantime everything has its uses in the moral economy of the universe, and the Lyceum *Faust* has filled my heart with compunctious visitings in regard to the late and hitherto unlamented *Tempter*. Mr Jones had approached much nearer than I imagined to—Mr W. G. Wills. As for the acting, not even the raptures of the eight hundred and odd thousand playgoers who (at a modest computation) must have applauded Mr Irving's Mephistopheles at the Lyceum alone, can convince me that it is for a moment to be mentioned along with his Charles I., his Iago, his Louis XI., his Becket, or any of his really great performances; but of its popularity there cannot be the shadow of a doubt. Miss Ellen Terry never looked more fascinating or played more tenderly than she did as Margaret on Saturday night. Mr Terriss made an ideal Faust *à la* Wills, and Miss M. A. Victor lavished all her

ripe and fruity humour on the congenial part of Martha.

Many critics have objected to the revival of *Frou-frou** at the Comedy Theatre that it is "so English, you know." Well, English it is, beyond a doubt; but what else could it possibly be? This criticism would apply to all performances of translated plays, and, if it always involved condemnation, would banish translations from the stage. If Miss Emery and Miss Marie Linden, Mr Brandon Thomas and Mr H. B. Irving, tried to ape the manners of French society, or even of the Conservatoire, the result would be sheer farce—all the funnier the more perfect was the mimicry. The one character in which a little artificial Gallicism is permissible is that of Brigard, which is in its essence grotesque. It is important we should bear this in mind, and not make a reproach of a quite inevitable drawback, lest we discourage the good habit of translating plays, and encourage the bad habit of adapting them and transferring the scene to England. How much better to see French characters with an external touch of English manner, than (as in *An Aristocratic Alliance*) to see characters with English names whose every action and sentiment proclaims them in reality French! There may conceivably be altitudes of style in acting at which we lose all consciousness of nationality; but in modern drama, at any rate, I have never

* March 31—June 15.

seen them attained. And, as a rule, we are not in the least disturbed by the absence of local colour in mere details of manner. It is only because we happen to be very familiar with *Frou-frou* in French—because we carry in our mind's eye a composite photograph of some half-dozen French actors in each of the leading parts—that we are vividly conscious of the Englishness of their substitutes at the Comedy. Nothing could be more ludicrously unlike Norwegian life than the presentations of it to which we are accustomed on the English stage in the plays of Ibsen; but even those of us who realise the inevitable discrepancy soon learn to overlook it, just as we overlook the inevitable removal of the fourth wall of a stage room. Again, the France of *La Dame aux Camélias*, as represented by Signora Duse, is comically Italianate. To those who know the two nations, Latin though they both be, French and Italian manners are no less clearly distinguishable than French and English. If we chose to let our attention dwell upon these details, we could easily spoil our pleasure, and perhaps other people's, in almost any performance of a translated play; but that, I submit, is not the mission of criticism. One further observation will make my meaning still clearer. Objection may fairly be taken to one piece of acting at the Comedy Theatre, though it is in itself by no means without ability. Mr Brandon Thomas's De Sartorys

is not simply English, but is Lancashire or Yorkshire, and therefore disturbingly out of place. An English De Sartorys we can easily accept, for he is inevitable; but not so a Lancashire De Sartorys. The distinction is clear, the principle evident; I need not illustrate it further. Miss Winifred Emery is not quite at her best in Frou-frou; she is, in fact, a Frou-frou without *frou-frou;* but in the more serious scenes she is excellent. Mr H. B. Irving's Valréas is probably the best thing he has done; it is full of distinction and charm. Miss Marie Linden makes an admirable Louise, and Mr Cyril Maude plays cleverly the sadly Bowdlerized part of Brigard. And why cut out the prompter, Mr Carr?

In the new "edition" of *Don Juan* * at the Gaiety, the burden of the entertainment falls more than ever on the shoulders of Mr Arthur Roberts; but they are broad, strenuous, and indefatigable shoulders, well up to the weight. The burlesque "living pictures" in the last act went without much "snap" on the night of their introduction; but there are elements of humour in them which will doubtless come out more clearly when the tableaux themselves are better displayed, and when the accompanying "gags" are properly worked up.

* April 12—June 16. See *Theatrical World*, 1893, p. 257.

XVI.

"ARMS AND THE MAN."

25th April.

No one with even a rudimentary knowledge of human nature will expect me to deal impartially with a play by Mr George Bernard Shaw. "Jones write a book!" cried Smith, in the familiar anecdote—"Jones write a book! Impossible! Absurd! Why, *I knew his father!*" By the same cogent process of reasoning, I have long ago satisfied myself that Mr Shaw cannot write a play. I had not the advantage of knowing his father (except through the filial reminiscences with which he now and then favours us), but—what is more fatal still—I know himself. He is not only my esteemed and religiously-studied colleague, but my old and intimate and valued friend. We have tried our best to quarrel many a time. We have said and done such things that would have sufficed to set up a dozen lifelong vendettas between normal and rightly-constituted people, but all without the slightest success, without engendering so much as a temporary coolness. Even now, when he has had the deplorable ill-taste to falsify my frequently and freely-expressed prediction by writing a successful play, which kept an audience hugely entertained from the rise to the fall of the curtain, I vow I cannot work up a healthy hatred for him. Of course I shall criticise it with

prejudice, malice, and acerbity; but I have not the faintest hope of ruffling his temper or disturbing his self-complacency. The situation is really exasperating. If only I could induce him to cut me and scowl at me, like an ordinary human dramatist, there would be some chance of his writing better plays—or none at all. But one might as well attempt "to bully the Monument."

There is not the least doubt that *Arms and the Man** is one of the most amusing entertainments at present before the public. It is quite as funny as *Charley's Aunt* or *The New Boy;* we laughed at it wildly, hysterically; and I exhort the reader to go and do likewise. But he must not expect a humdrum, rational, steady-going farce, like *Charley's Aunt*, bearing a well-understood conventional relation to real life. Let him rather look for a fantastic, psychological extravaganza, in which drama, farce, and Gilbertian irony keep flashing past the bewildered eye, as in a sort of merry-go-round, so quickly that one gives up the attempt to discriminate between them, and resigns oneself to indiscriminating laughter. The author (if he will pardon my dabbling in musical metaphor) is always jumping from key to key, without an attempt at modulation, and nine times out of ten he does not himself know what key he is writing in. Here, indeed, lies the whole truth. If one could

* Avenue, April 21—July 7.

think that Mr Shaw had consciously and deliberately invented a new species of prose extravaganza, one could unreservedly applaud the invention, while begging him in future to apply it with a little more depth and delicacy. But I more than suspect that he conceives himself to have written a serious comedy, a reproduction of life as it really is, with men and women thinking, feeling, speaking, and acting as they really do think, feel, speak, and act. Instead of presenting an episode in the great war between the realms of Grünewald and Gerolstein, or in the historic conflict between Paphlagonia and Crim Tartary, he places his scene in the (more or less) real principality of Bulgaria, dates his action to the year and day (6th March 1886), and has been at immense pains to work-in Bulgarian local colour in the dialogue, and to procure correct Bulgarian costumes and genuine Balkan scenery. It is an open secret, I believe, that Mr Shaw held counsel on these matters with a Bulgarian Admiral,—a Bohemian Admiral would scarcely be more unexpected,—and that this gallant horse-marine gave him the hints as to the anti-saponaceous prejudices of the Bulgarians, their domestic architecture, their unfamiliarity with electric bells, and the mushroom growth of their aristocracy, which he has so religiously, and in some cases amusingly, utilised. But all this topographical pedantry proves, oddly enough, that "'e dunno where 'e are." By attempting

to fix his action down to the solid earth he simply emphasises its unreality. He is like the young man in *Pickwick*, who, having to write an essay on "Chinese Metaphysics," read up the articles "China" and "Metaphysics" in the Encyclopædia, and combined the two. Mr Shaw went to his Admiral for "Bulgaria," and to his inner consciousness for "Psychology," and combined the two in an essay on "Bulgarian Psychology." Why confound the issues in this way, my dear G. B. S.? Some critics have assumed, quite excusably, that the play was meant as a satire upon Bulgaria, and I should not be in the least surprised if it were to lead to a "diplomatic incident" like that which arose from the introduction of the Sultan in *Don Juan*. Of course you really know and care no more about Bulgaria than I do. Your satire is directed against humanity in general, and English humanity in particular. Your Saranoff and Bluntschli and Raïna and Louka have their prototypes, or rather their antitypes, not in the Balkan Principalities, but in that romantic valley which nestles between the cloud-capped summits of Hampstead and Sydenham. Why not confess as much by making your scene fantastic, and have done with it?

Having now disentangled "Bulgaria" and "Psychology," I put the former article aside as irrelevant, and turn to the latter. Mr Shaw is by nature and habit one of those philosophers who concentrate their

attention upon the seamy side of the human mind. Against that practice, in itself, I have not a word to say. By all means let us see, examine, realise, remember, the seamy side. You will never find me using the word "cynic" as a term of moral reproach. But to say of a man that he is habitually and persistently cynical is undoubtedly to imply an artistic limitation. To look at nothing but the seamy side may be to see life steadily, but is not to see it whole. As an artist, Mr Shaw suffers from this limitation; and to this negative fault, if I may call it so, he superadds a positive vice of style. He not only dwells on the seamy side to the exclusion of all else, but he makes his characters turn their moral garments inside out and go about with the linings displayed, flaunting the seams and raw edges and stiffenings and paddings. Now this simply does not occur in real life, or only to a very limited extent; and the artist who makes it his main method of character-presentation, at once converts his comedy into extravaganza. It is not Mr Shaw's sole method, but he is far too much addicted to it. His first act is genuine fantastic comedy, sparkling and delightful. Here he has set himself to knock the stuffing, so to speak, out of war; to contrast a romantic girl's ideal of battle and its heroic raptures, with the sordid reality as it appears to a professional soldier. He has evidently "documents" to go upon, and he has seized with inimitable humour

upon the commonplace and ludicrous aspects of warfare. Of course Bluntschli's picture is not the whole truth any more than Raïna's, but it presents a real and important side of the matter, the side which chiefly appeals to Mr Shaw's sceptical imagination. The great and serious artists—Tolstoi, Zola (for I am impenitent in my admiration for *La Débâcle*), Whitman in his *Specimen Days*, Stendhal (I am told) in *La Chartreuse de Parme*—give us both sides of the case, its prose and its poetry. Even Mr Kipling, who also has his "documents," has found in them a thing or two beyond Mr Shaw's ken. But for the nonce, and in its way, Mr Shaw's persiflage is not only vastly amusing, but acceptable, apposite. So far good. At the end of the first act we do not quite know where the play is coming in, for it is obvious that even Mr Shaw cannot go on through two more acts mowing down military ideals with volleys of chocolate-creams. But there are evident possibilities in this generous romantic girl and her genially cynical instructor in the art of war; and we hope for the best. Observe that as yet we have not got upon the ground of general psychology, so to speak; we have had nothing but a humorous analysis of one special phase of mental experience—the sensations of a soldier in battle and in flight. In the second act all is changed. Bluntschli, in whom the author practically speaks in his own person, without any effort at dramatization, has almost

disappeared from the scene, and the really dramatic effort commences in the characterization of the Byronic swaggerer, Sergius Saranoff, and the working out of his relation to Raïna. At once Mr Shaw's ease and lightness of touch desert him, and we find ourselves in Mr Gilbert's Palace of Truth. The romantic girl is romantic no longer, but a deliberate humbug, without a single genuine or even self-deluding emotion in her bloodless frame. Sergius the Sublime has no sort of belief in his own sublimity, but sets to work before he has been ten minutes on the stage to analyse himself for the entertainment of the maid-servant, and enlarge on the difficulty of distinguishing between the six or seven Sergiuses whom he discovers in his composition. Petkoff and his wife are mere cheap grotesques, both more or less under the influence of the Palace of Truth. The major-domo, under the same magic spell, affords a vehicle for some of the author's theories as to the evils engendered on both sides by the relation of master and servant. And the most wonderful character of all, perhaps, is the maid Louka, who seems to have wandered in from one of the obscurer of Mr Meredith's novels, so keen is her perception, and so subtle her appreciation, of character and motive. All this crude and contorted psychology, too, is further dehumanised by Mr Shaw's peculiar habit of straining all the red corpuscles out of the blood of his personages. They have nothing of human

nature except its pettinesses; they are devoid alike of its spiritual and its sensual instincts. It is all very well for Mr Shaw to be sceptical as to the reality of much of the emotion which passes by the name of love, and over which so much fuss is made both in fiction and in life. For my part, I quite agree with him that a great deal of foolish and useless unhappiness is caused by our habit of idealising and eternalising this emotion, under all circumstances and at all hazards. But it is one thing to argue that the exultations and agonies of love are apt to be morbid, factitious, deliberately exaggerated and overwrought, and quite another to represent life as if these exultations and agonies had no existence whatever. Here we have a girl who, in the course of some six hours, transfers her affections (save the mark!) from a man whom she thought she had adored for years, to one whom she has only once before set eyes on, and a young man who, in the same space of time, quarrels with the mistress about nothing at all, and, for no conceivable reason, makes up his mind to marry the maid. Such instantaneous *chassés croisés* used to be common enough in Elizabethan drama, and are quite the order of the day in Gilbertian extravaganza. In any more serious form of modern drama they would be not only preposterous but nauseous.

It is impossible, in short, to accept the second and third acts of *Arms and the Man* as either "romantic

comedy" or coherent farce. They are bright, clever, superficially cynical extravaganza. In the second act, there are some, not many, intervals of dullness; but with the reappearance of Captain Bernard Bluntschli-Shaw the fun fully revives, and in the third act there are even some patches of comedy, in the author's finer vein. Pray do not suppose, moreover, from my dwelling on the pettiness and sordidness of motive which reign throughout, that the whole effect of the play is unpleasant. Mr Shaw's cynicism is not in the least splenetic; on the contrary, it is imperturbably good-humoured and almost amiable. And amid all his irresponsible nonsense, he has contrived, generally in defiance of all dramatic consistency, to drag in a great deal of incidental good sense. I begin positively to believe that he may one day write a serious and even an artistic play, if only he will repress his irrelevant whimsicality, try to clothe his character-conceptions in flesh and blood, and realise the difference between knowingness and knowledge.

The acting was good from first to last. Mr Yorke Stephens seemed to have cultivated that ironic twist of his lip for the special purpose of creating the "chocolate-cream soldier;" Mr Bernard Gould played the "bounder" with humour and picturesqueness; Miss Alma Murray lent her seriousness and charm (invaluable qualities both, as it happened) to the part of Raïna; Miss Florence Farr made a memorable

figure of the enigmatic Louka; and Mr Welch, Mrs Charles Calvert, and Mr Orlando Barnett were all as good as need be. By-the-bye, I wish to withdraw unconditionally the depreciatory remarks, or rather conjectures, which I made the other day anent Mr W. B. Yeats's little play *The Land of Heart's Desire*. I have since read it, and find it a gem of its kind. It is now audible on the stage, but can scarcely be said to gain in representation.

XVII.

"A Bunch of Violets."—"The Masqueraders."

2nd May.

Mr Sydney Grundy's new or renovated play, *A Bunch of Violets*,* at the Haymarket, affords an excellent example of a not infrequent phenomenon. It is one of those plays which contradict the proverb about the chain and its weakest link. It is not only stronger than its weakest link, but stronger than its strongest. Indeed, it is a strong chain whose links are one and all of the craziest. Its second and third acts are absorbingly interesting. They are written with that nervous terseness which is Mr Grundy's

* April 25—July 19. Season closed July 20 with a performance of Ibsen's *Enemy of the People* (see *Theatrical World* 1893, p. 162). Theatre re-opened with *Bunch of Violets*, October 8—November 3.

peculiar gift. There are passages in which speech rings against speech with the sharp, metallic clash of blade on blade. And they are so admirably acted by Mr and Mrs Tree and Miss Lily Hanbury, that for the moment they seem plausible, and even convincing. But when we begin to examine into the motives of the characters we find them crumble away to nothing. We pick a little at one knot (to quote Mrs Alving), and, behold! the whole seam, or rather the whole fabric ravels out. In a sense, it is all the cleverer of Mr Grundy to disguise its flimsiness; but his cleverness might surely be better employed.

The legal and financial mechanism of the play has been ably, and I think conclusively, shown to be very shaky; but to such purely technical criticism we must not attach too much importance. It is better to be correct on these points; but it is sufficient if the author's tamperings with reality do not jump to the eye of the average layman. Nor is it a vital objection to allege, as Mr Walkley does, justly and wittily, that the would-be man of iron is but a painted lath. It is true that this Napoleon of finance turns out to be a Louis Napoleon, blundering blindly on to his Sedan. But that is precisely the characteristic of these adventurer-emperors; they are all of the tribe of Louis; and for that matter, even the Little Corporal had his Moscow, his Leipzig, his Waterloo. The character of Sir Philip Marchant is drawn throughout with

a rather heavy hand; but the mere fact that he is a weak instead of a strong man must not count to Mr Grundy's discredit. The radical error lies in the character of Mrs Murgatroyd. Her figure, as presented by Mrs Tree, is the chief strength and attraction of the play; her character, her motivation, is its chief weakness. Here, I think, we see the join between the old play and the new. Had Mr Grundy altogether banished *Mammon* from his mind, and set to work on the theme afresh, he would have introduced and handled Mrs Murgatroyd very differently. Her motives—and remember they are the mainspring of the action—are a jumble of contradictions. She is married to Mark Murgatroyd, a man rich enough to draw a cheque without winking for £96,000. So far as we can see, she can turn him round her little finger; and as there is no apparent danger of her former marriage being discovered, unless through her own folly, we do not quite understand why she should be so desperately eager to convey a large sum of money from her husband's pocket clandestinely into her own. But admitting that she may have some conceivable, though unexplained, reason for this desire, can we possibly admit that she adopts a conceivable method of accomplishing it? She knows, or more than suspects, that Murgatroyd is being egregiously duped; yet she is quite willing that he shall lose £96,000 in order that she may gain half

that sum. In other words, she is willing to pay Sir Philip Marchant £48,000 for acting as her accomplice in conveying certain moneys from her right hand to her left! I think this adventuress has mistaken her calling; she does not come from Sheffield; she is one of the Wise Women of Gotham. And in order to effect this imbecile transaction, to throw £48,000 out of the window (for that is what it amounts to), she is content to run the risk of killing the goose that lays the golden eggs, exploding her bigamous marriage, and incurring utter ruin and imprisonment. The weakness of this seems to have struck Mr Grundy as he went along, for in the fourth act she trumps up a totally new set of motives. "One's husband is always one's husband," she says. "You may have forgotten him for a quarter of a century, and both you and he may have committed bigamy in the meantime; but 'a woman as *is* a woman' will always come back to her first love, and play the deuce with his second establishment, even though the horrid law says 'Naughty, naughty!' and sends her to penal servitude for it." This exposition of motive is a melodramatic thunderbolt out of a clear sky, and the battle for the violets, to which it leads up, is an outrageous piece of sentimental clap-trap. But, supposing jealousy is indeed the lady's motive, why has Mr Grundy kept us so long in the dark about it, and led us off on the false scent of mere cupidity?

It is one of the first principles of the well-made play, of which Mr Grundy is, perhaps, the sole surviving champion, that the audience must never be trifled with in this way. Again, to return to the financial aspect of the case, when Sir Philip Marchant learns that he has to pay £50,000, instead of an old song, for the bogus diamond mine, why does he attempt to carry through the transaction at a dead loss? It was all very well to bribe Mrs Murgatroyd not to spoil his market, even at the extravagant rate of £48,000; that left him another £48,000 clear profit. But when that profit is swallowed up, and more, by the vendor's increased demand, why on earth does he not drop the whole transaction on the spot? He fears that Mrs Murgatroyd will accuse him of bigamy? But the bigamy is double-barrelled, and, as he says himself, there is every reason to suppose that for her own sake Mrs Murgatroyd will take very good care to say nothing about it. As he has not as yet been enlightened on the great psychological principle that "a woman's husband is always her husband," he has not even any adequate reason to fear that Mrs Murgatroyd will reveal the truth, privately, to Lady Marchant; for Mrs Murgatroyd cannot possibly know that Lady Marchant will regard the communication as confidential, and will not set the law in motion. The main structure of the play, in short, collapses at a touch, like a house of cards. It reminds one of

the Irishman's boat, which will carry you safely across the ferry if you sit quite still and don't cough or sneeze. For once in a way, we consent to the condition; but though the result has been fortunate, it was a trifle foolhardy on Mr Grundy's part to trust to so rickety a craft.

The fact is, Mr Grundy is morbidly afraid of writing what he calls a masterpiece. To judge by Murgatroyd's account of his experience, Mr Grundy's conception of a masterpiece seems to be a play in which unpleasant people come to an unhappy end (by that test, by the way, *A Bunch of Violets* would fall within the detrimental category); but it is quite a mistake to imagine that pessimism is essential to a masterpiece, or that anyone wants to make it so. Let Mr Grundy produce his gay, his fantastic, his sentimental, his genial, even his farcical masterpiece, and if only it *be* a masterpiece, he will never repent it—neither he nor his heirs and assigns. It is neither pessimism nor optimism, neither cynicism nor sentimentalism, that makes the masterpiece, but sheer pressure of brain-power to the square inch. I believe Mr Grundy has the brain-power for half a dozen masterpieces, if only he would get rid of one or two technical prejudices which still cumber his mind, and so make room for one or two æsthetic and philosophical ideas. There is no harm, even from the practical, the box-office point of view, in being abreast of your age. To a

dramatist who is really "up to date," philanthropic finance, with its political side-issues, evidently offers a fruitful theme. But he will not pour his matter into an old French mould, and he will try to obtain something of a philosophic, a scientific understanding of the situation, before proceeding to fashion it to his artistic ends. Of course I do not insult Mr Grundy's intelligence by assuming that he himself takes his "deputation of the Sons of Toil" for anything more than a set of conventional grotesques. They are of a piece with the political "satire" of *Haddon Hall*, begotten of Mr Grundy's ingrained faith in the sophism that it is the stupidest person in the audience who determines the fate of a play. But I am not so sure that he is not himself taken in by Sir Philip Marchant's prehistoric ineptitudes about "a spirited defiance of sordid political economy," and "a bill for abolishing the Laws of Nature," and for "bringing peace, comfort, and luxury into the homes of the Undeserving." If so—if he takes this for apt and relevant sarcasm—it would seem that Mr Grundy's economic education must have stopped short several years before he was born. On the very evening when *A Bunch of Violets* was produced, Lord Roberts assured his fellow-revellers at the Royal Literary Fund banquet that "the Manchester School" was extinct. So it is, no doubt, except in the theatre. There its ghost still walks. The theatre, indeed, may be called

the paradise of dead ideas; there they seldom fail to come to life again just about the time when they breathe their last in the outer world; and they go on living, if not for ever, at least indefinitely. The reason Mr Grundy's political "satire" passes muster is that it has passed muster any time since the first Reform Bill; and audiences always show a touching loyalty to old friends. But because they tolerate the old and conventional, it does not follow that they would reject the new, the thoughtful, the competent, the masterly. Mr Grundy may rest assured that it is only in the absence of masterpieces that mediocrities find acceptance. If other playwrights begin to put masterpieces on the market, he will have to gird up his loins and do likewise, or he may come to pay dearly for his "spirited defiance of sordid political economy."

The most notable piece of acting in *A Bunch of Violets* is unquestionably Mrs Tree's Mrs Murgatroyd. It is intelligent, daring, original. The mere make-up shows the true artist. Mrs Tree looks, at times, like a creation of Mr Aubrey Beardsley, in one of his more human moods. The character goes to pieces in the fourth act, but that is not Mrs Tree's fault. In the earlier acts I can think of only one weak point; the terribly conventional French-song exit, without which no adventuress is complete. Mrs Tree eschews the regulation cigarette—why not the chansonette as

well? Mr Tree, too, excels himself in make-up. With comparatively little mechanical aid, he refashions his whole countenance. His playing has strong moments; but I think he ought to guard against a declamatory tendency which has recently been growing upon him, along with a partiality for broad and cheap comic effects. Miss Lily Hanbury was excellent as Lady Marchant, playing with touching dignity and sincerity. Mr Lionel Brough's Murgatroyd was a piece of true comedy; and Mr Holman Clark played the obsequiously vindictive Harker to perfection.

I must reserve till next week my remarks upon *The Masqueraders*,* by Mr Henry Arthur Jones, produced with great and deserved success at the St James's Theatre on Saturday evening. It is a curious and original romance, very admirably mounted and acted. Mrs Patrick Campbell fairly maintained the place she has won by her Paula Tanqueray, and that is a great deal to say. Her talent seems to have decided limitations. It is only in a narrow range of parts that the childlike helplessness, the impulsive perversity, which made the charm of her Paula, and which reappear in her Dulcie, will be found effective; but it is possible, of course, that she may be able on occasion to shake this off and rise to higher strength and refinement. In any case, there is no more piquant and fascinating

* April 28—July 28. Reproduced November 10—December 22.

figure, both to the eye and to the mind, at present on the English stage. Mr Alexander is excellent as a poetic astronomer, and Mr Herbert Waring made a remarkable success in an odious character which, but for his combined firmness and tact, might have proved too much for the tolerance of the audience. His Sir Brice Skene forms a companion-piece to his masterly Ffolliott-Treherne in *Gudgeons*, and the two together assure his position in the very first rank. Miss Granville was charming as the staid, self-sacrificing sister of the fairy-tale, and clever character-sketches were contributed by Mr H. V. Esmond, Mr Elliot, and Mr W. H. Day.

XVIII.

"THE MASQUERADERS."

9th May.

CRITICISM of *The Masqueraders* must begin with definition. Let us first realise what Mr Jones has and has not attempted to do; it will then be time enough to inquire how he has done it.

In more than a literary sense, *The Masqueraders* rhymes with *The Crusaders*. Both are dramatic romances; and by "romance" I mean, for the moment, a play which sets forth to amuse the imagination rather than to satisfy the senses of reality. It

has pleased the author to imagine the fable, and he asks his audience to share in his pleasure. Just by way of illustration, and not with any idea of measuring against each other two utterly incommensurable works, let us compare Mr Pinero's frame of mind in conceiving and building up *The Second Mrs Tanqueray* with Mr Jones's in projecting *The Masqueraders*. In and for itself, the fable of Mr Pinero's play gave him no pleasure; it was a miserable, almost a squalid, story. What pleased him was, first, its lifelikeness, secondly, its aptness for developing every aspect of the character he had determined to depict. His pleasure was not direct and simple, but secondary, complex, artistic, arising from a sense of nice adaptation, congruity, coincidence between the presentment and the thing presented. He felt "that stern joy which craftsmen feel in subjects worthy of their steel." Very different was Mr Jones's case. It gave him direct, primary, substantive gratification to conceive this variegated and surprising series of events. To be sure, there were unpleasant elements in it, but they merely served to heighten generosity, throw heroism into relief, and lend pathos a new poignancy. Every discord led up to a higher harmony. The charm of the thing lay, not in its reality, but precisely in its unreality, not in its faithfulness to prosaic probability, but in its daring correction of the humdrum in the interests of the picturesque and the ideal. A certain

measure had to be observed, of course: the improbable must not diverge into the inconceivable: but within that pretty liberal limit, nothing was inadmissible that was pleasing to the fancy and grateful to the sensibilities. Is not this the fundamental distinction between romantic and realistic art—that the one aims at presenting something directly and inherently piquant to the imagination, the other gives pleasure mainly through the intellectual recognition of consonance, of veracity, and of the artist's skill in selecting and presenting the essential and characteristic traits of his subject? Realism, in brief, tries to mirror life as it is, Romance to refashion it as, *for the purposes of fiction*, the artist and his public would like it to be. Compare a novel of Ouida's or Miss Marie Corelli's with *Esther Waters*, for example: Ouida's world is certainly no nearer moral or social perfection than Mr Moore's, but none the less, or all the more, does her imagination, and her readers', luxuriate in it; whereas Mr Moore, approaching *his* world with shrinking rather than complaisance, finds and gives pleasure in subjugating it, so to speak, to the conditions of his art. Let me not be understood to imply that the one form of art is lower or higher than the other. Each has its philosophical justification, and each can boast its masterpieces. I merely wish to make clear the sense in which I apply the term "romance" to *The Masqueraders*

The Crusaders was a satirical, this is a sentimental, romance. A kindly satire upon social idealisms was the main theme of the earlier play; in the later one, the main theme is an ecstatic love-story, upon which certain patches of satire on social corruption are incidentally embroidered. Mr Jones seems to have sought utterance for a mood of *Weltschmerz*, the direct opposite of

> that blessed mood
> In which the burthen of the mystery,
> In which the heavy and the weary weight
> Of all this unintelligible world
> Is lightened.

Hence his astronomer-hero with the moonstruck brother; hence his sidereal, and nebular, and cosmic allusions and images. The refrain of his romance is the old antithesis between the microcosm and the macrocosm. From the point of view of "that little star in Andromeda," all our pleasures and pains, our virtues and vices, our loves and hatreds, and heroisms and basenesses, seem so infinitesimally small as to be unreal, illusory, spectral. "What is it all but a trouble of ants in the gleam of a million million of suns?" And yet each of the ants carries the vault of heaven in its pin-head sensorium. It has the right to say, not "I think, therefore I am," but "I feel, therefore the universe exists." The ache of a jarred antenna is infinitely more important, more real, than the shock

of insentient spheres. Therefore, at the end of the reckoning, it is passion, emotion, conduct that counts. "Astronomy and Geology, terrible Muses," proclaiming as they do, the incalculable vastness of space and time, in no wise relieve us of that faculty, that necessity, of feeling and causing pleasure and pain which is the basis of morals. It is material immensity that is an illusion, and the infinitesimal that is truly immense. So far as practical conduct is concerned, it would make no difference though the sky were a dome of blue glass, and the stars mere spangles glued on to it. But it is open to us, if we are so minded, to take refuge from the mysteries of the moral order, or disorder, of things, in contemplating the mysteries of the material universe, and wondering whether, after all, some solution of the enigmas, some compensation for the cruelties, of existence may not await us in "that little star in Andromeda." We may, if we list, seek relief from the morally Incomprehensible in the materially Uncomprehended, and, comparing our infinitesimal knowledge with our illimitable ignorance, hope that what we do not know may somewhere and somehow explain and excuse what we do. That, I take it, is the drift of Mr Jones's cosmic symbolism. At the same time, he is far from denying that a peep through David Remon's great telescope may just as reasonably intensify as relieve the oppression of the world-

enigma upon the sensitive soul. "You pays your money and you takes your choice."

We define the play, then, as a love-romance steeped in *Weltschmerz*; but this leaves its individual quality quite undetermined. The success of a romance clearly depends on how far the author induces his readers or hearers to share his pleasure in the product of his invention. Our standards must be subjective, not objective; we must not ask whether the picture is like life, but whether it pleases us to "let on," for three hours of an evening, that life is like the picture. Well, there is no manner of doubt that to the majority of us it is pleasant to imagine a great, deep, chivalrous, silent, hopeless, selfless, utterly magnanimous and majestic love. We ourselves love differently. If we cannot have Chloe we put up with Phyllis, or it may be with Phryne. We do not follow the faithless one about for years, keeping sedulously out of her sight, and living on fleeting glimpses of the hem of her garments. We do not risk chilblains and misunderstandings with the police by standing for two nights outside her window in a snowstorm, while she is engaged in presenting our brute of a rival with a pledge of their affections. When the said rival proposes, in our hearing, that she should sell herself to us, we do not make over to her a cheque-book and £200,000, or whatever portion of it her husband may require, and then

deny ourselves even the gratification of waiting, like Schiller's Ritter Toggenburg, outside her window. These things we do not ourselves do, and we don't know anyone who does them; but it is nice—oh yes, it is nice—to imagine them possible; for the idealisation of love has been, for centuries, one of our favourite methods of taking revenge upon tyrannous and lamentably unromantic nature. Again, there is something infinitely pleasing in the notion of a lady boldly confessing to her tyrant lord her love for another gentleman, while remaining immovably faithful in act to her conventional duties. The popular mind is always delighted with any contradiction of that hard saying which would make sin lie in thought and desire rather than in act. The main matter of Mr Jones's romance, then, is grateful and comforting; one or two of its details are, to me, less pleasing. In the first place, I could wish that Miss Dulcie had not slaked her thirst for life, as Hedda Gabler would call it, in the bar of a public-house. I am conscious of a quite embarrassing lack of the licensed victualler in my composition; there have doubtless been sinners in my ancestry, but not, it would appear, a single publican. Therefore I am hopelessly out of sympathy with the *joie de vivre* of the tap-room, and could wish that Dulcie had kicked over the traces in any other way. Of course, if Mr Jones had intended to indicate a strain of inherent vulgarity in her nature, it

would have been all very well; but I can discover no such intention. She is simply a weak, characterless, flighty creature, and her choice of a calling seems to have been determined by mere scenic convenience, with a view to securing a picturesque first act. Then the auction scene was, to me, far more painful than impressive. I sat on needles through it all. If David Remon, instead of bidding £2000 for the kiss, had taken Monty Lushington by the windpipe and pitched him neck and crop out of his rostrum among the assembled "bounders" of the Crandover Hunt, he would have commanded my warmest sympathy. On the other hand, the incident of the kiss at the end of the act is really pretty, poetic, touching, and quite restored my equanimity. (You see I am acting up to my principle, and applying a purely subjective standard.) The second act develops the romance quite pleasantly. I remember the time when Sir Brice's speech to his wife at the close of the act would have been considered impossibly brutal, and would have been ruthlessly blue-pencilled by the Censor; but, for my part, I am glad that time is past. In the third act, I don't think Dulcie's diatribe against marriage comes quite in the right place. When a woman is threatened with the loss of her child, her impulse, one fancies, is to act, not to philosophise. Mrs Patrick Campbell seemed to feel this too, and to be ill at ease in the scene. The

gaming scene at the end of the act is one of the most telling pieces of romance I ever saw on the stage, and is admirably acted by Mr Alexander and Mr Waring. It quite justly determined the success of the play. The fourth act—well, it is of melancholy and moonshine all compact, and is, no doubt, the right thing in the right place. In my own unregenerate heart I hope, and even believe, that Dulcie and David ultimately foregather somewhere on this side of Andromeda. David, of course, must go to West Africa; a hero of romance cannot desert his post; but if he will only take care and quinine he may very likely come back safe and sound, to find that Sir Brice has drunk himself to death. And, failing that desirable consummation, Dulcie may possibly, in the meantime, have carried her reflections on marriage to their logical conclusion.

A certain flavour of irony seems somehow to have crept into my account of *The Masqueraders*, as though I disliked and despised romance. This is not so. Mr Jones's effort to do something out of the common, something large and imaginative, is entirely meritorious. One could wish, perhaps, for a little delicacy of imagination and distinction of style; but these, too, Mr Jones may in time achieve. As it is, he has quite suppressed his tendency to mere robustiousness and violence of expression, while he has written here and there with commendable and justified boldness.

Of his social satire I have said nothing, for there is really nothing to say, except that it is of the familiar latter-day pattern. "When one is governess in a Christian family, one is compelled to behave badly for the sake of higher morality." "Marriage is the last insult one offers to a woman whom one respects." "I cannot afford to be economical." "I'm not blaming the man for poisoning his wife. It may have been a necessity of his position; and if she had a cockney accent, it was a noble thing to do." Paradoxes and epigrams of this quality can nowadays be turned out by the gross. They are like faint impressions of well-known etchings; but they still amuse. One can even trace a certain originality of intention in the feeble little would-be intelligent quidnunc, Percy Blanchflower.

XIX.

"The Wild Duck:" A Study in Illusions.*

Sketch, 13th June.

If not absolutely the best of all possible worlds, this is certainly the most amusing. No one with the slightest sense of humour would dream of exchanging

* The publication of this article was delayed. I insert it here in order to keep to the chronological order of events. *The Wild Duck* was produced at the Royalty (Independent) Theatre, on Friday, May 4, and repeated in the afternoon and evening of the following day.

it for "that little star in Andromeda," where, according to Mr David Remon, F.R.S., &c., the writs of the Court of Morality do not run. So, at least, we are bound to conclude from the fact that, though

> Dulcie was a married lady,
> And a moral man was David,

he could look forward to "keeping house with her" in Andromeda without scandalising anybody. In a sphere of such advanced "realism" there can be no drama, no Ibsen, no Ibsenites or Anti-Ibsenites—in brief, no fun of any sort. You could neither see *The Wild Duck* played overnight nor read the criticisms next morning. You could neither enjoy your own illusions nor contrast them with those of other people; and life without such "little ironies" would be simply unlivable.

I have not hitherto been reckoned lukewarm in my appreciation of Ibsen, but I was never more deeply thrilled by a sense of his genius than at the recent performance at the Royalty. The performance had been undertaken under very serious disadvantages and against my earnest advice. Of the rehearsals I had seen nothing, and I came to the theatre, if not precisely prejudiced against the undertaking, at least with the gravest misgivings as to the probable result. The opening scenes justified my fears. The "Adelphi guest" was rampant at Mr Werle's dinner party, and the best stage management in the world could not

have made the thing lifelike or plausible on that bandbox stage. But when the Chamberlains were disposed of, and old Werle and his son stood face to face, they had not exchanged six speeches before the drama had its grip on me. And the grip never relaxed. The beginning of the second act introduced Hedvig, surely one of the loveliest characters in fiction, who found in Miss Winifred Fraser an ideal representative, simple, natural, childlike, yet with mature and ample powers of expression. For the rest, the interpretation of the play, though creditable, was not such as to cast any adventitious glamour over it. Mr Abingdon showed intelligence and a fair general conception of the part of Hialmar, but did not make him very plausible, and was rather monotonous in his grandiloquence. Mr Fulton played with spirit and earnestness, but scarcely attempted to bring out the dreamy unpracticality of Gregers Werle. Mr Lawrence Irving had the sardonic humour, but not the burly aggressiveness, of Relling. Mrs Waring showed an excellent comprehension of Gina, but had not—she must allow me to say so—the necessary commonness of physique and placidity of temperament. The other parts, old Ekdal, Werle senior, Mrs Sörby, and Molvik, were but passably filled; so that it was certainly not the brilliancy of the interpretation that dazzled me. Yet, as "the tragedy of the House of Ekdal" unfolded itself, with that smooth, unhasting,

unresting movement which is Ibsen's greatest invention in the technical sphere—every word at once displaying a soul-facet and developing the dramatic situation—despite my long familiarity with the play, I felt almost as though a new planet had swum into my ken. I had been told, but scarcely believed, that *The Wild Duck* was one of Ibsen's most effective stage-plays. In Copenhagen, where it was played at the Royal Theatre, with Fru Hennings as Hedvig, Emil Poulsen as Hialmar, and his brother Olaf as old Ekdal, it is remembered by connoisseurs as one of the triumphs of that admirable company. This I knew, but had always been inclined to give more credit to the excellence of the acting than to the scenic qualities of the play. I was utterly mistaken. The play now proved itself scenic in the highest degree. It carried me along in a passion of purely theatrical interest. I could detach but a small portion of my mind for critical observation of the performance; I was practically absorbed in following the process of thought and feeling. Hardly ever before, as it seemed to me, had I seen so much of the very quintessence of life concentrated in the brief traffic of the stage. Its poetry and its prose, its humour, its irony, and its pathos, its commonplace surface suddenly yawning into unplumbed abysses—of all this I felt so keen a realisation as had but rarely visited me within the walls of a theatre. In the corridor, after the curtain

had fallen, I met the author of *Esther Waters*, and we almost fell on each other's neck with the simultaneous exclamation of "Nothing like it since Shakespeare!" It was a trivial remark enough, and even foolish if it had implied any definite comparison. But it did not. What we meant was that not since Shakespeare had an intellect of equal capacity and potency found its sole and sufficient utterance in the drama. That was the impression Mr Moore and I carried away from the performance — that was our particular illusion. And in my case it was not a passing illusion: it is strong in me at this moment.

Next morning I looked with interest for Mr Clement Scott's illusion, and found it thus expressed: "To call such an eccentricity as this a masterpiece, to classify it at all as dramatic literature, or to make a fuss about so feeble a production, is to insult dramatic literature and outrage common-sense. . . . Ibsen may be a mighty genius, but he has no sense of humour." It is certainly no common achievement to come away from a theatre where the whole audience has been in fits of laughter over the exquisitely humorous character of Hialmar Ekdal, and, with the echoes still in your ears, to record gravely that his creator has no sense of humour. But Ibsen's humour, his dramatic and philosophic power, and his rank in literature, are matters on which one foresees and is prepared for Mr Scott's illusions.

What one cannot, despite long experience, so easily understand, is his capacity for illusion on plain matters of fact. The audience, he says in this case, "*roared with laughter at the scenes intended to be serious*, and they yawned ominously at the Master's ponderous and heavy-handed wit." The other week, in these columns, Mr Scott did me the honour to controvert what he called an "honest opinion" of mine respecting the relative merits of Sarah Bernhardt and Eleonora Duse; and I have noticed that he is very fond of applying the epithet "honest" to other people's opinions. For my part, I do not understand this dwelling on "honesty." We do not talk of "the liquid ocean" or "a four-footed horse": we take it for granted that the ocean is liquid and the horse a quadruped. I should as soon think of calling an opinion "grammatical" or "orthographic," as "honest." There might be some doubt as to its syntax; there ought to be none as to its honesty. But, since Mr Scott likes the phrase, let us call it his honest opinion that the audience roared with laughter at the serious scenes of *The Wild Duck*. The question then comes to be how he can have arrived at this honest opinion in the very teeth of the facts. This is a psychological problem of no small interest. For my part, I am painfully sensitive to laughter in the wrong place. At *The Second Mrs Tanqueray*, the guffaws of the pit at some of Paula's

outbursts used to make me writhe in my seat. At *The Master Builder*, the inevitable titter over the "nine lovely dolls" was often an agony to me. But at *The Wild Duck* I did not hear a single laugh that seemed to me at all notably and painfully out of place. Is it really Mr Scott's honest opinion that when Ibsen made Hialmar exclaim, "What! Am I to drag all those rabbits with me too?" he did not foresee and intend the laughter of the audience? We shall next have Raïna's allusions to her "chocolate-cream soldier" quoted as a proof that Mr Bernard Shaw has no humour. Mr Scott has long ago given us his honest opinion that Ibsen is a "suburban egoist and bungler," and a good many other things, mostly unfit for publication; but is it his honest opinion that he is a madman? And if not, how can it be his honest opinion that Hialmar is not intentionally ludicrous? And if Hialmar *is* intentionally ludicrous, how can Mr Scott say that the audience "roared with laughter at the scenes intended to be serious"? That, as we know, is his honest opinion; but its honesty only makes the illusion all the more remarkable. No doubt, as is so often the case with gentlemen and ladies of Mr Scott's impressionable temperament, the wish was father to the—honest opinion.

This question of the "roars of laughter" is a pure matter of fact, of evidence. On all matters of taste,

on the other hand, my illusions are probably just as illusory as Mr Scott's. Illusion for illusion, however, I think that which sees a masterpiece in *The Wild Duck* is more desirable than that which sees in it "an insult to dramatic literature and outrage upon common-sense." And I believe it is the illusion which is destined to endure.

XX.

ELEANORA DUSE.—"A SOCIETY BUTTERFLY." —"KING KODAK."

16th May.

"WELL, what about Duse?" was the question which last week greeted one on every hand, from those who had not yet been to Daly's Theatre.* The answer from those who had was unequivocal: "As great as ever." Of course there was not the slightest reason to suppose

* Eleanora Duse performed *La Dame aux Camélias* on May 7, 9, 11, 26 (matinee), 30, June 2 (matinee), 4, 6, 11, 14; *Divorçons* on May 16, 17, 19, 21; *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *La Locandiera* on May 23, 24, 25, 31; June 7, 8, 9, 12, 13 (matinee). Thus, in a six weeks' season, this actress gave twenty-three performances in London. She also played Mirandolina in *La Locandiera* at Windsor Castle on May 18. Sarah Bernhardt gave the same number of performances in exactly half the time—a significant contrast. Duse is reported to have surpassed herself in her final performance of Marguerite Gautier (June 14), and to have swept her audience away in a whirlwind of emotion and enthusiasm. She may have been stimulated by the presence of Sarah Bernhardt, who then saw her for the first time.

that she should have changed for the worse in a single twelvemonth. The real question was whether we should find that our delight and enthusiasm of '93 were in part due to the mere novelty of her methods, and whether, that novelty having worn off, our emotions of '94 would prove less vivid and profound. It would be hard to say that she moved us more than last year, for that was scarcely possible; but to say that she moved us by one hair's breadth less would be simply untrue. The mixture of intellectual admiration and emotional sympathy which she excites in her great scenes (for example, the second and fifth acts of *La Dame aux Camélias*) is, in my experience, unique. We feel an intimate, a restful assurance of her perfect art, even while we are thrilling to her inimitable, irresistible touches of nature. There is never for a moment the smallest sense of effort, of strain, or of mere ungovernable *hysterica passio*, as Lear would call it. She gives us, so to speak, emotion double-distilled—at its utmost purity as well as its highest potency. Was there ever on the stage anything more absolutely noble and beautiful than her second act, from the reading of Armand's letter onward? The long speech at the close which leads up to the reconciliation is simply a masterpiece of truly natural diction—immeasurably superior, in my judgment, to the stereotyped diction of the Conservatoire, as we find it, for instance, in Coquelin's long confession in *Chamillac*, or

Madame Bartet's account of her misfortunes in *Denise*. In both these cases the situation is intentionally and elaborately pathetic, whereas there is nothing specially moving in the mere idea of a lover's quarrel and reconciliation; but Eleanora Duse moves me in this comparatively untearful passage more than Coquelin and Madame Bartet put together. Her third act was to some extent marred by the Duval of Signor Cesare Rossi, who has doubtless been a fine actor in his day, but has no longer the force and decision for such a scene. It is a pity that he should have thought fit to appear before a public which knew nothing of his past services, and could not but recognise his present insufficiency. The public, to its credit, received him with respect; but its courtesy was severely strained by his struggles with his hat, to which he clung desperately throughout the scene, and which he wagged behind his back at his exit, in token of profound emotion. The tremulous Duval not only distracted our attention from Marguerite, but rendered her too, I fancied, a little nervous and uneasy. As for the last act, what can one say but that it is probably the very summit of contemporary acting of its class? Since the comparison is inevitable, one is tempted to adapt the old epigram :—

"The town has found out different ways
To praise its different Lears—
To Barry it gives loud huzzays,
To Garrick only tears,"

and to read "Bernhardt" for "Barry," and for "Garrick," "Duse." But neither as regards Garrick nor Duse is the statement literally true. His Lear was amply applauded, and so is her Marguerite, when, at the end of the act, we have come to ourselves again, and realised that, after all, we are only "sitting at a play." One of the most plausible objections to the performance, as a whole, is that, however finely the actress may present the sequence of emotions, she does not embody the character in its quiddity, as Lamb would say—she gives us woman in the abstract, not a courtesan in the concrete. It is quite true that there is nothing in her of the "dashing Cyprian," the highly-coloured hetaira. She is refinement itself in comparison with the Mrs Tanquerays, the Mrs Murgatroyds, and even the Dulcie Larondies of to-day. But this is clearly Dumas's fault, not Eleanora Duse's. Marguerite Gautier *is* a courtesan carved in alabaster. Her creator confesses as much, while maintaining that such ornaments of their profession did exist in 1852. Writing fifteen years later, he says: "Cette pièce rentre déjà dans l'archéologie. Les jeunes gens de vingt ans qui la lisent par hasard ou la voient représenter doivent se dire: 'Est-ce qu'il y a eu des filles comme celle-là?'" Even at the time, the correctness of his observation was contested, and it was to present the other side of the case that Barrière wrote *Les Filles des Marbre* and

Augier *Le Mariage d'Olympe.* "On les a chantées, louangées, poétisées," says Desgenais in the former play; "c'est à mourir de rire, ma parole d'honneur." It was Dumas, then, that poetised the character, and Eleanora Duse is not to be blamed for taking it as she finds it. Marguerite Gautier is an ideal, one may almost say a legendary, figure, no less than the other Margaret (surname unknown) who goes to heaven nightly at the Lyceum. She belongs to a sentimental age, when the lilies and languors of phthisis were as much in vogue as are now the roses and raptures of "neurasthenia." So the actress is quite right to shun rouge and bistre, and spare us the tawny mane of Titianesque tradition.

There is a charming eclecticism about *A Society Butterfly*,* the "New and Original Comedy of Modern Life," by Messrs Robert Buchanan and Henry Murray, produced last week at the Opera Comique. It somehow suggested a *revue* in which all the plays, not only of the season, but of the age, were stirred up together in a monster medley. The authors avowed, in a certain sense, their obligations to *Francillon*, while broadly hinting that they meant to write the play Dumas ought to have written. They did not mention

* May 10—June 22. On the second night, Mr Robert Buchanan, seconded by his collaborator, read from the stage Mr Clement Scott's *Daily Telegraph* notice of the play, and made a vehement retort.

their annexation of the rehearsal scene from *Frou-frou*, holding, no doubt, that the thing was too obvious to call for remark. So it was, of course. When one quotes "The quality of mercy is not strained," or "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day," one does not feel bound to add (*Shakespeare*) or (*Gray*) on pain of an accusation of plagiarism. The only wonder was that the characters concerned—Captain Belton and Mrs Dudley—did not seem to remember that they had seen all this before, at the theatre. Mrs Dudley's tirade on marriage occurs in substance in *Francillon*, but in form it rather suggested Cyprienne's great outburst in *Divorçons*. The sporting Duchess is evidently introduced out of compliment to Mr Pinero; but the authors do not seem quite to have realised that the humour of "George Tidd" in *Dandy Dick* lies in the contrast between her stable slang and the severely ecclesiastical atmosphere of the Deanery. Here there is no such contrast, and to make up for its absence the authors have mixed their slang into a much thicker and coarser "mash," as her Grace would say. Except, perhaps, "Yes" and "No," she utters not a word that does not reek of the loose-box. She is really more akin to the "Shiver-my-timbers" Jack Tars of forgotten nautical melodramas than to any character of rational farce. Her "Home for Decayed Jockeys," by the way, was anticipated by Mr Spencer-Jermyn in *The Hobby*

Horse. The play, then, is practically *Francillon* writ tedious, eked out with reminiscences from a host of other plays, and spiced with an abundance of satirical allusions in Mr Buchanan's well-known style. As it is one of my most cherished principles that the true artist should, or rather must, write primarily to please himself, I am bound to approve Mr Buchanan's satire, which evidently delights him—and him alone. When an author crams his works with satirical "hits" which very few understand and no one cares about, it is impossible not to admire his devotion to his ideal. For example, how many persons understood what Mr Buchanan was driving at in the chatter about *Mrs Harkaway's Last Divorce?* And how many of those who recognised the sneer at *The Second Mrs Tanqueray* were in the smallest degree entertained or gratified by it? There was a good deal of weird talk, too, about an alcoholic German masterpiece, from which I conjecture that Mr Buchanan has been reading Gerhart Hauptmann's *Vor Sonnenaufgang.* I too happened to have read the play; but it is a hundred to one that not another soul in the audience had the slightest idea what "Herr Max" was talking about. Mr Buchanan and I, then, had the joke all to ourselves, and of course we relished it hugely; but the rest of the audience must have wondered what we were chuckling at, and felt rather "out of it." And perhaps, after all, it was not *Vor Sonnenaufgang*

that Mr Buchanan was aiming at; in which case he succeeded in keeping the drift of his satire entirely to himself, and realised to the full the great principle of "Art for the Artist." The audience, irritated by long waits, was inclined to resent these cryptic allusions, and the gallery audibly expressed its disappointment in a play in which everything is "taken off"—except Lady Godiva's mantle. Simply as an emotional comedy, and apart from its satiric pretensions, the play is neither better nor worse than a good many that one sees, and might have passed muster fairly enough. Mrs Langtry wore several gorgeous and one or two really beautiful dresses, but her powers of dramatic expression seemed to have grown a little rusty in retirement. Miss Rose Leclercq was exceedingly good as the Duchess of Tattersall's; Mr F. Kerr played a difficult part with discreet humour; and Mr W. Herbert, Mr Allan Beaumont, and Mr Edward Rose all made the most of their opportunities.

Loyalty to old favourites may possibly attract the middle-aged public to *King Kodak** at Terry's Theatre, in which Mr Terry and Miss Kate Vaughan recall the bygone glories of Gaiety burlesque. For my part, I cannot work up a sentimental melancholy over these reminiscences; but I feel an entirely practical melancholy at the thought that two artists, of whom one at least has been very much better employed for the

* April 30—June 30.

past ten years, should be driven by the pressure of the times to fall back upon burlesque. Both have been outstripped in the interval (there is no good mincing the matter) by younger and fresher talents; while, on the other hand, Mr Terry is, in his way, an incomparable and irreplaceable eccentric character-actor. Thus the loss to the comedy stage is not really compensated by a corresponding gain to the burlesque stage. This is so clear, indeed, that I am sure the aforesaid pressure of circumstances will presently restore Mr Terry and his theatre to comedy. *King Kodak* is, in itself, a reduction to absurdity of the *Morocco Bound* type of extravaganza. It is written by Mr Arthur Branscombe, who collaborated with Mr "Adrian Ross" in that successful production. Whatever Mr Branscombe may have contributed to the partnership, it was certainly not the power of comic invention or polished and witty versification.

XXI.

"DIVORÇONS!"—"JEAN MAYEUX."—"THE TWO ORPHANS."—"THE MAN IN THE STREET."—"MARRIAGE."—"MONEY."

23rd May.

THERE are critics who have the art of executing inexhaustible variations upon the theme of enthusiasm —of composing doxologies without end. I am not

one of them. Having once said a thing is perfect, I can get no farther, and have to fall back upon damnable iteration. The first two acts of Eleanora Duse's Cyprienne in *Divorçons** are perfection itself. It is impossible to conceive more scintillant, and at the same time more natural and unforced, comedy. The last act is less admirable from the purely artistic point of view, though, for my part, I am very willing to forgive the refinement which is its fault. Sardou's Cyprienne is (as the lady in *Punch* puts it) *fr-r-ranchement canaille*, and that is just what this actress declines to be. No, I am wrong, Cyprienne is not necessarily *canaille;* that is a misconception founded on Chaumont's rendering of the part; but she is frankly sensual, and there, too, Signora Duse draws the line. I have seen the leading actress of the Royal Danish Theatre, Fru Hennings, play this act without any of Chaumont's vulgarity, yet with a self-abandonment from which (in this instance) Duse shrinks. The fatal defect of her Cleopatra is fatal also to the last act of her Cyprienne; but it is one thing to leave out the "spice" in one act of a French farce, and quite another thing to omit the passion from a great world-tragedy. The play as a whole had been considerably Bowdlerised, especially as regards the confidences between Cyprienne and Des Prunelles in the second act. The English translation, too, was at many points exquisitely discreet.

* See note, p. 143.

The famous "Ne tuez pas le dîner par le lunch" is rendered "Do not let the present spoil the future." It is impossible to be more delicate.

After seeing *The Two Orphans* with the words at the Adelphi, and *The Two Orphans* without the words at the Princess's, under the pseudonym of *Jean Mayeux*,* I have come to the conclusion that I prefer it *with*. The thing is a fossil, anyway, and ought therefore, perhaps, to be mute; but such reasoning by metaphor is always dangerous. The Dennery-Cormon-Oxenford dialogue is not a joy for ever as pure literature, but it has one great and undeniable merit—it breaks the silence. In *L'Enfant Prodigue* and *La Statue du Commandeur* we were in a purely conventional world, in which the convention of dumbness seemed no more surprising than the rest. In *Jean Mayeux* we had a threadbare, but not at all a fantastic, story, moving in the everyday world around us; and here the convention of dumbness soon became positively irritating, and the silence oppressive and uncanny. The language of gesture (though the actors were clever enough in their way) seemed intolerably slow and roundabout. One felt inclined to shout out, "Come to the point!" or, with Hamlet, "Leave your damnable faces, and begin!" Moreover, it is quite a mistake to suppose that French pantomime is as readily comprehensible to English as to French audiences.

* May 12-19.

Many touches which appeal to the Parisian public as vivid reproductions of manners go for nothing on this side of the Channel, and even the conventional gestures are less conventional there than here. Altogether, *Jean Mayeux* is a mistake, so far as England is concerned. It is ugly to the eye, and depressing to the mind.

At the Adelphi, *The Two Orphans*,* excellently mounted and acted, is still found absorbing and thrilling by the unsophisticated public. Never have I seen villainy more heartily hissed than was that of La Frochard and her swaggering son by the Whitmonday audience. They could not reserve their indignation for the ends of the acts. Every fresh instance of hypocrisy and brutality was stigmatised on the spot; and when the tender-hearted cripple took off his own coat to shield the blind girl from the snowstorm, heavens! how they cheered! And now, do you insist on my finding the appropriate adjective for each of the leading actors? Well, here goes: Miss Marion Terry was pathetic as Louise, Miss Ellis Jeffries was earnest as Henriette, Miss Lingard was dignified as the Countess, Miss Dolores Drummond was duly repulsive as La Frochard (though not quite such a Megæra as her predecessor, Mrs Huntley), Mr Cartwright was intense as Pierre, Mr William Rignold was overbearing as Jacques, and Mr Herbert Flemming

* May 12—June 18.

was polished as the Count. And therewithal I bid a fond farewell to *The Two Orphans*—not *au revoir*, I trust, but *adieu*.

At the Avenue, *Arms and the Man* is now preceded by an amusing act by Mr Louis Parker, entitled *The Man in the Street*.* The fable is trivial, and it can scarcely be said that the drunken clarionet-player, who gives the piece its title, is a profound or very consistent psychological study. His renunciation of all attempt to blackmail his daughter when he finds that she is legally married to the artist, is rather less than convincing. But as a study in dialect Mr Welch's vagrant was admirable—as good as the best of Mr Chevalier's costers—and kept us in fits of laughter. Mr Welch is really a versatile and most valuable comedian. He was well supported by Mr Foss and Miss Winifred Fraser.

Why is the first act of *Marriage*,† by Messrs Brandon Thomas and Henry Keeling (at the Court Theatre), so much better than the second and third? The reason is surely not far to seek: the first act announces a curious and interesting theme, the second and third acts fail to work it out. Our marriage laws, as interpreted in the celebrated Jackson case, present an anomaly which is fair sport for the comic dramatist, though in real life it may be serious enough. The sage legislator, as they say in France, has decreed

* May 14—July 7. † May 17—July 14.

that a woman may absolutely decline to fulfil any part of her share in the marriage contract, without thereby invalidating the contract in the slightest degree, or affording the man a loophole of escape from it. In brief, as the law stands, the cession of the title-deeds renders the bargain irrevocable, but no human power can compel the delivery of the estate, nor does the refusal of delivery rescind the transaction. Thus the starting-point of *Marriage* is quite possible, and even probable. Miss A. detests Miss X., who has always outshone her in everything, from their school days onwards. She is determined that her rival shall not marry Sir John B., and the handiest way of excluding such a possibility is to marry him herself. But she does not love him; she hates him, or thinks she does, which comes to the same thing. Therefore she leaves him at the church door, saying with Orlando, "I do desire we may be better strangers," but adding, "So long as I live, I defy you to marry that minx, Miss X." The husband has no sort of legal remedy; and when it appears that Miss X. has meanwhile married the Honble. C., so that Lady B. has no longer any motive for asserting her property in Sir John, the husband and wife together are powerless to slip the noose, which is a gross injustice to one of them and a torment to both. "No," says the sage legislator, "so long as you behave yourselves with propriety there is no escape for either of you. If you, Lady B., will kindly misconduct

yourself a little, or if you, Sir John, will have the goodness to prove yourself a profligate and a brute, we will see what can be done for you. But until you break the law, the law can give you no relief." Here is evidently a pretty complication for farce, or even for serious comedy, and the first act enunciates it, so to speak, wittily and vivaciously. But what comes of it? Practically nothing at all. The marriage whose indissolubility was to be the crux of the problem is, in the second act, to all intents and purposes, dissolved, by means (as we are given to understand) of a little judicious perjury. Henceforth we are asked to interest ourselves in the sentimental relations of Sir John and Lady B., for whose sentiments we care very little; while the duty of amusing us is shifted to the shoulders of the Hon. Mr and Mrs C., whose case has nothing to do with the theme originally announced. The later acts are not precisely tedious, but they seem vague and scrappy. The best piece of acting in the play is Miss Gertrude Kingston's Hon. Mrs Dudley Chumbleigh, whose saccharine maliciousness is studied from the life. She might be described as "lucent syrup tinct with—vitriol." Mr C. P. Little, too, as the imperturbable Dudley, shows a real gift of artistic caricature. There was, to my thinking, one serious fault in Mr Mackintosh's finished performance of Sir Charles Jenks. It was everything it ought to have been, except—amusing. That, of course, is an over-

statement of the case: Mr Mackintosh was far from dull; only he was not as amusing as he might have been. Mr Sydney Brough was good as Sir John Belton, and Miss Lena Ashwell will make a pleasant Lady Belton when she has overcome her nervousness.

"Where are the clothes of yesteryear?" was the question everyone was asking at the Garrick on Saturday night. It is really high time that *Money** should take rank, from the costumier's point of view at any rate, as a classic. Fancy such speeches as these in the mouths of men of to-day:

"*Sir John Vesey:* 'James, if Mr Serious, the clergyman, calls, say I'm gone to the great meeting at Exeter Hall; if Lord Spruce calls, say you believe I've gone to the rehearsal of *Cinderella*. Oh! and if MacFinch should come—(MacFinch, who duns me three times a week)—say I've hurried off to Garraway's to bid for the great Bulstrode estate. Just put the Duke of Lofty's card carelessly on the hall-table. . . .'"

"*Evelyn:* 'Wealth! what is it without you? *With* you, I recognise its power: to forestall your every wish, to smooth your every path, to make all that life borrows from Grace and Beauty your ministrant and handmaid; and then, looking to those eyes, to read there the treasures of a heart that excelled all that kings could lavish; why, *that* were to make gold indeed a god! But vain, vain, vain! Bound by every tie of faith, gratitude, loyalty, and honour, to another!'"

Such speeches, and the author's whole technique, belong to a bygone convention, whose unreality cries out when we mount and dress the play as a comedy of to-day. And then the dresses of the period were

* May 19—July 20. Reproduced October 27—December 21.

so delightful! Did not D'Orsay, at Macready's instance, pass the costumes in review? Did not Macready himself wear a waistcoat which dwelt in Dickens's memory as the most resplendent garment that ever embellished the manly chest? And did not Walter Lacy (still happily among us) play Sir Frederick Blount in yellow pantaloons so exquisitely fitting that he seemed to have been "dipped in cream"? Regrets, however, are useless. Mr Hare has left it to some other manager to give us *Money* as it came fresh from the mint. He has mounted the play lavishly and very beautifully, and has cast it thoroughly well. Where the performance errs, it is not on the side of under-playing. It might be a little less boisterous here and there; but the piece is certainly not one of those great works of art which are desecrated by the intrusion of farce. Mr Hare himself is excellent as Sir John Vesey; and Mrs Bancroft, as Lady Franklin, is at least amusing, though she perhaps takes the character a little *too* light-heartedly. Mr Forbes Robertson puts an astonishing amount of vigour and sincerity into that "d—d walking gentleman" (as Macready called him), Alfred Evelyn. Miss Kate Rorke makes a charming Clara Douglas; and Miss Maud Millett, as Georgina Vesey, is delightfully irresponsible. Nothing could be better than Mr Arthur Cecil's Graves, or Mr Kemble's Stout; but Mr Brookfield's Deadly Smooth was not by a long way so good as Mr Elwood's in the

recent Vaudeville revival, or Mr Frank Archer's. Mr Allan Aynesworth and Mr Bourchier, as Mr Frederick Blount and Lord Glossmore, ably filled in the picture.

XXII.

"Cavalleria Rusticana."—"La Locandiera."

30th May.

Just as I left Daly's Theatre last Wednesday, in a glow of enthusiasm over Eleanora Duse's Santuzza and Mirandolina,* I met a cold-blooded wretch of a musical critic—his initials were not G. B. S.—who must needs wag his head wisely and say, "Ah, you should see Calvé as Santuzza! I've seen the other woman, too—very nice, you know, but nothing to Calvé." He little knows the risk he ran at that moment; but I mastered the impulse towards personal violence, reflecting that perhaps the more dignified course would be to go and see Calvé, so as to be able to wag my head in turn and talk of her with condescension as "the other woman." I was the more incited to this course by the unwonted enthusiasm expressed, or rather implied, by G. B. S. in his last article. It is not often that this accomplished rhetorician makes use (in a eulogistic sense, at any

* See note, p. 143.

rate) of the figure known as *aposiopesis*, or eloquent silence. "A woman and an artist," I thought, "of whom G. B. S. 'cannot trust himself to speak,' must be an artist and a woman indeed." So I betook myself to Covent Garden, not, I hope and believe, in a partisan spirit, but in a mood of genuine receptivity for whatever artistic sensation might await me.

The comparison, of course, has really nothing disobliging, as the French say, for either of the great artists concerned. Each seems to me perfect in her kind, and if preference enters into the matter at all, it is not for one artist over another, but for one form of art. We have in the two forms of *Cavalleria Rusticana* an almost unique opportunity for comparing drama pure and simple with music-drama. The two plays are not only scene for scene, but almost speech for speech and word for word, the same. The librettists have simply versified Verga's text with as little change as possible; so that, choral passages apart, we have practically the same words spoken in the play and sung in the opera. Well now, music being the language of emotion, the emotional effect of the opera ought to be infinitely greater than that of the play. But is it? On the contrary, both to my personal feeling and to my observation, it seems incomparably less. Of course the sensuous thrill, the excitement, the whole sum of sensation one receives from the opera, is very great. The appeal to the

nerves is overwhelming. But in the very process of translation into this tumultuous, tempestuous, multitudinous tone-speech, dramatic emotion seems to me to lose its appeal to our intimate, human sympathies. We hear "music wailing like a god in pain," and it sets all our nerves tingling with a sense of unspeakable potency and sublimity; but it is the wail of mortals like ourselves that brings the tears to our eyes. I am exceedingly sensitive to the pathos of melody, whether attached to particular words, or merely suggesting a sort of unembodied ghost-poem, as I am convinced that *Lieder ohne Worte* do, for the majority of people. But this lyric pathos is quite different from dramatic pathos; it belongs to moments of contemplation, not of action, or of instant and acute suffering. Therefore a piece of concentrated drama, like this Sicilian love-catastrophe, seems to me to lose its directness of appeal when translated into music. The emotions, you say, find ideal expression; I should rather use Matthew Arnold's phrase and say that the expression is "magnified and non-natural." Remember, I am not denying the beauty, the splendour, the artistic validity of the thing. It is quite arguable that this musical art is higher than that of pure mimetics, because it raises emotion to the plane of the infinite, and speaks, not to the mere brute sympathies, as it were, but to a larger and more complex set of faculties. At the same time I cannot help asserting the fact (explain

it how you may), that with all her magnificent physical gifts and technical acquirements, and with all the vast machinery of music-drama to help her, the Santuzza of Covent Garden did not produce upon me, or, so far as I could observe, on those around me, anything like the intensity of purely emotional effect produced by the haggard, inarticulate, ungainly little Santuzza of Daly's Theatre.

Last year I did not fully appreciate this great performance. The play was quite new to me; I did not even know the plot when the curtain rose; and the excessive brevity and bareness of the action somewhat took me aback. This time, knowing the characters and the situation beforehand, I was prepared to give my whole mind to the acting. And what acting! Duse's Santuzza, to my thinking, is the very triumph and miracle of realism. She is the Italian peasant in every gesture and attitude. We can see in her whole carriage that she has shuffled along the mountain paths beneath burdens which a Northern woman could scarcely lift, while Compare Turiddu, very likely, jogged comfortably on his mule by her side. Millet's peasant-women are not more clearly daughters of the soil. She is young, but toil and sorrow have rubbed all the bloom off her beauty; "Lola," she says, "è assai più bella di me." And her expression is as perfect as her appearance and bearing. Only in the height of suffering is she stung into

southern volubility. For the most part her utterance is slow and painful. We feel that she has to wring every word out of her weary, hopeless heart, and her silence is often more pathetic than her speech. And all this, mark you, while it has the appearance of absolute nature—while for the moment it *is* nature—is at the same time the outcome of conscious, deliberate study and art. Half an hour later, we shall see this same woman transformed into the graceful, piquant, witty, voluble, sparkling Mirandolina, the very antithesis in every respect of poor Santuzza. If the pathos of the Sicilian peasant were, like so much second-rate tragic acting, the mere helpless, instinctive expression of temperament, this transformation, this reincarnation, would be impossible. I venture to believe that when Garrick passed from Lear to Abel Drugger, he did not show a wider range, or carry to a higher point the art of creative impersonation.

We see—or it is an illusion of mine?—that the instinct of the world assigns a higher rank to pure mimetics than to even the highest, so-called, lyric acting. Malibran, Pasta, Grisi, Jenny Lind, are no doubt great names, but they are not, on the whole, writ so large on the roll of renown as the names of Mrs Siddons and Rachel. On the masculine side, I really do not know who ought to be opposed to Garrick and Kean, Talma, and Frédéric Lemaître; and though this ignorance is disgraceful, it is also

significant of the comparative failure of operatic artists to impress their personalities on the popular imagination. Yet there cannot be the least doubt that the great operatic artist possesses rarer natural gifts and a far more elaborate technical accomplishment than the great actor. The advantages of formal training to the actor are still a moot point; those who disbelieve in it can cite the undoubted fact that Garrick walked upon the stage a master of his craft; but no one contests the necessity of a long and arduous training for the vocalist. Why then does the vocalist, on the whole, take lower artistic rank than the actor? Compare Calvé with Duse in Santuzza, and I think you will see the reason. The actress is far more of a creator; she brings far more of her own observation, invention, thought, and feeling to her work. The singer's whole expression is prescribed for her, so that her achievement is more technical than intellectual. It is her glory to be simply a perfect instrument in the composer's hands, or rather the chief of what our fathers used to call a vast "concert" of instruments. The actress has to invent, not only pantomime, but vocalisation; the singer finds her vocalisation invented for her, and even her pantomime is restricted within comparatively narrow conventional limits. In short, the proportion of will to mechanism is much greater in the actress's achievement than in the singer's; and it is will, after all, that makes its mark in the world.

Charles Lamb protested against the fashion of speech which seemed to place the actor and the poet on the same plane; but Garrick certainly stood much nearer to Shakespeare than (say) Vandyck to Wagner.

Let me not forget to do justice to Signor Cesare Rossi's excellent performances of Alfio and the Marchese—much happier efforts than his colossal Duval. Is it too late to entreat Signora Duse to let us see her in at least one new character during her present visit? What about her Denise? Or her Francillon? Or even her Fernande?

XXIII.

"The Candidate."

6th June.

Mr Charles Wyndham is quite too conscientious for this world. Some critic has pointed out to him (so he tells us) that it is unjust to a French author to connect his name with a piece which is not wholly and solely his; therefore Mr Wyndham entirely ignores the French author, and piles the whole credit or discredit on the shoulders of the English adapter. This is much as though a picture-dealer, having a work of Sir John Millais's to dispose of, should say to himself: "Millais did not frame and varnish this picture: it is manifestly unjust that any man should

be held responsible for what he did not do; therefore I will paint out the 'J. M.' monogram in the corner, and substitute the name of the frame-maker." Such a course would clearly not be to the pecuniary advantage of the dealer, nor would it redound to his personal honour and glory. There could be no doubt, then, that he was animated by disinterested and even lofty motives; but whether Sir John Millais would fully appreciate them is quite another question. Similarly, one cannot but wonder whether French authors will be properly grateful for Mr Wyndham's extreme delicacy. No doubt he has paid them honestly for their wares, just as we assume the picture-dealer to have honestly acquired his Millais; but does the purchase of a work of art include the right to paint out the artist's signature? "Not only the right, but the duty," Mr Wyndham replies, on the authority of the unnamed critic aforesaid. Whoever he may have been, I think Mr Wyndham must have misunderstood him. Heaven forbid that I should say anything to shake Mr Wyndham's childlike faith in the infallibility of critics, but in this case I feel certain that either he has misread his authority or his authority has misled him. The English language is not so poor as to be unable to express with tolerable accuracy the various degrees of relationship between foreign originals and their English versions. When the original is closely followed, the foreign scene and

names preserved, and no change made beyond, perhaps, some slight curtailment, we call the result a "translation." That word has never been included in the Criterion vocabulary, but Mr Wyndham may find it, if he is curious, in Johnson's Dictionary and other excellent authorities. Then there is another term which Mr Wyndham must have heard in his time, but which he seems to have forgotten—the word "adaptation." This we employ when the English play follows the same general lines as its original, but the scene and characters are Anglicised, the dialogue is to some extent remodelled, and certain passages, it may be, are either omitted or interpolated. Such a proceeding is quite legitimate in the case of a farce like *Le Député de Bombignac*, illegitimate and deplorable in the case of a masterpiece of comedy like *Le Gendre de M. Poirier;* but in either case the word "adaptation" sufficiently indicates, for all practical purposes, what has been done or attempted, and it becomes the business of criticism to apportion merit and demerit between the foreign author and the English adapter. Again, when an English writer has taken a theme or idea from abroad, but has invented his own characters, dialogue, and construction, we say that his play is not "adapted from," but "founded on" such-and-such a foreign work; or if it be merely a small portion of his play that is not original, we say that this act or that scene is "suggested by" this or

that act or scene in another play. There may be individual cases in which it is difficult to draw the line between these categories, to determine whether a play ought to be described as "translated" or "adapted," or to choose between "adapted from" and "founded on"; but in the great majority of instances there cannot be the least doubt which term ought to be employed, and it is the easiest thing in the world to do substantial justice to all parties. The great object of language (except in certain forms of poetry) is to be understood; why should Mr Wyndham, in his too scrupulous solicitude for the reputation of foreign authors, absolutely court misunderstanding on the part of our susceptible neighbours?

M. Bisson and Mr Justin H. McCarthy, between them, have certainly produced a highly diverting farce in *The Candidate.** It amused us quite as much last Wednesday as it did ten years ago, by reason of the inherent whimsicality of its situations and the undiminished brilliancy of Mr Wyndham's performance. In irresponsible, irrepressible light-comedy he remains easily first. I do not think the attractions of the play are greatly heightened by the rather poor gags about Ladas and other political topics of the hour, dragged in to bring the thing up to date. By the way, since Mr J. H. McCarthy is certainly innocent of these coruscations, ought not Mr Wyndham, in common

* May 30—August 14.

REESE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

consistency, to omit his name from the bill, and call the play "A Comedy by Charles Wyndham," or whoever may have contributed the topical "wheezes"? * Mr Giddens is excellent as the Radical Secretary, and Mr Blakeley's Barnabas Goodeve is both literally and figuratively immense. Miss Fanny Coleman is in her element as the President of the Peers Preservation Society; Miss Mary Moore is very pleasant as Lady Dorothy; Miss Pattie Browne is perhaps a trifle too soubrettish for a Primrose Dame; and Miss Miriam Clements ought certainly to be playing Juno in the tableau scene of *A Society Butterfly*—there is no more Junonian figure on the stage.

XXIV.

"Journeys end in Lovers Meeting."

13th June.

It has sometimes occurred to me that the one purpose to which the interview is never applied is the one of all others to which it is in reality most applicable—I mean criticism. By aid of the interview, skilfully, intelligently, and impartially handled, criticism might b] relieved of all its one-sidedness, all its injustice.

* Mr Charles Wyndham assures me that I was mistaken in assuming these interpolations to be "gags," and states that they were actually written in by Mr McCarthy.

The trouble is that there are so many critics to one author—or even, in the case of a collaboration, to two. If the system were generally adopted, a dramatist, on the day after a production, would be like a fashionable doctor, with his whole time portioned out into consultations of five minutes each; and before the ordeal was half over, his brain would be reduced to such a pulp that he would not know his hero from his villain, his exposition from his catastrophe. None the less is it true that, with a little goodwill and tact on the part of author and critic, a criticism by interview might often do a great deal to dispel that sense of hostility—one may almost say of mutual contempt—between playwrights and journalists, which arises from the fact that the author has no natural and recognised means of stating his side of the case. Some of us chafe against the one-sidedness of the arrangement which compels a whole congregation to sit tongue-tied while the preacher plays what havoc he pleases with morals and theology, the law and the prophets. How much harder is the case of the author, who has to sit mum on his stool of repentance, a congregation of one, as Pat would put it, while he is preached at from fifty pulpits! There is probably not one of the fifty homilists who does not more or less misunderstand and misrepresent him—yet he has no means of putting himself right. A letter to the papers is of very little use; even if the editor prints it, the

critics will merely sneer at the author's fretfulness and love of gratuitous advertisement, and perhaps "take it out of him next time;" while the more novel method of haranguing the second-night audience from the stage is also found to have serious drawbacks. Don't tell me that the author's business is to make his meaning so transparent on the stage that there shall be no possibility of misunderstanding it, and no need for commentary or explanation. What play that was worth understanding has ever escaped misunderstanding? Certainly not *Hamlet*, or *Macbeth*, or *Othello;* certainly not *Le Misanthrope* or *Le Tartufe;* certainly not *A Doll's House* or *Hedda Gabler.* Dumas fils, a master, if ever there was one, of the mere craft of the playwright, has expounded every one of his serious plays in a long and elaborate preface. For one thing, whatever their genius, the actors will always to some extent obscure or disguise the author's meaning—they will "get between the poet and his audience." Of course there are authors —Ibsen is a notable case in point—who would simply make game of the critic-interviewer, if they did not make mincemeat of him. But it is not everyone that enjoys being misunderstood. I am quite sure that if Shakespeare had foreseen the commentaries on *Hamlet*, he would have "taken arms against a sea of twaddle," and submitted with alacrity to the ministrations of the critic-interviewer.

This is a very long preamble to a very little criticism. My point is that, since Shakespeare is not to be "drawn" upon *Hamlet*, I should like to interview "John Oliver Hobbes" and Mr George Moore upon their comedietta * produced last week at Daly's Theatre. I should begin by complimenting them warmly and sincerely upon a clever piece of work, a valuable addition to our stock of agreeable curtain-raisers. Then I should ask them (of course in polite periphrasis) why they did not make it just a little better while they were about it? Why they did not treat it either quite seriously or quite fantastically? "Do you not think," I should inquire, "that if we are intended to take it seriously, the few words which Lady Soupise speaks between Maramour's retreat to the boudoir and Sir Philip's entrance are very much out of keeping? And, on the other hand, if the thing is intended for a mere airy trifle, do you think it is quite airy enough, quite as witty and sparkling and effervescent as it might be?" Presuming for a moment to advise, I should suggest that the serious method of treatment was perhaps the better fitted for the theme; that the wife's unconscious leaning towards reunion with her husband ought to be more clearly indicated at the outset; and that, in the scene with Sir Philip, more prominence ought to be given to

* June 5 (afternoon). It is understood to have been suggested by a French play.

her feverish dread lest the dawn of a new happiness should be fatally overclouded by the discovery of the intruding Maramour. "And why these preposterous names?" I should inquire. "Why Soupise and Maramour? If you must be fantastic, why not go straight back to Congreve and call your characters Sir Philip Fainlove and Captain Millamant? As it is, your nomenclature distantly suggests Congreve, and your dialogue—still more distantly." In a word, I should advise them to make a definite choice, and concentrate their effort either upon wit or upon serious interest—the latter for preference. Then, taking for granted their appreciation of the service rendered them by Miss Ellen Terry's brilliant beauty and winning vivacity, I should inquire, with all possible delicacy, whether her treatment of the part entirely answered to their intentions? Whether there was not, perhaps, too much youth and freshness in her manner, too little polish and subtlety in her diction? Whether any modern woman is quite so exuberantly youthful, quite so eager and emphatic, as Miss Terry's Lady Soupise? I should ask whether they did not agree with me in admiring the ease and finish of Mr Forbes Robertson's performance of the husband? And finally I should ask—but I should not expect them to answer—*what* they thought of Mr Terriss as the gay Lothario?

XXV.

"THE MIDDLEMAN."

20th June.

IF one were asked to give an example of an essentially typically "popular" play, or *Volksstuck*, one could not do better than cite *The Middleman*,* by Mr Henry Arthur Jones, revived at the Comedy Theatre on Saturday. It has everything that makes for popularity. The action consists of a tremendous 'peripety," or reverse of fortune, in which the mighty are abased and the humble exalted; and this turning of the tables is effected in strict accord with poetical justice, virtue and genius being rewarded with millions, wickedness with the workhouse, in prospect if not in fact, while amiable foibles of the flesh are chastened with temporary unhappiness, but end in rehabilitation and holy matrimony. What character could possibly be more popular than the dreamy inventor who cannot remember whether he has dined, or distinguish between Irish stew and veal pie? And when his dreaminess gives place to vindictiveness, what can be more poetic, and at the same time edifying, than the Biblical phraseology in which he unloads his soul? Could any scene be more spirit-stirring than that of the furnace and the vase, in which we feel that Providence, for once

* June 16–23.

economical, is advancing science and executing justice in one operation? What wonder, then, that so artfully compounded a piece of work, aided by Mr Willard's personal popularity and genial, forcible acting, should excite the audience almost to delirium, as it did on Saturday evening. Mr Willard's company includes Mr Royce Carleton, who plays "the Middleman," Mr H. Cane, excellent as Batty Todd, and Miss Agnes Vérity, a sympathetic heroine. The comic relief is in the hands of Mr F. H. Tyler and Miss Nannie Craddock, two promising newcomers. On the whole, it was distinctly pleasant to renew acquaintance with *The Middleman*, which wears well, and forms a sort of halfway-house between Adelphi drama and rational art.

XXVI.

"IZÉYL."—"SHALL WE FORGIVE HER?"—"THE TEXAN."—"THE JERRY BUILDER."—"MADAME SANS-GÊNE."

27th June.

KRONOS is usually reckoned the most impartial of the gods. He serves out his minutes, hours, and days alike to king and beggar. Golconda or Mount Morgan cannot bribe him to protract a moment of bliss or curtail an hour of agony. We have private devices of our own for getting more or less sensation into each

swing of the pendulum; but of these the god has no official cognizance. Unhasting, unresting, he ticks off the life-thread to each of us in equal particles, and it is not even his fault when the Fates snip it short. But at Daly's Theatre, on the night of the production of *Izéyl*,* I could not help feeling that Time had been using me ill. Everyone else was young; I alone was old and stricken in years. It was not merely that for Sarah Bernhardt time had stood still: on the stage, such miracles are a matter of course. What seemed to me unfair and annoying was that the whole audience should be so aggressively, obstreperously young. They found keen enjoyment, their pulses leaped, their palms grew electrical and thunder-charged, where I could find no keener emotion than a calm and critical interest, a quite unelectrified admiration, perhaps a little quickening of regret for "the days that are no more." I felt just like an old fogey watching the young folk enjoying themselves, and thinking to himself, "Now, in *my* time we weren't quite so easily pleased. There was a refinement, an elegance, a spontaneity in our delights, that these young people, on the stage and off, somehow cannot approach.

* Sarah Bernhardt's season lasted five weeks, in the course of which she gave thirty-nine performances. *Izéyl* (produced June 18) was performed sixteen times; *La Tosca* (June 25), five times; *La Dame aux Camélias* (June 27), six times; *Phèdre* (June 29), three times; *Les Rois* (July 2), twice; *Fédora* (July 4), four times; *La Femme de Claude* (July 17), three times.

This Sarah the Younger is a fascinating, seductive, supple and sinuous creature, with the smile of a Sphinx and the voice of a Siren. But ah! you should have seen her mother, twenty years ago, *consule Mac-Mahon!* The daughter imitates her marvellously; but the copy is mechanical, and sometimes a little coarse. No doubt she has more power: the mother could not have played that third act in such a fierce whirlwind of frenzy. But that is only because the younger woman has learnt that she can, without killing herself, go to the very end of her physical resources—a feat which her more fragile mother was (thank goodness!) chary of attempting." So the old fogey mumbled on, while the theatre rocked with the plaudits of the young, and the curtain slid up and down, up and down, in response to their thunders, like the guillotine-blade on a busy morning a hundred years ago. Never mind! I was young enough, only last week, in this very theatre—but that is another story—and Phèdre (it ought rather to be Medea, by the way) will doubtless rejuvenate me in a day or two; but the fact remains, whatever its explanation, that the blandishments of Izéyl did not "throng my pulses with the fulness of the spring."

Is not the Alexandrine, I wonder, almost as dead in France, for dramatic purposes, as the pentameter here? Almost; not quite; for it probably takes rather more ability to write passable Alexandrines

than to reel off screeds of flaccid blank verse. But both mediums are too easy and pliant to give the work real firmness of contour, while they produce a harassing effect of insincerity, conventionality, and bombast. I do not for a moment pretend to know a good Alexandrine from a bad. They say that those of MM. Silvestre and Morand in *Izéyl* are only so-so; but they were quite good enough for me. Their effect was simply to make me feel as though I had heard it all before. Over and over again, on hearing the first line of a couplet, I distinctly foresaw the rhyme-word at the end of the next line, and, with a little time, could probably have made a pretty fair guess as to how the authors would work it in. This sense of familiarity and foreknowledge is destructive to the dramatic interest of the moment. It makes a classic solemnity of the performance, while the play remains anything but a classic. I am not a Buddhist, esoteric or exoteric, and indeed have forgotten most that I ever knew about Sakya-Mouni, or whatever his name may have been; but I own it gave me an uneasy sense of incongruity, almost of irreverence, to see the Founder of a great religion, a sublime metaphysic, treated as a vehicle for windy rhetoric, and impersonated by a strapping French dragoon. I mean no disrespect to M. Guitry, who seems to be a most competent actor; but his personality somehow emphasised the operatic emptiness and tawdriness of

the whole entertainment. This is surely the strangest of all the Buddha's avatars. As for M. de Max as the Yoghi, he succeeded in crowding into one performance all the vices of the French school of declamation. Dr Garnett, in one of his delightful fantasies, speaks of a Yoghi who could "expostulate convincingly with tigers"; but this one could have argued a bull of Bashan into a cocked hat. He was a shouting satire on the Conservatoire. On the whole, then, *Izéyl* gave me anything but acute pleasure; but it made me look forward all the more keenly to *Phèdre*, *On ne badine pas avec l'amour*,* *Les Rois*, and *La femme de Claude*.

Mr Walkley has said precisely the just as well as the witty thing about the new Adelphi piece, *Shall We Forgive Her?*† "There is a slight error," he writes, "in the title of this play. It ought to be, *Shall We Forgive Him?* When the necessary correction is made, we shall all be able to answer the question with a cheerful and emphatic 'No.'" The unpardonable he to whom the critic refers is, of course, the husband of Mr Frank Harvey's heroine, "the impeccable, egoistic ass" who, when he learns that his wife has "had a past," as the saying goes, "throws her about the stage, preaches his platitudinous, pompous morality at her, and turns her out of doors." Now I entirely agree with Mr Walkley's estimate of

* Which, unfortunately, was not performed.

† June 20—August 18.

this gentleman's character: he is an offensive Pharisee and prig; but I cannot quite follow Mr Walkley in thinking him an improbable noodle, or in holding that the conjecture does not present a "problem" worthy of dramatic solution. It is the problem of *Denise*, not a despicable play; it is the problem of Mr Hardy's *Tess*, in which a good many worthy folk find the conduct of Angel Clare neither improbable nor unpardonable. Mr. Walkley, if he will forgive my saying so, is a little too apt to think that because the solution of a problem is very clear to him personally, there is no problem to be solved. The lady in this case is undeniably in the wrong for not having made a clean breast of matters before the marriage. If you come to think of it, she must have been guilty, not only of *suppressio veri*, but of a good deal of deliberate *suggestio falsi*, during the eighteen months of her married life. And even waiving that aspect of the case, I fancy there is enough of the male monopolist left in a good many of us to be considerably taken aback by such a revelation as that which befalls Mr Oliver West. Remember, I am not defending him; he is a pompous ass, and something of a brute into the bargain; but I cannot help saying, "Let him who has no spice of the Helmer in his composition throw the first stone at Oliver West." The play is written entirely in the Adelphi key, and the situations are, or were, tediously dragged out; but, on the whole,

it is a far more solid and thoughtful piece of work than we are accustomed to at this theatre, and the audience seemed to take to it immensely. Miss Julia Neilson, as the heroine, proved to be quite in her element, dominating the large Adelphi stage, and expressing large Adelphi emotions in a large Adelphi style. Mr Fred Terry, too, was excellent as the sublime prig; and Mr Herbert Flemming, Mr Macklin, Mr Charles Dalton, and Miss Ada Neilson, all contributed to the success of the play. The cast, strange to say, includes not a single male low comedian; but Mrs H. Leigh—let the Pioneer Club take note—proved that even in this branch of art woman can hold her own, and man may safely be dispensed with.

Mr Tyrone Power's drama, *The Texan*, produced last week at the Princess's, belongs to a class of plays for which there is a larger demand in the provinces than in London. It is not quite commonplace in conception, and it contains several scenes that evidently gripped and moved the more unsophisticated portions of the house, though the stalls remained unconvinced. Mr Power himself, in the title-part, showed considerable gifts as a character-actor, and made himself very popular with the audience; while Miss Edith Crane played the bigamous, not to say polyandrous, heroine with distinct charm, and a great deal of somewhat undisciplined emotion.

It is a pity that Mr Mark Melford, author of *The*

Jerry Builder,* at the Strand, cherishes such an inveterate contempt for coherence or sanity of plot. In this farce he has hit upon an excellent subject, which might have formed the basis of an almost classic buffoonery. Even as it is, one cannot choose but laugh at the "settling down" of the jerry-built villa; but the plot, or rather what does duty for a plot, is simply imbecile. The leading parts are played by Mr Willie Edouin, Mr Ernest Hendrie, Mr Herbert Ross, Miss Susie Vaughan, and Miss Mary Edouin—the last a diminutive but mercurially vivacious young lady, more interesting, in her present phase of development, to the student of heredity than to the student of acting.

It is a curious coincidence that by altering one letter and deleting another—or simply by pronouncing the word in the Spanish fashion—you convert "Réjane" into "Rehan." No! I am not going to inflict a comparison upon you; but there can be no harm in saying that Madame Réjane is the Ada Rehan of the French stage. Roll Yvette Guilbert and Ada Rehan into one, add a dash of Mrs Bancroft, and the merest hint of Miss Lottie Venne, and you will have some faint idea of Madame Réjane, as she impressed me on Saturday night.† I had never seen her before, and I came to the theatre with expectations screwed up to a very high pitch by the eulogies of some of the very best judges of acting. It is a great deal to say that I

* June 18–30. † Gaiety, June 23—July 28.

was in no way disappointed. Let me own, too, that I was not in a position to do her the fullest justice, for a good deal of her dialogue escaped me—not from any fault in her diction, which is admirable, but because I am imperfectly acquainted with her *faubourien* French. Not for years have I sat at a French play, and felt so many points slip past me unappreciated. I was green with envy of a gentleman beside me who shouted with laughter whenever any one else did, and enjoyed himself, as I thought, somewhat ostentatiously; but when I heard him explaining to his fair neighbour that "merlans frits" meant "fried thrushes," I wondered whether it was always Sardou's wit that tickled him. Even through the veil of dialect, however, it was easy to recognise in Madame Réjane a comedian both born and made—a woman of opulent gifts perfected by the most sedulous art. There is comedy in every line of her face—in the arched eyebrows, the well-opened dancing eyes, the tip-tilted nose, and the wonderful, mobile, expressive mouth. This mouth is unquestionably the actress's chief feature; it conditions her art. With a different mouth she might have been a tragedian or a heroine of melodrama, which would have been an immense pity. It is not a beautiful feature from the sculptor's point of view; even from the painter's it is not so much a rosebud as a full-blown rose. It has almost the wide-lipped expansiveness of a Greek mask; but it is

sensitive, ironic, amiable, fascinating. In the first act of *Madame Sans-Gêne* the actress was altogether delightful. She brought the character straight home to us, making us feel with all around her that this was a woman of a thousand. In the second act, she condescended to some cheap extravagance which we could very well have spared. A woman so adroit and generally capable as Madame Sans-Gêne could not, under any circumstances, be such a grotesque fish out of water as Madame Réjane chose to make herself for twenty minutes or so. There are scores of actresses in our own theatres—and music-halls—who can go through comic antics with a train just as well as Madame Réjane. The scene with Napoleon in the third act—by far the best in the play—was a gem of comedy acting, one of the finest things in its kind I ever saw. In the fourth act, the interest centres in intrigue rather than character, but the actress does admirably all she can find to do. I have no space to say anything of the play, and indeed there is nothing to be said, except that it is a clever, mechanical, trivial performance in the manner of Scribe. M. Duquesne, an old friend of ours at the Royalty, made an effective Napoleon, and M. Candé a bluff and soldierly Lefebvre. The mounting is magnificent; we could scarcely have done it better in England; and the minor female characters present a remarkable array of beauty, not unaccompanied by talent.

XXVII.

"THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE-STORY."—"A NIGHT IN TOWN."—"VILLON."—SARAH BERNHARDT.

4th July.

ADMIRATION is not the word for the feeling with which I regard Mr J. M. Barrie's genius. Affection is nearer it. The best pages in *Auld Licht Idylls*, *A Window in Thrums*, and *The Little Minister*, are among the best things, the most genuinely inspired, in present-day fiction. Their humour is of the kind which goes straight to our inmost sympathies, and begets a sense of personal gratitude towards the author. It is entirely to the credit of my critical colleagues that they should have let this feeling predispose them to leniency in the case of *The Professor's Love-Story*,* which is in itself, moreover, an amiable and ingratiating piece of work. I feel like an impossible curmudgeon for not joining in the chorus. But, on the other hand, it would be a very poor compliment to Mr Barrie to accept this genial improvisation as the best work he can do for the stage; and what possible use is there in criticism, unless it be to extract from an artist the very best work he has in him? If we declare ourselves satisfied with *The Professor's Love-Story*, how is Mr Barrie to know that he has not

* Comedy, June 25. Transferred to Garrick, August 13—October 26.

touched the limit of our capacity for appreciation, and that we would not be *dis*satisfied with finer, stronger, more conscientious work? What can be more discouraging to the true artist than to find his hasty studies, not to say his pot-boilers, accepted as all that we can require or desire from him? If only to spare Mr Barrie this discouragement, I think one is bound to say quite frankly that *The Professor's Love-Story* is a pleasant enough evening's entertainment, but entirely trivial, ephemeral, and at some points childish.

How strange it is that even fine literary artists, when they approach the stage, should at once abandon all care for verisimilitude, or even for ordinary possibility! The fact is, no doubt, that the stage has from all ages been the home of the miraculous, the marvellous, the ultra-romantic, and that both in audiences and authors there is an obscure survival of the habit of mind, the sense of detachment from the world of everyday experience, which must have been dominant at both the first and the second birth of the drama, in the Hellenic and Christian miracle-plays. Thus the psychological inconsequences of Professor Goodwillie may have had their origin in the puerilities of Aryan folk-lore, and Bob Sandeman's letter, popping out in the nick of time from the disused letter-box, is doubtless lineally descended from the *deus ex machinâ* of Attic drama. Explain it how we may, in any case, there is no getting away from the fact that, of

the four chief moments or motives in Mr Barrie's play, two are psychologically inconceivable, one psychologically improbable, and the remaining one materially improbable, not to say miraculous. Absurdity No. 1 is the Professor's way of receiving the suggestion that he is in love. It is not in the least incredible that he should consider himself quite safe in the very quarter in which the danger really lies; that is an excellent touch of comedy. What is flatly incredible is that he should accept the suggestion in principle, as it were, and should believe himself to be in love, without making any serious effort to discover who is, or is supposed to be, the object of his passion. He is absent-minded, but not to the point of insanity; and no sane man ever believed himself in love without forming some conjecture, at least, as to the lady in the case. Many men have formed wrong conjectures; they have been in love with being in love, and have fixed at random upon the first Dulcinea that came in their way. But that is not the Professor's case. At Dr Cosens's suggestion, he believes himself in love with some lady in London (else, why should he run away from London to escape her?); but he has not the ghost of an idea who the lady is, and makes no real effort even to discover who is in the Doctor's mind. This is the conduct of a lunatic; or, in other words, the incident is a piece of crude farce. The second absurdity is of a piece with the first. If Lady Gilding is a sane

woman, how can she possibly believe that the Professor is on the point of making her an offer of marriage, when he displays his fixed aversion from her in every possible way? That she should determine to overcome that aversion, or even to trick him into marriage in spite of it, is conceivable enough; but so far as we can see, she appears seriously to believe that the Professor is devoted to her, in spite of the clear evidence of her senses to the contrary. This, again, is crude farce; and yet a very little adjustment would have removed both these absurdities. If Lady Gilding had not been the mere heartless and mercenary puppet it has pleased Mr Barrie to make her, if she had been a woman whom the Professor respected, and with whom he could for a moment imagine himself in love, Mr Barrie would have had his comic situation intact (the Professor jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire), and we would have been able to admire his delicacy of workmanship, instead of shrugging our shoulders at the fortunate audacity of his improvisation. If Mr Barrie should do me the honour of reading these lines, I would beg him to imagine himself putting such a character as Lady Gilding into a novel. He could not possibly be guilty of so shallow and revolting a piece of cynicism. Why, then, does not Lady Gilding on the stage revolt either himself or his audience? Simply because they do not take stage character-drawing seriously, and are content

with the good old crudities of farce. But it is precisely this habit of mind which renders the English drama the by-word of Europe. Why should Mr Barrie make any distinction in point of workmanship between his novels and his plays? Why should he insult the playgoing public by offering it scamped work, which he would not dare to place before the literary public? It is true that the playgoing public does not resent the insult; but what are we to say of the artistic conscience which is content with any sort of perfunctoriness that is not certain to be found out?

We come now to the psychological improbability, or, in other words, the piece of conventional heroinism which mars the last act. Lucy White, up to that point a competent and sensible girl, in a moment of thoughtlessness adopts a very innocent device to make the Professor aware of his sentiments towards her. That she should be a little ashamed of herself is natural and proper enough, and her confession of her freak might have made a pretty scene. But what does our heroine do? In an agony of remorse, she declares she can never marry the Professor, pretends that she does not love him, and is quite prepared to spoil his life and her own rather than confess the trumpery peccadillo, and at least give him the chance of forgiving her! I wonder Mr Barrie did not make her resolve to take the veil, and pass the rest of her days in a nunnery meditating on the enormity of pretending

to faint. Of course it is possible that a silly girl, her mind vitiated with the false idealisms of inferior fiction, might behave in this idiotic way. If the author treated the thing ironically, it might be acceptable enough, though improbable at best. But Mr Barrie is innocent of ironic intention. He simply adds another to the aforesaid false idealisms of inferior fiction. One cannot suspect him of really admiring his heroine's morbid folly; but it serves to fill up the last act; and, after all, a play is only a play, and they like this sort of thing on the stage. But there Mr Barrie is wrong: people don't like this sort of thing; they tolerate it—and their toleration may break down at any moment.

I have already spoken of the material improbability —the miracle of the lost letter. It exemplifies what seems to be the radical defect of Mr Barrie's method of setting about dramatic composition. He tries to make tricky ingenuity do the work of solid thought and invention. Like *Walker, London*, *The Professor's Love-Story* is a mere patchwork of little mechanical devices, irrelevant anecdotes, "wheezes," and comic business. For instance, Mr Barrie must needs drag in from *My Lady Nicotine* the joke about the present of unsmokable cigars, and from some Christy Minstrel patter (I should imagine) the lugubrious *cherchez la femme* wheeze. In a word, his one endeavour is to raise a laugh at any price. As regards the stage, he has no more artistic conscience or genuine artistic

impulse than the late H. J. Byron. He happens to be a much cleverer man, but that only makes his abuse of his talent the more regrettable. If he were not the author of *A Window in Thrums*, it would be absurd to apply any serious analysis to *The Professor's Love-Story*. One would dismiss it in a paragraph as a clever sentimental farce, amusing enough, but utterly insignificant. It is the certainty that Mr Barrie could, if he would, do better work that makes it worth while to look into the seams of so disappointing a production.

"But you have admitted," the reader may say, "that it is 'amiable and ingratiating'; how does this square with the unmixed condemnation you have just been heaping upon it?" Well, it is amiable because of the amiable central character—there is a perennial charm in the dreamy, unselfish man of genius; and it is ingratiating because this character is delightfully played by Mr Willard, with a simplicity and sincerity which even the curmudgeon critic cannot resist. Miss Bessie Hatton is pleasant as the heroine; Miss Nannie Craddock does all that can be done to reconcile us to the preposterous character of Lady Gilding; and Mr Royce Carleton is excellent as one of the Scotch ploughmen, whose "canny" erotics are the most amusing episode in the play. Mr F. H. Tyler plays the rival swain cleverly enough, but his Doric is sadly to seek.

Mr H. A. Sherburn's farce, *A Night in Town*,* produced last week at the Royalty, is a mechanical and quite uninventive imitation of the *Pink Domino* type of French vaudeville. Thanks to the humour of Mr Harry Paulton, however, it seemed to amuse a not very exacting audience. It was preceded by a stilted and long-drawn dialogue entitled *Villon, Poet and Cut-throat*, by Mr "S. X. Courte," in which Miss Florence Friend acted with a good deal of grace and charm.

Sarah Bernhardt was at her best in *La Dame aux Camélias* last week, not quite at her best, it seemed to me, in *Phèdre*.† Her Marguerite Gautier did not move me the least little bit, but that was very likely because I went to it in an experimental mood, and was watching my sensations the whole time, keeping my finger on my emotional pulse, instead of submitting myself passively to the influence of the situation. It struck me, however, that the people I saw around me were almost as phlegmatic as I. They admired vividly and applauded without stint, as well they might; but of the wonder and pity which all of a sudden catch the breath and dim the eye, I saw little or no trace. The consummate art of the thing was beyond all doubt. In the third act, the scene with Duval senior, the incessant gasping for breath seemed to me overdone. It certainly got on one's nerves a little. But the fifth

* June 28—July 11. † See note, p. 177.

act was from first to last magnificent. How excellently imagined was the little scene with Prudence, where Marguerite lies on the sofa, her face half buried in the pillow, stifling her impatience of this intrusion upon her agony! What a fine invention, too, was that of the fallen hand-glass, at which she dares not look lest she find it broken! It seemed to me, on the whole, that the actress emphasised the physical realism, the pathological detail, of her performance more than she used to, yet never to an unbeautiful or inartistic degree. She makes more of the final flicker of life in the exhausted frame than is indicated in Dumas's text, but such a masterly development of the author's idea is not only allowable, but admirable.

Phèdre, again, is undoubtedly one of Madame Bernhardt's greatest parts, perhaps the very finest thing she has ever done or can do. In saying that she was not quite at her best in it, I was thinking only of an accidental and temporary defect of the particular performance which I happened to witness. She pitched it rather too high from the outset, and the result was that in the more violent passages, such, for instance, as her declaration to Hippolyte, the sense of strain became painful and almost intolerable. I wish some expert in voice production would explain what Madame Bernhardt does with her vocal cords in such passages as this. She seems to grind out her words through her clenched teeth,

and, moreover, to froth up her voice as they froth up eggs or chocolate. There was rather too much of this effect on Friday evening, and at one or two points the actress's breath seemed almost to fail her in the effort after intensity of expression. For instance, she spoke as follows one of the most celebrated lines of her part: "C'est Vénus-a toute entière à sa proie attachée-a." By the letter "a" I represent that tragic gasp by means of which actors of the old school used to convert the word "blood" into a trisyllable, thus: "ba-lud-a." I have never heard Madame Bernhardt make this sound before, and can only suppose it one effect of the general overpressure at which she was playing. But in the languishing passages, so frequent in Phèdre, she was nothing less than divine. You do not realise the possibilities of beauty in human speech if you have not heard her exhale these four lines:

> Noble et brillant auteur d'une triste famille,
> Toi, dont ma mère osait se vanter d'être fille,
> Qui peut-être rougis du trouble où tu me vois,
> Soleil, je te viens voir pour la dernière fois !

I am not ashamed to confess that the sheer exquisiteness of her delivery of these lines brought the tears to my eyes, which had remained as dry as the desert throughout her Marguerite Gautier.

XXVIII.

"Les Rois."—"A Modern Eve."

11th July.

A noble and beautiful play is *Les Rois*,* by M. Jules Lemaître. We owe hearty thanks to Madame Bernhardt for having included it in her London repertory, seeing that it does not contain one of her great show parts. But she had her reward in artistic esteem, if not in popular applause. Her performance of the Princess Wilhelmine was full of the chastened dignity imposed by the whole atmosphere of the play, and afforded a grateful relief after the violence of her Sardou-Silvestre achievements. It seemed almost as if we had the Sarah of other days, the Sarah of the seventies, with us once more. The play, however, suffers in some degree from the necessity under which the author has evidently lain of making Wilhelmine the predominant character. I have not read Lemaître's romance, and do not know what part Frida de Talberg plays in it; but it must surely be much more prominent than that assigned her in the drama. The theme is symbolic, one might almost say allegorical. It is, to state it in the most general terms, Sovereign Power between the contending influences of Conservatism and Liberalism. Though there is no departure from probability in the

* See note, p. 177.

relations of the personages, they are at the same time perfectly typical on the symbolic plane. Prince Hermann is legally and indissolubly wedded to Monarchism in the person of Wilhelmine. The influences of ancestry, the claims of posterity, bind him to her in spite of himself. But his heart and his brain yearn towards Democracy in the person of Frida. She is the guiding force, the active principle, of his conduct, while Wilhelmine makes for tradition and routine. Is it not natural to expect, then, that the spirit of Change should be at least as prominently represented as the spirit of Stability? Given a King, we take as a matter of course that part of his action which is inspired by the Monarchical Idea; it is the motives impelling him towards democracy that stand in need of analysis and explanation. And yet, even as I write, a doubt comes over me as to the soundness of this argument. Is it true, as a matter of fact, that we are in the least surprised to see a King coquetting with Democracy, or that we require any special explanation of the phenomenon? Is it not rather his remains of fidelity to the Monarchical Idea that we find difficult to conceive? Even making every allowance for hereditary bias, can we understand a man of to-day, with any sense of history or sense of humour, taking his stand on so patent an anachronism as the divine right of kings? No; there is really no necessity, so far as the political fable is concerned, that Frida

de Talberg's influence over Prince Hermann should be elaborately explained to us. A king oppressed by his royalty, and fascinated by democratic and humanitarian ideals, is entirely comprehensible. We take him for granted at a word. It is for the sake of the love-story, not of the political apologue, that we want to have Frida's character and charm more clearly brought home to us.

There is no tragedy profounder or more pathetic than the Tragedy of Good Intentions. Prince Hermann is one of those hapless beings, born into a false position, who can neither submit to circumstances nor dominate them. Like Hamlet, he finds the time fatally out of joint, and with the best will in the world he has not the skill to set it right. He cannot believe in the religion of royalism, embodied in his wife; he loathes the corruptions and abuses of royalism, embodied in his brother; and his purely idealistic conception of the People breaks down the moment it is put to the test. The scene in which the royal Girondin, the would-be Marcus Aurelius of Alfania, finds himself the murderer instead of the benefactor of his people, is intensely dramatic and moving. With adequate stage-management, I am convinced it would make the play a popular success. The third act is comparatively commonplace; but the fourth, again, has not only a strong dramatic interest, but a tragic nobility of its own. Altogether, we have

to thank M. Lemaître for a play which appeals alike to the intellect and the emotions—an entirely dignified and serious piece of work. It is interesting from the philosophic and attractive from the romantic point of view. I wonder whether M. Lemaître has ever read Mr Stevenson's *Prince Otto?* There are some curious though unessential resemblances between the two works, and they are somewhat akin in the Utopian charm of their setting.

Mr Malcolm Salaman's drama, *A Modern Eve*,* which Mr Tree produced last week at the Haymarket, is the ablest play of its kind which we have seen since *The Second Mrs Tanqueray*. It writing it, Mr Salaman has not been (as G. B. S. put it the other day) "making up a prescription," but obeying a genuine artistic impulse. He has not simply compounded the statutory ingredients of popular success, but has set himself, soberly and sincerely, to study a character. He has depicted life as he sees it, not merely as he thinks the public would like to see it. His Vivien Hereford is a consistently and even convincingly drawn woman. The only trait in her character which rather puzzles me is her desire to pass as "a good woman" in the eyes of Wargrave. It seems to indicate two as yet unsuspected forces in her nature—insincerity and sentimentality. Would Mr Salaman have us understand that she values Wargrave's illusion

* July 2 (afternoon).

about her as the last safeguard against a second outbreak? Does she deliberately play upon *his* sentimentality in order to hold his passion in check? This is conceivable, but it is not made clear. It rather seems as though she attached a personal value to the reputation of "a good woman," even while finally forfeiting it by her wrongful assumption of it. It is not as though she had casuistically persuaded herself that she *was* "a good woman" in spite of everything. Up to that point, she takes a cynical, or as a certain New Moralist prefers to phrase it, a "realistic" view of her own nature. She knows she is an exceedingly unsatisfactory character to herself and every one else, but she says, "I can't help it; I'm built that way," and is rather inclined to glory in her incapacity for the humdrum virtues. One would expect her at least to make formal protest against Wargrave's idolatry of her "goodness," even if she took good care he should not believe her. And Wargrave himself is a little puzzling in this connection. When, in the second act, he prostrated himself before Vivien's shining purity, I thought it was merely a trick of the game, a feint, a method of masking his batteries. But he appears to be absolutely sincere; at least his change of feeling in the third act loses all its point if we are not to understand that the feeling of the second act was genuine. Perhaps Mr Salaman conceives him as the genuinely sentimental and self-deceptive sensualist

who habitually enters on a campaign of conquest under the white banner of the loftiest and most ethereal adoration. In any case, the author has not been so explicit as might have been desired as to the soul-state of either of the two parties. Some people, I understand, have found the play "immoral," because no "short sharp shock" of retribution overtakes the erring Vivien. It is true that, so far as we can see, her prospects are rather brighter at the end of the play than at the beginning; for we gather that this time she really loves her lover, whereas all her previous troubles have arisen from her inability to love her husband or any one but herself. But the moral of the play does not centre in her (highly problematical) chance of happiness after the fall of the curtain, but in her very unmistakable misery during the progress of the action. If any young lady in the audience is encouraged by the fortunes of Vivien Hereford to give the rein to her egoism and vanity, her case must be still more abnormal than that of Vivien herself, and Mr Salaman cannot be held to account for it.

The first performance of *A Modern Eve* was only passable. The opening act was suffered to drag a good deal, and the restlessness of all the characters—the way they sat down and got up and crossed and recrossed, as though dancing a sort of complicated quadrille—became in the long run irritating. As the play went on Mrs Tree took firmer grasp of her

character, and played with real power the crucial scenes of the last act. Mr Tree, in one of his masterly make-ups, was excellent as Wargrave; Mr Fred Terry seemed to me unnecessarily stolid as Eardley Hereford; and Miss Lottie Venne was admirable as Mrs Mowbray Meryon, perhaps the most closely observed and successfully-projected character in the play. It remains to be seen whether *A Modern Eve* has quite enough stamina to make an enduring popular success; but, be that as it may, it places beyond doubt Mr Salaman's talent for serious dramatic writing, and encourages us to hope for even stronger work from him. The production, as a whole, deserves to be recorded on the credit side of Mr Tree's management. If other managers would follow his example, and take the trouble to secure a trial hearing, under the best auspices, for plays of real ability, they would certainly find it to their ultimate advantage, even though the immediate pecuniary return should be scanty. The discovery and encouragement of talent is the first interest of every manager.

XXIX.

"MIRETTE."

Pall Mall Budget, 12th July.

THERE is no manager in London to whom we owe more than we do to Mr D'Oyly Carte. When the time comes to sum up his career (distant be the day!) it may be done very briefly, thus: "He found comic opera leggy and inane, he left it clothed and in its right mind." No doubt, like Toussaint L'Ouverture in Wordsworth's sonnet, "he had great allies." He could not have done much without Gilbert and Sullivan; but would they have done what they have done without Mr Carte? I doubt it. When the inner-history of Savoy opera comes to be written (Mr Percy Fitzgerald, we may take it, professes no more than to have skimmed the surface), it will probably be found to have sprung from a collaboration, not of two, but of three. Mr Carte may claim a good third of our thanks for the series of ingenious, witty, and beautiful entertainments which have not only made the name of the Savoy a household word, but have carried the example of taste and refinement into every corner of the English-speaking world. Then, again, we have in the so-called Palace Theatre a splendid if melancholy monument to the magnanimity (I use the word in its literal sense) of Mr Carte's imagination and artistic ambition. No pusillanimous

spirit could ever have conceived such an enterprise. 'Tis not in mortals to command success, but Mr Carte did all that lay in his power to deserve it. Gratitude, then, both for the past and for possible "favours to come," prepossesses us warmly in favour of any entertainment to which Mr Carte lends the prestige of his name.

Mirette,* the new Savoy opera, by MM. Carré and Messager, is by no means unworthy of that name. It is from first to last a pretty, innocent, tasteful, sympathetic entertainment. To the eye and the ear (I speak as one of the unmusical) it is charming throughout; to the mind it is — shall we say inoffensive? Oh yes, it is utterly, almost painfully, inoffensive. The scenery and costumes are of the very best Savoy quality. The salon of the second act is no less graceful than gorgeous—the model of a comic opera scene—and the kermesse of the third act is put on the stage with marvellous spirit and completeness. Miss Maud Ellicott, in the title-part, sings pleasantly and unpretentiously, and goes through the motions appropriate to her part with charming amateurishness. The same description, with the possible omission of the last epithet, applies to Mr Scott Fishe as the handsome hero. Mr Courtice Pounds and Miss Florence Perry both sing and act

* July 3—August 11. Reproduced (new version by "Adrian Ross") October 6—December 6.

well; Miss Rosina Brandram is as delightful as ever, and Mr Walter Passmore is genuinely funny in the low-comedy part. Bright scenery, pretty dresses, prettier faces, fluent and tuneful music (M. Messager is guiltless of the vulgar and clangorous rhythms of third-rate comic opera), good singing, and gentlemanly and ladylike acting—all these are offered us at the Savoy; and what can we wish for more? I am sure thousands of playgoers will cheerfully answer "Nothing!"

Do I myself want anything more? Well, I own I should not have objected to a little, ever so little, interest of plot and ingenuity of situation. M. Carré, the librettist, has perhaps over-estimated the childlike simplicity of our English taste. The handsome Count loves the Gipsy Maiden (she is not even a princess in disguise) and for her sake rejects his high-born betrothed. For a moment the Gipsy Maiden is attracted by his elegant person; but presently her heart veers round to her faithful gipsy lover. She declines the Count with thanks, returns him to his betrothed—and that is all. This seems to me a somewhat meagre story to spread over three acts. Indeed it is not, and does not pretend to be, anything but an excuse for costumes, groupings, and a series of simple, familiar musical effects. There is an immense amount of verse of this quality:—

Dance along with merry, merry song,
Though the way be dark and long,
Ne'er a resting-place have we,
The world is the home of the Zingari!

—set to what (in my ignorance) I am tempted to call Hungarian rhythms, with a free use of castanet and tambourine in the orchestration. It is all very agreeable, as aforesaid, to eye and ear, but one feels that the intelligence is placed on short commons. The piece is to be regarded, Mr Carte tells us, as *opéra comique*, rather than *opéra bouffe*, or what we usually understand by comic opera. But is vacuity of plot and situation essential to *opéra comique*?

I should be inclined to suggest to Mr Carte that, for the moment at any rate, romantic light opera is played out. *La Basoche*, for example, was vastly more ingenious and entertaining than *Mirette*; yet it never became really popular. It seems to me, as an outside observer, that the grand-opera theatres are absorbing all the *opéras comiques*, the light dramatic operas, that have any real stuff in them, and that musical theatres which are not prepared to compete with grand opera will have to confine themselves to extravaganza (by which I mean work of the Gilbert and Sullivan order) and to fantastic musical farce. The dividing line between grand opera and light opera no longer coincides with the dividing line between tragedy and comedy. Grand opera has taken to itself everything dramatic, whether

tragic or comic, and has left to such theatres as the Savoy the domain of fantasy and eccentricity. Why should not Mr Carte refine musical farce of the *Go-Bang* and *Morocco Bound* type, as he formerly refined comic opera? Heaven knows there is plenty of room for refinement.

These were the reflections that "within my brain did gyrate" as I left the Savoy the other night; but even as I passed out, a little incident occurred before which my contempt for the dramatic qualities of *Mirette* stood abashed. The opera was not over, I blush to confess; indeed, the third act had not long begun. Two ladies went before me up the pit stairs, hurrying for a train; and I heard one remark to the other, "It's *such* a pity we have to go, isn't it? I *should* have liked to know who she marries!" Thus the play, which to me was naught, was evidently of absorbing interest to these fair playgoers. They could scarcely tear themselves away from a theatre which I was leaving of my own free will and despite the remonstrances of conscience. There you have an example of the difference between the professional play-taster and the theatre-loving public.

XXX.

"BECKET."

18th July.

Becket,* revived last week at the Lyceum, is a mild and dignified rebuke to apriorist criticism, with its rules and formulas. There is no rule that it does not break, no formula that it fails to set at naught. It is rambling, disjointed, structureless; its psychological processes take place between the acts; it overrides history for the sake of an infantile love-interest; its blank verse is "undramatic," and its humour is—well, unsophisticated. In short, it is nothing that it ought to be, and everything that it oughtn't. Literally everything: for it is what most of all it oughtn't to be—a success. It delighted the audience on the evening when I saw it—the third of the revival. There was a genuine warmth in their applause which did my heart good, for it entirely expressed my own sentiments. All Miss Terry's charm cannot make the Rosamond scenes very interesting to me; but the nobility and pathos of Mr Irving's Becket are as irresistible as ever. This is undoubtedly one of his great achievements, an entirely beautiful and memorable creation. The verse may be as "undramatic" as you please, but it is a

* July 9-20. Last night of season, July 21, *The Merchant of Venice.*

delight to hear Mr Irving speak it; and, for my part, I much prefer Tennyson's "undramatic" verse to the self-consciously and spasmodically dramatic iambics of some other poets. *Becket*, in sum, is not a coherent, organic drama, but a series of animated historic scenes, beautifully written, staged, spoken, and acted.

XXXI.

"La Femme de Claude."*

25th July.

The announcement of a play of Alexandre Dumas's is always a delight to me, not only, perhaps not mainly, because of the pleasure I promise myself in seeing it, but because it affords me an excuse for re-reading the author's preface. They are incomparable, these prefaces. There is vitality and character, blood and nerve, in every line of them. If he is not a master-dramatist, Dumas is at least a master-rhetorician. His style may lack grace—I take it he is not counted among the really great writers of French prose—but it certainly lacks neither colour, nor energy, nor copiousness, nor ease, nor eloquence. He can gossip like Thackeray and fulminate like Ruskin. Wit, irony and sophistry, urbanity and in-

* See note, p. 177.

solence, fantasy and fanaticism—he has all the qualities of the polemist and some of the prophet. The preface to *La Femme de Claude*—a fifty-page letter addressed to M. Cuvillier-Fleury—might have been the product of a collaboration between Isaiah, Tolstoi, and Mr Bernard Shaw.

It is clear that in writing both the play and the preface Dumas verily imagined himself to be of the company of the prophets. He had long ago created God in his own image, and naturally conceived himself as standing in a peculiarly intimate relation to a divinity so created, and peculiarly conversant with its intentions. In the preface to *L'Ami des Femmes*, published in December 1869, he had unmasked the witcheries and villainies of Woman, formulated the behests of God concerning her, and then, addressing the ladies who most flagrantly disregarded these behests, he had perorated thus: "Every society which you dominate, be it under the name of Laïs, Poppæa, or Dubarry [he did not add "or Marguerite Gautier"], is a society on the point of falling to pieces to make room for another. Whenever you get men and affairs into your clutches, it is a sign that affairs are out of joint, and that men are growing vile. . . . . After you, there remains nothing but *the invasion of the barbarian, of the foreigner, or of the rabble.*" Think of it! These words were published in December 1869, to be followed in September 1870

by Sedan, in May 1871 by the Commune! It was the straight tip for the double event! Even of the prophet's most esteemed predecessors in vaticination, how few had seen their orders executed with such punctuality and despatch! Human nature could not resist the opportunity for a triumphant "I told you so!" and *La Femme de Claude* was Dumas's way of saying it. In the meantime, the Terrible Year had exalted his imagination, and had familiarised him with blood and fire and the "wild justice" of war. France seemed to have fallen a victim to reckless corruption within, nefarious conspiracy without. The war of chassepot and petroleum had ceased, but the battles of Sex and Race were still raging their fiercest. The prophet-patriot could neither be silent nor speak in the old ironic tone of the mere man-of-the-world. Now, if ever, was the time to pontificate. The warring forces were too vast to be represented by individuals: they must be adumbrated in symbols. The man of the theatre, too, ever ready for a feat of mastery, was fascinated by the idea of applying to larger purposes the simple machinery of the realistic stage. It was at least an experiment worth trying. Of all these instincts and motives, seething together, *La Femme de Claude* was the strange precipitate. It is the monument of a complex, overstrained mood—a mood of exaltation, humiliation, exasperation, and what seemed like inspiration—scarcely, one would

say, a mood of perfect sanity. For the moment, Dumas "saw red."

The result was undoubtedly a failure—an honourable failure, worth a score of vulgar successes, but a failure none the less. The drama, the story, apart from its symbolism, is of mediocre interest, and developed with no great skill. Up to the end of the second act, indeed, if we take for granted the miraculous element in the personage of Cantagnac, there is nothing to object to in the structure of the play; it is simple and workmanlike enough. In the third act, on the other hand, the confession of the spying servant is perhaps the very weakest thing, from a technical point of view, that Dumas ever did. It is unmotived, ineffective, and useless; for Claude declines to act "on information received" from such a source, and his appearance on the scene in time for the final shot is due to mere chance, or rather, as we are given to understand, to a direct intervention of Providence. It is possible that Edmée's confession may have some symbolic value; one might, at a pinch, interpret it in various ways; but it is obscure as symbolism and execrable as drama. Whether the last scene of all could be made effective by better stage-management and acting I cannot tell; but it seems exceedingly doubtful. A murder, indeed, can never, properly speaking, conclude a modern play. The very gist of the story remains untold—we want to

know the verdict of the jury. "Viens travailler!" says Claude to Antonin as the curtain falls—and the symbolic lesson is doubtless complete. But if we take the slightest interest in the characters as human beings, we cannot help wondering whether the "travail" assigned to Claude by an inappreciative country may not be something in the nature of oakum-picking. Of two things one: either it is certain that a jury would acquit him, or it is not certain. If it is certain, what becomes of the daring and originality of the famous "Tue-la!" The author is preaching to the converted, buttressing, instead of undermining, an established prejudice. We are bound to conclude, then, that it is uncertain, even improbable; and in that case the whole point, lesson, purport of the play, would lie in the author's criticism of the jury's verdict, his appeal, so to speak, from social law to transcendental justice. Æschylus did not bring down his curtain upon the "suppression" of Clytemnestra by Orestes, though in that case the "Tue-la!" had proceeded from Apollo himself. On the contrary, he actually put the trial on the stage, jury, advocates, and all. The author of *Alan's Wife* * —to make a long stride from Æschylus—did not finish his play with the killing of the deformed child. He indicated and (somewhat mildly) criticised the judgment of society upon that act. But Augier's

* See *Theatrical World*, 1893, p. 114.

Mariage d'Olympe, like *La Femme de Claude*, ends, or rather breaks off, with "le fameux coup de pistolet"—and has always been a failure.

On the realistic plane, then, the play leaves us cold and dissatisfied; does it impress us on the symbolic plane? Scarcely at all. If the personages are too abstract to interest us as men and women, they are at the same time too much involved in the trivialities of real life to appeal to us as abstractions. We require something more than the mere improbability of their sayings and doings to remind us that these are not human beings at all, but apocalyptic types and figures. We look for the mask and the cothurnus, or, at the very least, for verse and music. It is disconcerting to hear the type of the Eternal Masculine say, "You'll take pot-luck with us—we dine at one" (though the ladies, indeed, may think the remark eminently characteristic of the Eternal Masculine); and when the symbol of the Infernal Feminine says, "Please send to the station for my luggage," we are somehow conscious of an incongruity. "But how about *The Master Builder*?" you ask. "Is not it full of similiar trivialities?" Pardon me! There is a clear and very instructive distinction between the two cases. No doubt Ibsen's play contains many symbolic sub-intentions, but the characters are not themselves symbols, nor is the action an allegoric demonstration of a moral thesis.

A dozen ingenious and detailed interpretations of the play have been put forward, in jest and in earnest; but if you ask Ibsen which he intended, he does not write a fifty-page preface to expound his allegory, but shrugs his shoulders, and begs you to take your choice. The truth is, of course, that he meant no definite allegory at all. He is a creator first, a symbolist only in the second place. He projected certain characters and set them to act out a story which, for its own sake, pleased his imagination. The story, no doubt, had a certain ethical bearing, and in many of its details one could not but recognise a fragmentary and elusive symbolism, on which it is even possible that the poet may have insisted, to the artistic detriment of the work as a whole. But the play moves primarily on the purely-human plane, where nothing human need seem alien. Ibsen would be the last man to say, as Dumas does: "In place of setting in motion purely human personages, I presented absolute incarnations, essential beings, entities in a word." Ibsen, for one thing, has not, like Dumas, the advantage of a direct mandate from heaven, so that he is under the less temptation to dramatise a dogma. And the result is that *The Master Builder*—even those who most dislike it will scarcely deny this—has none of the frigidity, formality, and pedantry which are fatal to *La Femme de Claude*.

Finally—though with this dramatic criticism proper

has nothing to do—it may be remarked that Dumas's dogma is in itself worthless. From a grotesque theology he deduces an inhuman and impracticable morality. "If you are an angel, and if you happen to marry a demon, and if the law refuses to release you from her, you are at liberty to shoot her"—that is the upshot of his teaching in this play. Observe, he expressly stipulates for the angelic virtue of the marital executioner—he is to be the man "without sin" who (in the gospel according to Dumas) was authorised to cast the first stone at the erring woman. Now, as angels and demons do not occur in natural history, this doctrine, literally accepted, would be simply inoperative. But as he must be assumed to have meant his advice to apply in the real world, its practical result, if any, could only be to encourage men who were a great deal less than angels to take the law into their own hands against women who were a good deal less than demons. He is said to have avowed that with the passing of the divorce law the necessity for this wild justice upon "la Bête" passed away. But Claude, in the play, does not merely rid himself of a vicious wife—he rids the nation and the world of a noxious animal. He is not so much the outraged husband as the Saviour of Society. If, instead of shooting Césarine, he quietly divorced her, he would merely set her free to spread corruption and ruin in wider circles. Unless the

author has grossly misstated his case, no mere divorce-law can abrogate the right of a godlike personage such as Claude to wipe out a lady of whom he disapproves. The fact is, of course, that the author *has* grossly misstated his case, and that his morality is as fantastic as his fable. Because reckless license—the result, mainly, of economic conditions which he totally ignores—has weakened the physical and moral fibre of society, our prophet must needs preach an impossible, inconceivable puritanism, against which all the forces of Nature and Society are in league. His doctrine is literally a counsel of perfection: "Be perfect," he says, "according to my ideal of perfection, else there is no hope of salvation either for the individual or for society." His ideal, meanwhile, has no scientific, but only a pseudo-theological sanction. He knows, and implicitly admits, that it never has been, and never will be, realised on any large scale in this world. Hence, as it seems to me, the essential immorality of his work; for the preacher of inherently unrealisable ideals is the worst enemy of progress. It is to be noted that in his preface Dumas draws all his arguments and illustrations, not from biology or anthropology, but from theology and mythology. Even what he calls physiology is apt to degenerate (see the preface to *L'Ami des Femmes*) into something very like palmistry. His vaunted science of life, in

a word, is little more than a superstition. To the truly scientific thinker he stands in the relation of the astrologist to the astronomer.

Wearied and very hoarse on the first night, Madame Bernhardt concentrated all her energies upon Césarine's great scene in the second act, which she played in her best style. M. Guitry, as Claude, was duly "austere and chilling," and M. Deval made an admirable Cantagnac.

XXXII.

"Little Jack Sheppard."—"Loyal."

15th August.

If you want to realise how we have gone ahead of late in the matter of burlesque, go and see *Little Jack Sheppard** at the Gaiety. It will amuse you, mildly, on its own account (you may safely leave at the end of the second act; and I don't know that you will miss much if, as I did, you arrive at the end of the first); but its main interest is historical rather than actual. It belongs to a defunct order of—yes, I suppose we must say literature, since the language does not provide any special term for literature which is not literature at all. We have almost forgotten the time when the dialogue of a burlesque was necessarily in rhyme (not necessarily in metre),

* August 11—September 29.

and when the poetics of the art demanded a pun to every couplet, if not to every hemistich. This convention lingers on in pantomime; but even there it is moribund. In the rhymed burlesques, too, what was absolutely too silly to be spoken was set to music and sung. Inanity in the dialogue sank to imbecility in the lyrics. We have changed all that, and in some ways for the better. We no longer make any pretence of parodying—scarcely even of telling—a story; in that respect, as George Eliot would put it, we do not "debase the moral currency." We ask for a certain amount of point and cleverness in the lyrics, and from Mr "Adrian Ross" we get it. And for rhymed inanity in the dialogue we have substituted prose indecency, which is of course an immense improvement. "Such ribaldry would be impossible with us," an American friend said to me, after witnessing one of our up-to-date and go-(bang)-ahead extravaganzas. "Of course!" I replied; "you unfortunate people haven't got a Censorship, and are consequently crushed under the tyranny of the decent-minded public." In *Little Jack Sheppard*, to return to our immediate subject, the gallery puts in every here and there an "Oh!" of good-humoured protest against a particularly monstrous pun, instead of chuckling over the persistent attempts of a Divorce Court judge or an Oriental potentate to tell an improper story in the presence of ladies. The second act of the burlesque

is really diverting, mainly by reason of the humours of Mr Charles Danby in the part of Blueskin, formerly played by the late Mr David James. Mr Danby is the concentrated essence of vulgarity, but that is precisely what he sets out to be, and he attains his end like a comedian and an artist. Mr Seymour Hicks, as Jonathan Wild, introduced an amazingly and most effectively grotesque impersonation of a tramp—a sort of demon-scarecrow—which gave me a very high opinion of his powers as a burlesque artist. My opinion fell a little when I learned that it was a close imitation of an episode in an American burlesque, entitled *1492;* but even as an imitation it was very clever and well worth seeing. For the rest, Mr Hicks worked hard, and not quite unsuccessfully, to replace Mr Fred Leslie. Miss Jennie Preston, who played Little Jack Sheppard, has to my thinking an unfortunate figure for "principal boy" characters, and I could not greatly admire her singing. But she has plenty of energy, pluck, and vitality, and put a certain amount of serious dramatic force into some of her scenes that was not ineffective. She may perhaps develop into a female Robson. Miss Ellaline Terriss looked charming as Winifred Wood, and had nothing else to do; and Mr Willie Ward and Miss Florence Levey contributed some clever dancing. The last act wants a great deal of working-up and pulling together.

The two-hundredth night of *The New Boy* at the Vaudeville was marked by the production of a new comedietta by Mr H. T. Johnson, entitled *Loyal.** It sets forth in very artless fashion one of the thousand-and-one adventures of Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester. He hides in an old manor-house, makes love to the (strictly virtuous) wife of his host, and is overheard by the indignant husband, who acts up to the title by refraining from running him through the body or giving him up to the Parliamentary dragoons. I could tell Mr Johnson how he might have made the scene with the troopers really thrilling, not by any invention of my own, but because I happen to know a most ingenious scene in a German play that would precisely fit into the situation. As it is, Mr Johnson is content to treat the passage in the key of comic opera, and to rely for his dramatic effects upon people saying to Charles, "I wish I were as near to the man Charles Stuart as I am to you at this moment," and so forth. These are rudimentary devices, but they amuse the unsophisticated. Miss Esmé Beringer played the wife simply and pleasantly, and Mr Volpe was dignified as the "loyal" husband. Mr T. Kingston as Charles was sufficiently "blackavised," but not quite sufficiently gallant and gay.

* August 9—December 14.

XXXIII.

"HOT WATER."

22nd August.

THE revival of *Hot Water** at the Criterion was keenly relished by the first-night audience, and is indeed an excellent off-season entertainment. It is announced—I presume in the absence of Mr Wyndham—as "from the French of MM. Meilhac and Halévy." This is precisely the form of announcement for which we have all been contending, but which Mr Wyndham scouted on former occasions as a gross injustice to the French authors. There would have been no harm, however, in giving the adapter's name, for the piece is a good way "from the French of Meilhac and Halévy." It is rumoured that the adapter was the late H. B. Farnie, a dramatic artificer of a class which is now, happily, almost extinct. What Mr Farnie did, in this instance, was to suppress entirely one act out of the four, and to leave out a good third of the wit of the remainder. A simple operation in vulgar fractions, then, will show that we have in *Hot Water* just one-half of *La Boule*. At the same time, since it was judged necessary to transfer the scene to England, I do not know that Mr Farnie could have done any better; and at least he refrained, for the best of all possible reasons,

* August 15—September 15.

from interpolating any wit of his own. The trial scene becomes three times more extravagant in English than it is in the original; but its buffoonery is screamingly funny, and Mr Blakeley finds one of his very best parts in the philoprogenitive judge. Mr Hawtrey does all that can be done with the husband, but it is not really a good part; it loses greatly in becoming a modern young man instead of the middle-aged bourgeois of the original. Mr Righton is amusing as Sir Philander Rose, and Mr Valentine is good as the mischief-making valet. Miss Miriam Clements makes a most imposing Marietta, and Miss Edith Chester* gets what she can out of a part which offers but scanty opportunities.

XXXIV.

"THE NEW WOMAN."—"THE FOUNDLING."

5th September.

THE season of 1894-95 could scarcely have opened better. We have in *The New Woman*† a live play, a play which is distinctly in the movement, and which indicates real progress on the part of one of our ablest writers. There will, of course, be a reaction against

* Miss Edith Chester died November 10. Her most noteworthy performance was Lady Orreyd in *The Second Mrs Tanqueray*.

† Comedy, September 1—still running.

the enthusiasm of the first night, and we shall all have a good deal to say about the superficiality of the character-drawing, the triviality of the satire, the defective construction of the last two acts. But the first-night enthusiasm is an accomplished fact, not to be explained away. It was genuine, spontaneous, of the right alloy. It meant that the audience was enjoying itself to the top of its bent; it meant, in a word, success in despite of criticism. What, then, did the audience enjoy? The answer is very simple: Two acts of the most brilliant dialogue, and of delicate, unostentatious constructive skill; one act of vigorous emotional drama; and an idyllic, sympathetic, conciliatory, illusory conclusion. The general public was grateful for its two hours and a half of laughter and tears; and we critics were perhaps not altogether displeased to find in *The New Woman*

> "A creature not *too* bright and good
> For criticism's daily food."

It is a pity that the word "new" cannot be temporarily banished from the English language—sentenced, say, to seven years' transportation. It has become an unmitigated nuisance, a mere darkener of counsel. We lose all sense of the reality of things in futile discussions as to whether they are "new" or old—the truth being, in almost every case, that they are neither or both, just as you choose to look at it. But in spite of Ecclesiastes and Mr Andrew Lang, I

aver and maintain that there is one new thing under the sun—to wit, the New Grundy. The rejuvenescence, one might almost say the renascence, of Mr Sydney Grundy is one of the most hopeful signs of the theatrical times. Only a few years ago he seemed to have lost all ambition—to be incapable of rising higher than Scribe in theory, and capable of sinking infinitely lower in practice. When he was not simply purveying for the Adelphi public, he was wasting his talent on the trumpery ingenuities and sleights of hand which passed for the acme of technical achievement in their time, but which we have long since recognised to be mere theatrical thimble-rigging. Even *A Fool's Paradise* and *A White Lie*, able plays both, were vitiated by their ingenuity, which was not —it never is—quite ingenious enough. Then, all of a sudden, in *Sowing the Wind*, Mr Grundy threw ingenuity overboard, and retold a simple old story with such straightforward literary power, such genuine human feeling, as to make it new and delightful. *The New Woman* is a further move in the same direction. Here we have an absolutely classic simplicity of plot—an action which does not, like *A Fool's Paradise*, depend upon criminal scheming and counter-scheming, nor, like *A White Lie*, upon elaborate mendacity, nor even, like *Sowing the Wind*, upon the *anagnorisis* (to use the Aristotelian word) of a long-lost child by means of a strawberry-mark on the

left arm. In the new play the process of the action depends entirely on the emotions of the characters. We have simply a man between two women who love him and to whom he is drawn by different sides of his nature. In the first act the senses carry the day (yes, that is what it comes to in plain English); in the second act intellect regains the upper hand; in the third act he realises that intellect without sense is just as unsatisfying as sense without intellect; and in the fourth act the senses, somewhat chastened it may be, finally reassert their sway, as, in the theatre, they are bound to do. This is of course too definite and diagrammatic a scheme; Margery is no more all sense than Agnes is all intellect; but it is sufficiently near the fact to show how entirely the action proceeds from within the characters, and is independent of external intrigue, coincidence, or misunderstanding. True, there are misunderstandings enough in the play, but they are those misunderstandings of our own heart and other people's which underlie half the comedies and tragedies of existence.

Well, then, Mr Grundy has thrown off his old artificiality of structure, and has adopted a technique which leaves room for observation, thought, and analysis. His next step will no doubt be in the direction of a more searching character-study than he has hitherto attempted. In this respect *The New Woman* still leaves a good deal to be desired. Gerald,

Margery, and Mrs Sylvester are somewhat empty masks. I have said that Agnes appeals to the intellectual side of Gerald's nature, because I take this to be the author's intention; but, as a matter of fact, there is no proof that either she or Gerald has any intellect to worry about, and we are at a loss whether to regard her as a really able and remarkable person, or simply as one of the phrase-making charlatans of the New-Womanhood, differing from the others only in being a little less grotesque. As for Margery, she is by hypothesis a character of no great depth. Her function is simply to embody in sympathetic form those instincts and affections which we are accustomed to regard as specifically "womanly." I think Mr Grundy has unduly simplified his task and complicated his argument by making her of humble extraction. The case would have been much more typical had she been of the same rank in life as her husband and her rival; but then the author would have had to invent subtler touches to account for her getting on her husband's nerves. As it is, she really belongs to no social class; her mental antecedents, as it were, are left utterly undetermined. Apart from this, her relation to Gerald in the second act is to my thinking the best thing in the play. She has no "intelligence of love." Nothing short of cruelty on her husband's part could ruffle the serenity of her light-hearted egoism. "Why did you not tell *me* what

you were suffering, instead of that woman?" she cries, very naturally, when at last her eyes are opened; and there is, indeed, some lack of dignity and delicacy in Gerald's outpouring to Mrs Sylvester. But it does not follow that it would have done any good to make the same complaint to Margery herself, in any terms that he could possibly have addressed to her. He *had* remonstrated with her, and she had treated his remonstrance as a joke. "In default of divining," says the Button-Moulder in *Peer Gynt*, "the cloven-hoofed gentleman finds his best hook;" and poor Margery's powers of divination were very limited. Richard Steele, who knew a thing or two about women, has sketched this very situation in a speech of Campley's in *The Funeral*. Substitute some such word as "dense" for "gross" in the following sentence, and you have Margery's case to a nicety: "There's something so gross in the carriage of some wives (though they're honest too) that they lose their husbands' hearts for faults which, if they have either good nature or good breeding, they know not how to tell 'em of." It needed a shock like that to which she is in fact subjected to make any impression on Margery's stolid self-complacency. And the moral seems to be that even the womanly woman, though she may need no other intelligence, is none the worse a little of the *intelletto d' amore*.

I wish Mr Grundy could have seen his way to

enforce this moral in three acts instead of four. From the beginning of the third act, both his grip of his subject and his technical skill seem to decline. The idea of placing the crucial scènes of his play in Lady Wargrave's drawing-room on a reception-night was curiously unhappy. In the first place, we are astounded to find the said drawing-room almost exclusively peopled with the "new womanly" set whom her ladyship loathes. In the second place, the publicity of the scene makes all the passionate discussions between the four leading characters sound painfully unreal. In the third place, there is a daring and dangerous technical nonchalance in the way in which the performers in this quadrille come wandering on precisely when the figure happens to require their presence. Fourthly, and lastly, Margery's idea of making a scene in the presence of Lady Wargrave's guests is both unworthy of her character and dramatically ineffective. Seriously, there is no need for a fourth act. Margery has had her awakening at the end of the second act; the patching-up of matters (for it is at best a patching-up) might quite well have come off in the third. It is deferred by means of a romantic scruple on Gerald's part, which, I confess, I do not understand. Though he knows that he does not love Agnes, and tells her so—though their relations have all along been entirely platonic, and though he feels his heart veering back

to Margery—he chooses to consider himself bound in honour to Agnes, and is willing, if she demands it, to devote his life to being miserable with her. This is a point of heroism quite beyond me. If he felt himself bound to feign love for her, his conduct would be conceivable, though foolish; as it is, it seems simply incoherent. I think, too, that Mr Grundy has missed one of his best chances in the scene between the two women in the third act. This might have been the great scene of the play; it is, in fact, perfunctory and insignificant. On the other hand, there is some excellent writing in the scene between Margery and Gerald. What truth and pathos, for example, in Margery's despairing cry, "Don't let the last words I hear from you be words defending *her!*"

What, now, of the play as a satire? In the first place, it need scarcely be pointed out that Mr Grundy has not succeeded in welding his satire and his drama into one. So far as the dramatic action is concerned, Agnes Sylvester is not a "new woman" at all. She is any woman of brains pitted against any woman of beauty; and even her brains we have largely to take on trust. Her conduct is in no wise conditioned by anything which even purports to be a "new" morality. So far as her relation to Gerald goes, she might be a woman of fifty or a hundred years ago. The fact of their collaborating in a book on the ethics of marriage is the only thing that is new in the situation; fifty

years ago she would have found another excuse for meeting, just as she would have worn another style of bonnet and done her hair differently. Mr Grundy may say that it is precisely his point to show that there is nothing new in the "new woman"; but I think he proves more than he intends. If the substance is always the same, its modes are different; and we find in Agnes Sylvester scarcely any of the differentiæ by which we recognise the specifically "new woman." There remain, then, the three grotesques, Enid Bethune, Victoria Vivash, and Dr Mary Bevan—amusing sketches, but scarcely elaborate enough to raise the play to the dignity of a satire. I should prefer to call it an emotional comedy, eked out with an abundantly witty, good-humoured, and entertaining skit upon certain phases of contemporary manners. Mr Grundy's badinage is quite free from the implacable ferocity which mars that otherwise powerful and pathetic story, *George Mandeville's Husband*—a satire with a vengeance. But on one point I am sure Mr Grundy does the "new woman" cruel injustice—she can smoke half a cigarette without being sick, and she would divine by the mere light of nature, even without the aid of observation, that the gilt tip was designed for the mouth and not for the match.

Miss Winifred Emery is charming as Margery, and has one really memorable outburst of emotion in the third act. Miss Alma Murray plays Mrs Sylvester

with admirable delicacy and tact, and Miss Rose Leclercq shows just the right quality of dignified humour in the part of Lady Wargrave. Nothing could possibly be better than Mr Cyril Maude's Colonel Cazenove, and Mr Stuart Champion gave an amusing little sketch of a latter-day æsthete. It seemed to me that both Mr Fred Terry, as Gerald, and Mr J. G. Grahame, as Captain Sylvester, were unduly declamatory; but the fault was perhaps partly Mr Grundy's in placing his most emotional scenes in a drawing-room during an "At Home."

Mr W. J. Holloway has opened Terry's Theatre with a three-act farce by Messrs W. Lestocq and E. M. Robson, entitled *The Foundling*.* It was played with quite unusual spirit and vivacity by Messrs Charles Groves and Sydney Brough, Miss Ellis Jeffreys and Miss Susie Vaughan, and met on the first night with a vociferously friendly reception. At the refreshment bar, whither I resorted for that cup of strong coffee which I often find necessary between the acts of such an entertainment, I heard several enthusiasts prophesying "Another *Charlie's Aunt* or *New Boy*." Their enthusiasm was evidently genuine, but I have less faith in their prophetic powers. The piece seemed to me an extravagant jumble of all the old motives and situations of farce. If it succeeds, it will be in virtue of the acting, not of the invention or dialogue.

* August 30—October 26. See note, p. 240.

XXXV.

"THE FATAL CARD."

12th September.

IT is a melancholy, yet consolatory, fact that in this world no one is indispensable. Nature repairs her ravages with what one may almost describe as callous punctuality, and in the place of a Pettitt departed we hail a Chambers arrived and "on the spot." For my part, I hail him with effusion. It is years since I have spent so un-tedious an evening at the Adelphi as that of Thursday last. "Un-tedious" is perhaps not a classical word—it is the sort of compound that a child improvises—but no more positive term would quite befit the occasion. As a rule, at the 'Adelphi, one is very much in the condition of Bird o' Freedom Sawin at church: "Your dicky sawrin' off your ears, an' bilin' to be thru." I had, I confess, long ceased to find in the works of Mr Pettitt and his school even that flicker of curiosity, that physical thrill of sympathy or horror, which really clever melodrama is capable of producing. These playwrights had entirely renounced all attempts at—I will not say invention; that were too much to demand—but even at novel combinations of their stock material. They told the same story over and over again, imperturbably, implacably. Mr Haddon Chambers, on the other hand, with the

generous ardour of youth, has actually gone to some expense of imagination in constructing *The Fatal Card.** It is not precisely a new story that he tells; all its elements are familiar enough; but they are ingeniously and effectively recombined, with a spirit and conviction which have long been strangers to the Adelphi stage. The Adelphi public is probably the most capricious and incalculable of all classes of playgoers, but if they do not rally in their thousands to *The Fatal Card* one really does not know what will content them. The first, third, and fifth acts are full of bustle and excitement. There is a lynching scene in the first act, with "the dim Sierras far beyond uplifting their minarets of snow," which touches the very summit of melodramatic picturesqueness. The murder scene of the third act produces a highly-sustained effect of nervous tension, which is precisely what the drama of crime should aim at. In the last act every species of "thrill" is piled up with lavish profusion—the thrill of an escape from pursuit, of a robbers' cavern, of a footprint in the sand (for the wax vesta discovered on the table is precisely analogous to that footprint of Defoe's which has so indelibly impressed itself on the imagination of the world); the thrill of a hand-to-hand struggle, of a heroic confrontation of death, of a casting of lots (the gambling scene in *The Masqueraders* if possible outbidden in excite-

* September 6. Still running.

ment); the thrill of waiting for an explosion, of a recognition, a revulsion of feeling, and, finally, of the explosion itself, on which no expense has been spared. He must indeed be a glutton of sensation who can possibly "ask for more." The intermediate acts—the second and fourth—are idyllic in their tone, and given over to the tender passion in its romantic and in its comic aspects. The audience was inclined to disregard the distinction, and to look at the romantic love-making from the comic point of view; but they probably enjoyed it all the more on that account. These two acts, indeed, are but breathing-spaces between the rounds. Personally, I would rather breathe somewhere else than in the Adelphi during their progress. Why do not the Messrs Gatti start a "roof-garden," on the New York system, to which one could adjourn during the love scenes (especially the comic love scenes) of melodrama, and whence one might be recalled by an electric bell in time for the real fun, the blood and dynamite? I have only two serious criticisms to offer on Messrs Chambers' and Stephenson's workmanship in this play. Firstly, I cannot see the smallest necessity for the character of Dolores—or is it Mercedes?—after the first act. Miss Vane's presence is charming to the eye, but her absence would leave no appreciable gap in the fabric of the drama. Secondly, the authors are a trifle pedantic in their adherence to that canon of melodrama which

declares that the baffling of the villain must always be entrusted to the comic man. This is a counsel of expediency, excellent in its way, but not an immutable decree, a categorical imperative. Even in the Temple of Coincidence, where that long-armed deity may naturally claim the amplest elbow-room, our sense of probability puts in a little protest when the villain throws the key of the mystery into the very back-water where the comic man—for purposes of *double entendre*—happens to be bathing. And then, after all, the key unlocks nothing. We have no use for it, the lock being blown off with dynamite. This is a breach of the great law of economy. If Messrs Chambers and Stephenson will refer to Horace, *De Arte Poetica*, v. 352, they will find it written—I modernise a little *in usum Adelphi*—"Let not the long arm of coincidence intervene, unless there be some plausible occasion for it." This is a maxim of mere common-sense, which need not be disregarded even in melodrama.

Mr Terriss, as the hero, is as buoyant, dashing, handsome, and youthful as ever. He seemed somehow to shy at the erotics of the part, and to encourage the gods in their irreverence. I really don't know why—the love-making was only a very little sillier than usual. Miss Millward made the most immaculate and utterly amiable heroine ever presented to an adoring public. Mr Murray Carson played one of

his favourite self-torturing and conscious-stricken villains. His physiognomy and his methods are alike adapted for this class of parts. Mr W. L. Abingdon's impersonation of the lily-livered ruffian, whom the wise melodramatist will always use as a foil to his criminal-in-chief, was a powerful piece of grotesque acting. Mr Abingdon has the art of getting infinite expression out of his neckties, but it would heighten the verisimilitude of the murder scene if he would try to compose the paroxysms of his cravat before sallying forth with the stolen bonds. Mr Charles Fulton is excellent as the miserly coupon-cutter whose sole function is to be murdered; and the comic relief, in all its unspeakable vulgarity, is conscientiously handled by Mr Harry Nicholls, Miss Laura Linden, and Miss Sophie Larkin.

XXXVI.

"THE CHINAMAN."—"LITTLE MISS 'CUTE."—"THE GAIETY GIRL."

19th September.

THE time has come, I venture to think, for a little "straight talk" on the subject of imbecile farce. The thing is getting beyond a joke. Managers will presently frighten the sane public away from their theatres; and the imbecile public, though doubtless large, is not, I am convinced, really a paying public. It is an

ungracious task to quarrel with the innocent laughter of simple souls, and it is a task I am always chary of undertaking. How much easier to record that "the play was received by a crowded audience with every token of approbation," and pass on with a shrug of the shoulders! But, after all, one owes a certain duty to the public, the managers, and not least, perhaps, to the farce-writers themselves. One has no right (and for my part I have no inclination) altogether to look down upon farce, and decline all attempt to discriminate between what is excellent, what is tolerable, and what is execrable. There are masterpieces of farce no less than of tragedy—let me name, as representing three very different styles, *La Cagnotte*, *The Pink Dominos*, and *Dandy Dick*. Then there are farces of a somewhat lower order of workmanship, but embodying a really comic idea, whose popularity is quite natural, legitimate, and genuine. Such are *Charley's Aunt*, *Niobe*, and *The New Boy*. We in England have lately developed a special knack of turning out effective work of this second order, and are beginning to pay back to Germany, and even to France, our borrowings of bygone days. But if the export trade in farces is to continue—and if not precisely a national glory, it is at least no national disgrace, as the import trade sometimes threatened to become—we must prove that we know how to distinguish between comic invention and sheer brainless

extravagance, or, in a word, between humour and imbecility. If one could even believe that imbecility really paid its way, one might be content, as aforesaid, to leave the imbecile public to its innocent enjoyments. But I am convinced that this is seldom or never the case, and that the authors are wasting their time, and the managers their money, who think that crass unreason is a marketable article. How often do we see a play produced, without a scintilla of talent in conception, construction, or dialogue, laughed at by a "friendly" first-night audience, treated with indulgent geniality by the press, paragraphed, puffed, played at Wednesday and Saturday matinées to meet the enormous demand for places—and then softly and suddenly vanishing after a month or so into the limbo of forgotten inanities! Sometimes, if the author happens to be a man whose means are commensurate with his vanity, the run is prolonged for the round hundred nights. I could even name one case in which a no less offensive than inept buffoonery ran, if I recollect rightly, for over a year. But if the ingenious author had been obliged to live for a week on the nett profits of that year's run, I fear he would have emerged from the ordeal in a sad state of emaciation. Indeed, I fail to remember a single instance in which a farce of this utterly abject order has attained authentic popularity. Seeing, then, that they bring neither pleasure nor profit to any one, why should they continue to cumber

the ground, absorbing capital and energy that might be a hundred times better employed? When I see the columns of advertisement which assert the gigantic success of this or that unspeakable ineptitude, I am reminded of a conversation which I heard a short time ago. The interlocutors are A and B, a journalist and an acting-manager. A—"I'm afraid you made a terrible failure with So-and-so's piece?" B (*sadly*)—"Yes, that was an awful frost; we lost £2,000 by it." A—"And what about the play that followed it—Blank's, you know?" B (*with cheerful conviction*)—"Oh, that was a great success and had quite a run; we lost £4,000 by that!" Without prying unduly into the secrets of the treasury, we may be quite sure that every season brings forth its crop of similar "successes."

Mr John Tresahar, author of *The Chinaman** at the

* *The Chinaman* was produced September 13. On September 21 and 22 the following advertisement appeared: "Owing to the immense success of *The Chinaman*, the Management will run it till further notice." "Further notice" was given on October 2: "Owing to previous arrangements, Last Night, Thursday next, at this theatre of *The Chinaman*. Due notice will be given of transfer." October 4 was the last night, and the world still awaits the "notice of transfer." *The Foundling*, at Terry's, was lavishly advertised and paragraphed as a brilliant success, and played at Wednesday and Saturday matinees; but it had not got far beyond its 50th performance, when it vanished from the bills. Similarly *Uncle's Ghost*, produced at the Opera Comique, January 7, was advertised as a "great success" on January 20, and a "brilliant success" on January 23. On

Trafalgar Square Theatre, is a comedian of some ability, but as a dramatic author—well, let him speak for himself. Percy Fenton, a briefless barrister, resident in the Maze, Hampstead, has written to the aunt on whom his supplies depend, informing her that he has a flourishing practice, most of his clients being——what do you think?—Chinamen! and that he has a Mandarin stopping in his house. No reason is assigned for this moonstruck mendacity; it is absolutely gratuitous and motiveless. On the very day when his aunt unexpectedly returns from abroad, it happens by pure chance that Percy's friend, the Hon. Harry Hampton, has put on a Mandarin's dress to go to a fancy ball, so that, of course, he has to enact the celestial visitor. The idea would have been silly enough if Hampton had assumed the disguise on purpose to personate the imaginary Mandarin; represented as a coincidence, the thing is mere lunacy. Hampton, you must know, a married man, has just returned from a little trip to America, undertaken without his wife's knowledge. While there, he has inadvertently made an offer of marriage to a circus-

February 3, it ceased to be a "brilliant success," but still offered "two hours' hearty fun!" On February 12 it was still advertised, but on the following day the Opera Comique was "to let on low terms." For further illustrations of my argument that there is no effective demand for brainless farce, let me refer to the fate of *The Jerry Builder* (Article XXVI.), of *Truthful James* (Article XLI.), and of *The Wrong Girl* (Article XLVII.).

rider, the Houp-la Girl, who has followed him to England with her fire-eating father (what originality of invention!), and now by pure chance turns up at Fenton's house. The principal advantage of the circus-girl is to enable Mr Tresahar to work in the scene of the interrupted can-can, indispensable in this sort of farce—two or more people (one of them, if possible, a clergyman or a County Councillor) dancing a frenzied breakdown in front of the stage, while all the other characters strike attitudes of stupefaction at the back. It is always this scene that is represented on the six-sheet posters; the colour-printers keep it in stock. But do not imagine that Mr Tresahar's comic invention is exhausted by these gigantic efforts. Not at all! You are further to understand that during her husband's absence in America, Mrs Hampton has been in France, and having there inherited a handsome property, has, under the terms of the will, incontinently changed her name to Gratin. She has also fallen in with a brother of hers, of whose existence Hampton has never heard. He, too, has taken the name of his deceased relative (you can see from here the culinary pleasantries to which this name gives rise), so that the brother and sister present themselves on their return to England as Monsieur and Madame Gratin. Being, furthermore, of an exceedingly affectionate and caressing disposition, they indulge in frequent endearments in the presence of Mr Hampton

disguised as a Mandarin, which fill his mind with injurious suspicions. Exhilarating, is it not? this farrago of frigid absurdities! Conceive the author in the act of elucubrating them! Think of the great moment, for example, when he hit on the name Gratin, and the idea of the inheritance and the unknown brother! These are the high joys in which the artist finds his reward—

> "As when a great thought strikes along the brain,
> And flushes all the cheek."

You may perhaps imagine that since people could be found to sit out and even to laugh at *The Chinaman*, the dialogue must be better than the plot. Not at all! It is quite of a piece—full of the trumpery quips and quibbles which the amateur playwright invariably mistakes for humour. The acting, then? It is true that clever comedians sometimes succeed in putting a sort of mechanical movement into plays of this order. That is the case with *The Foundling* at Terry's not with *The Chinaman*. The performance is on middling all round. Miss Edith Kenward is vivacious as the circus girl, and Miss Clara Jecks plays a page-boy with real humour. Mr Frank Wyatt's broken English, on the other hand, is the very worst I ever heard. If Mr Wyatt does not know French, he might at least take the trouble to listen for five minutes to a Frenchman speaking English. What, then, do the people laugh at? Well, there are a good many worthy

folks in the world who will either laugh or cry with perfect docility as soon as they clearly understand that it is expected of them — especially if they are not required to pay for their amusement. But these are not the people who support a theatre; and we critics ought no longer to mistake them for the patrons who give the drama's laws. I am sure that we do harm to the stage at large by our tacit conspiracy of tolerance. I, at any rate, wash my hands of it.

For the sake of record I mention the appearance at the Royalty of an American "short-skirt artiste," named Miss Hope Booth, in a "variety comedy" by C. T. Vincent, entitled *Little Miss 'Cute.** The play was utterly futile, and beyond a pretty face and a neat figure, the performer seemed to have no particular qualifications for the walk of life which she had chosen. Neither her acting, her singing, nor her dancing was of any account. Miss Booth is said to be advertised in her own country as "'cute, cunning, and curly." This eulogy she doubtless merits; and among a public which is content with such qualities, she ought to command success. The only noteworthy piece of acting in the play was Mr Ivan Watson's performance of an Italian villain. I wish Mr Frank Wyatt would take a lesson from Mr Watson in broken English.

In *The Gaiety Girl*, which has been removed to

* September 14. Does not seem to have been repeated.

Daly's Theatre,* Mr Rutland Barrington replaces Mr Harry Monkhouse as Dr Brierly, and the part certainly loses nothing by the change. Mr Barrington is exceedingly droll, and Miss Kate Cutler makes a very pleasant substitute for Miss Decima Moore as the Doctor's demure daughter. The other changes in the cast were, on the first night, unimportant, for Miss Letty Lind was prevented by indisposition from appearing in the title-part. Despite her absence, the piece went enormously with the crowded house. There is no doubt that this class of play has become a social institution, the history of which will one day form a curious study. This is the real New Drama, and it has brought its own New Journalism in its train. But I have at present neither time nor space for philosophising.

XXXVII.

"THE DERBY WINNER."—THE GERMAN COMPANY.

Pall Mall Budget, 20th September.

THERE are some people, no doubt, for whom the great charm of the new Drury Lane play resides in its chariots and its horses. Not so for me. I can work up but a mediocre interest in the uncomfortable and undeceptive scrambles which pass for races on the

* See note, p. 59.

stage. I don't know which are the more uneasy, the quadrupeds or the bipeds; and the contagion of their nervousness invariably takes hold on me. Even the pleasure of seeing Miss Hetty Dene in a governess-cart and Miss Beatrice Lamb in a two-horse victoria does not, in my case, amount to rapture. All this equine business is probably better done in *The Derby Winner** than it ever was before. The stage is laid with some imitation sward which effectually deadens the clatter of the horses' hoofs, and immensely furthers the illusion. Everything went with perfect smoothness, except the great race at the close, in which the favourite somehow romped in last instead of first. That, of course, was a mere accident; favourites will do these things. In all other respects, the four-footed performers behaved with absolute propriety, and even played their parts with considerable spirit. Yet it was not the Houyhnhnms that charmed me and held me spell-bound in my seat from 7.30 to 11.45. It was one of my own race, a Yahoo and a brother. In a word, it was the villain.

He is a villain and no mistake—a colossal specimen of his tenebrous tribe. Iago is a pigmy in comparison. I have known, in melodrama, more intrepid scoundrels —villains who held on undaunted against more over-

* September 15 — December 15. Reproduced Princess's December 22. Still running.

whelming odds.* But for far-seeing machination, for fertility of resource, for coolness, callousness, and all-round cussedness, this Major Mostyn has few equals and no superiors. He has, as he himself puts it, an astounding number of irons in the fire; and if, in the end, they all of them burn his fingers, we feel that though he has not commanded success, he has done more—he has deserved it. To me, I confess, there is something depressing in the contemplation of his discomfiture. In my heart of hearts, I accuse Sir Augustus Harris and his collaborators of gratuitous pessimism in representing that so Napoleonic a knave, surrounded by such amazing fools, could not even manage to win the Derby. I call it immoral thus to sacrifice intellect, courage, and indefatigable industry to mere brainless, stolid respectability. It suggests the alteration of a single word in a well-known couplet of Mr Kipling's:

> "Ride fast who cares, shoot straight who can,
> The odds are on the *weaker* man."

Let us try to unravel some of the threads of Major Mostyn's machinations. He has two main objects in view: to possess himself of the Earl of Desborough's wife, Muriel, and the Earl of Desborough's horse, Clipstone, or, failing in the latter point, to prevent Clipstone from winning the Derby. How, then, does he set about it? He begins by lending the Earl a large

* For instance, the villain of *The Cotton King*. See Article XI.

sum of money, and so obtaining a lien (this is very unconventional; your old-fashioned playwright would simply have called it a mortgage) on that nobleman's property. This is Thread No. 1. Then, in a leisure moment, he betrays the Earl's nursery-governess. Perhaps you don't see the purpose of this, and suspect him of yielding to an impulse of the heart, unworthy of a self-respecting villain. You little know the Major. Not only is the seduction Thread No. 2, but it branches into two, or even three, subsidiary threads of vast importance. The nursery-governess is the daughter of the Earl's trainer, and the sweetheart of his favourite jockey, the one man who can ride Clipstone to victory. You begin to see the Major's game? He tells the jockey that the Earl has betrayed his sweetheart, and the Earl that the jockey has behaved like a scoundrel to his esteemed nursery-governess, thus leading the Earl to dismiss the jockey, and the jockey to conceive an implacable hatred for the Earl (Thread No. 2, *a* and *b*). Furthermore, he tells the trainer that the Earl has dishonoured his grey hairs, and tries to induce him, in revenge, to hocus Clipstone. It is true that this thread (No. 2, *c*) leads to nothing, for the villain has neglected to take into account the inflexible probity of all (stage) trainers. But no matter! He was logically bound to make the attempt.

And now I bethink me—there is a fourth branch

(*d*) to Thread No. 2. The Earl, to whom the nursery-governess has confided her misfortune (naming no names), has written her a most sympathetic and even affectionate letter (as any gentleman would, under the circumstances, to the daughter of his trainer), which comes into the villain's hands. You might suppose that he would pass it on to the Countess, and tell her the same lie which he has told to the jockey and the trainer; but this would show a parsimony of invention unworthy of so great a spirit. You are to know (and here we come upon Thread No. 3) that a former mistress of the Earl's, Vivien Darville by name and eke by nature, has arrived at his ancestral hall. The Earl has just begun a letter to her, requesting her to betake herself elsewhere, when she, moved thereto by the Major, swoops down upon him in an electric blue tea-gown, and there ensues a midnight scene of tears and reproaches, at which the Major takes care that the Countess shall assist unseen. Then he picks up the unfinished note, beginning, "My dear Vivien," pieces this exordium on to the effusive letter to the nursery-governess, shows the composite document to the Countess, and thus determines her to take the midnight express to King's Cross, without even waiting to change the ball-dress in which she happens to be attired. Thus is Thread No. 2 *d* ingeniously and effectively intertwined with Thread No. 3.

REESE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Countess who so imprudently Francillonizes does not care one straw for Major Mostyn; but, having got her in his power, he is determined to stick at nothing, and I tremble to think what might have happened in Act iii., scene 1, had the villain had to deal with a less able-bodied heroine than Miss Beatrice Lamb, or even had the Earl battered at the door a few minutes later. A divorce suit naturally ensues, while the villain forecloses his lien (Thread No. 1)—I am not responsible for the legal terms—and compels the selling-up of the Earl's stable. A sporting Duchess buys in Clipstone, and forces the Major to fall back upon Thread No. 2, *a*, *b*, and *c*, in his quest of the Blue Ribbon of the Turf. Failing in his attempt to hocus Clipstone, he hocusses the jockey who is to ride him; and it is only by a malicious intervention of Providence that Thread No. 2, *a* and *b*, breaks down at the very last moment, and the nursery-governess's sweetheart, resuming his allegiance to the Earl, brings Clipstone triumphantly to the winning-post.

Was I not right in protesting against the pestilent pessimism of this conclusion? Do we, in real life, see courage, dexterity, and perseverance thus baffled and put to shame by mere inert stupidity? I say we do not. Major Mostyn ought, by rights, to have won both the Countess and the Derby; and I adjure any gentleman who feels within himself a true vocation

towards villainy not to be deterred from that spirited career by the gloomy misrepresentations of Messrs Harris, Raleigh, and Hamilton. The battle is not alway to the weak, nor the race to the slow. Not every one, it is true, can boast Major Mostyn's commanding genius; but who would baulk a real talent for music (let us say) merely because he despaired of rivalling Wagner? When I remember the delight with which I watched the Major at work on Saturday night, I cannot sufficiently deprecate any undue discouragement of villainy. An American critic has recently been bragging of the banishment of the villain from the popular dramas of his native land. What will not your true-born American wrest into a subject for self-gratulation? If he knew how little we envy him this fancied superiority, and how fondly and admiringly we cling to our traitor! Abolish the villain, and where would *The Derby Winner* be? Why, nowhere! Spectacular drama would cease to exist, Sir Augustus Harris would abandon the National Theatre to its fate, and the stage would go (from the horses) to the dogs. Let us make no mistake about it: the villain is our ultimate bulwark against the encroachments of Ibsenism.

I have not yet had an opportunity of visiting the "Deutsches Theater in London" at the Opera Comique, but a list of the company has reached me, which keenly arouses my curiosity. It appears that

the partition of *emplois*, of what we used to call "lines of business," still obtains very definitely on the German stage. Every member of the company has his or her special line laid down. Herr Cæsar Beck is *Erster Held und Liebhaber* (first hero and lover), Frl. Georgine Vandè* is *Erste Heldin und Liebhaberin* (first heroine and loveress). Then we have a "youthful hero and lover," a "singing lover," a "bashful lover," a "character comedian," two "first youthful comedians," a "first character-actor," and a "heavy father" (*Heldevater*). I regret to observe that there is no *Schurk*, or villain — a fact which seems to indicate some relaxation of moral fibre in the drama of the Fatherland.

Still more nicely discriminated are the employments of the ladies. After the "first heroine and loveress" comes a "first sentimental loveress" (the heroine, we may conclude, is strictly practical—possibly a New Woman). Then we have two "first soubrettes," one "second soubrette," and a first and second "naïve loveress." The next personage on the list, however delightful in herself, makes us look with some consternation upon her predecessors. She is a "first youthful loveress" (*Erste jugendliche Liebhaberin*)! This somehow suggests an ascending scale of seniority —"youthful loveress," say 18, "naïve loveress," 28,

* This lady did not appear, her place being taken by Frl. Eleanore von Driller.

"sentimental loveress," 38, and "first heroine and loveress"—but no! the imagination falters and declines to go any further. At this rate we should probably have some difficulty in distinguishing between the first lady on the roll and the last, who is somewhat crudely set down as *Komische Alte*—"comic old woman."

XXXVIII.

"GRAF WALDEMAR."

Athenæum, 22nd September.

A RATHER ill-considered attempt to establish a "Deutsches Theater in London" has been made by a company under the direction of Herr Charles F. Maurice. The past ten years have witnessed a distinct renascence of dramatic art in Germany, and there is no doubt that a well-selected company, producing, with adequate scenery and appointments, the works of Sudermann, Hauptmann, Max Halbe, or Otto Hartleben, would command a good deal of interest not only among German residents in London, but among English playgoers of intelligence and culture. At the Opera Comique, unfortunately, no effective appeal is made to any class or nationality. It would tax the most devoted patriotism to sit out such a performance as that of Freitag's *Graf Waldemar** with

* September 15. As none of these German plays ran for more than three or four nights, it will be sufficient if I mention the date of production. The performances were ultimately

which the season opened. The drama, produced in 1847, was a strong one in its day, and in Germany, perhaps, its day is not yet over. But the general European movement has left it far behind. The ideals of the "Sturm-und-Drang Periode" survive in it unabashed. Graf Waldemar, the cynical, world-weary, dare-devil voluptuary, is a lineal descendant of Karl Moor, of *Die Räuber*. Classical English contains no terms to characterise him, but the slang word "bounder" draws his portrait at a single stroke. To find his analogues in our own literature we must go to the works of Ouida and to Mr Henry Arthur Jones's Duke of Guisebury, who would greet a congenial spirit in the high-well-born Graf Schenk. Yet throughout the whole of the romantic intrigue, our sympathy is enlisted in behalf of this swaggering personage, and his conversion through the influence of the angelic heroine, the beautiful daughter of the virtuous market-gardener, is, of course, a foregone conclusion. The play, in short, with its hired assassins and its mysterious Russian princess, who turns out to be a cast-off mistress of the Count's, is hopelessly old-fashioned, and not to be redeemed from tediousness save by acting which shall bring out to the full its not inconsiderable vigour of

transferred to the Royalty Theatre, a season of comic opera was attempted with small success, and the enterprise came to an end in January 1895.

dialogue and situation. The performance at the Opera Comique was not only haphazard, but spiritless. It would be unjust to dwell on its ludicrous scenic deficiencies. They were doubtless beyond the control of the management, who may fairly have expected to find the theatre better supplied with stock scenery than was actually the case. Wherever the fault may lie, the fact remains that the dingy makeshifts which served for scenery were destructive of all illusion. Perhaps the actors, too, were depressed by the shabbiness of the appointments; certain it is that they put little conviction into their work. Herr Cæsar Beck, who played Graf Waldemar, did not attempt to represent the brilliant, fascinating, ironic and Byronic Don Juan, but made up like an Australian squatter, with a beard half a yard long, and was throughout heavy, stolid, sentimental, and utterly devoid of that personal magnetism which can alone render such a character comprehensible. Fräulein Eleonore von Driller played Gertrude with pleasant sincerity and with a good deal of technical skill; but Fräulein Milli Elsinger as the Princess seemed to have no qualifications for the part except good looks and goodwill—her playing was absolutely amateurish. The other members of the cast were at best passable and at worst grotesque—an epithet which applies in particular to a mature and well-grown lady compelled by an unkind destiny to represent a boy of seven.

XXXIX.

"DER PFARRER VON KIRCHFELD."

26th September.

THERE is capital stuff in the German company at present appearing at the Opera Comique, but it is not seen to the best advantage under existing circumstances. When the bill is changed every second night, the plays can at best be but half rehearsed; and the scenic appointments of the theatre are of the most beggarly description. The performances take one back to the good or bad old days of the provincial stock company; days of tattered and threadbare scenery and ill-fitting wigs; days when the voice of the prompter was loud in the land. It is almost refreshing, after the carefully-upholstered, clockwork performances to which we are nowadays accustomed, to see dramatic expression reduced, as it were, to its elements, and deprived of all external and adventitious aids and attractions. One may even admit that it is greatly to the credit of our visitors that they should contrive to acquit themselves as they do when they are all the time straining to hear the prompter, who, in his hutch in the middle of the stage, reads the text right through, from the first word to the last. But this is certainly not the way to do full justice either to the author or to the actor's own talent. Perhaps,

when the German colony has fully awakened to the existence of a German theatre in our midst, Herr Director Maurice will be able to run his pieces longer, and to give more attention to mounting and rehearsal.

The only important production of the past week was Ludwig Anzengruber's "Volksstück mit Gesang" *Der Pfarrer von Kirchfeld.** The playbill should rather have said "ohne Gesang," for the musical element was discreetly reduced to a minimum—being thus rendered co-extensive with the vocal talent of the company. Of Anzengruber's work I cannot as yet write with any confidence, for there are no play-books on sale at the theatre (the policy of the management being, apparently, to discourage as much as possible the attendance of the English-speaking public), and the Bavarian or Tyrolese dialect baffled me a good deal. However, a fellow-journalist of German nationality kindly explained to me the main lines of the plot, and I was able to follow the later acts pretty closely. The play seemed to me strong in motive, inartificial in construction, simple and forcible in dialogue. The account of it given in Klaar's useful handbook, *Das moderne Drama*, appears to be eminently just. "It has for its subject," says the critic, "the outward and inward struggles of a noble and devoted priest, the outward battle which a pastor

* September 20.

full of his purely ethical mission, has to carry on against dogmatic bigotry, the inward battle induced in the soul of a celibate priest by a deep and pure love for a woman. The figures of this drama are drawn with convincing truth and with the deepest intensity of feeling. The embittered Wurzelsepp in particular, who is rescued by love from his God-and-world-hating pessimism, is a masterpiece of characterisation. But," Herr Klaar continues, "*Der Pfarrer von Kirchfeld* does not mark the summit of Anzengruber's achievement. Now and then, especially in passages where the tendency is too pronounced, the play reminds us of the more unsophisticated forms of the *Volksstück*. Anzengruber's second play, on the other hand, *Der Meineidbauer*, is a model of the concentrated, classical peasant-tragedy." We are promised *Der Meineidbauer* this week, and I hope (with the aid of the British Museum Library) to appreciate it more thoroughly than I did its predecessor. In the meantime let me say that Herr Cæsar Beck seemed an ideal "Pfarrer von Kirchfeld," full of dignity, tenderness, and unction; that Herr Max Weilenbeck, in the part of Wurzelsepp, proved himself a most able character-actor; that Frl. Eleanore von Driller played the peasant heroine, Anna, with simplicity, charm, and feeling; and that Frau Heinold-Thomann was excellent as the Pastor's housekeeper, old Brigitte. The other two productions of the week

were quite unimportant. Franz Stahl's *Tilli** is a pleasant farcical comedy of no literary significance; while *Robert und Bertram, oder die lustigen Vagabonden*,† by Gustav Räder, is an enormous buffoonery, without plot or coherence of any sort—a sort of harlequinade in four acts. It was like a dramatisation of some of the farcical adventures in the *Münchener Bilderbogen* interspersed with copious selections from the *Deutscher Liederschatz*. By dint of colossal extravagance, however, it became really, though somewhat fitfully, amusing.

XL.

"ODETTE."—"CLAUDE DUVAL."—"DER MEINEIDBAUER."

3rd October.

NEITHER in Paris nor in London, on its first production, was Sardou's *Odette*‡ a frank success. Mr Bancroft describes its career at the Haymarket as "aggravating"—it was profitable in the long-run, but the public never took to it cordially and decidedly. On Saturday night, when I saw it for the first time, I discovered the reason of this lukewarmness, and am now prepared to impart it to whom it may concern. People did not much like *Odette*

* September 18. † September 22.
‡ September 29—October 13.

because *Odette* was a very bad play. I don't know that I should have made this remarkable discovery had I seen it at the Haymarket on April 25th, 1882, with Madame Modjeska in the title-part, mounted and stage-managed with the sumptuousness and skill of which Mr Bancroft may almost be called the inventor, and, above all, with the gloss of novelty upon it. But at the Princess's, the play was divested of every external and adventitious charm. One saw the bare bones of the thing, and a miserable, rickety skeleton it made. What struck me most was its hoary antiquity of subject and style. I asked myself again and again whether this was indeed Sardou that I was listening to, and not rather some resuscitated drama of Kotzebue's—a companion-piece to *The Stranger*. Perhaps the curious conventionality and staginess of the English dialogue had something to do with this effect, to which, also, the robust sentimentality of Mr Charles Warner's method may doubtless have contributed. It would be interesting to know how much there is of Sardou in that long speech of Lord Henry Trevene's to his daughter, at the end of the second act: "And in the clear blyew skyeye there trembled a pale gold star," &c. It must be admitted, too, that in France, before the divorce law, the play had a certain relevance as a mere pamphlet, which it totally lacks in England, where the hero has to be endowed with special and intransigeant views on the indissolubility of marriage

(I presume he is a Roman Catholic, though it is not explicitly stated) in order that there may be any play at all. Thus, in England, the hero imposes on himself the very disability which the law imposed on him in France, and against which it was the author's purpose to protest. But when we have made every allowance—when we have, so far as possible, reconstructed the original play, and replaced it in Paris, and in 1881—it remains an almost incredibly empty and unintelligent production. It possesses all Sardou's limitations, with scarcely any of his qualities. In one respect it is instructive, for it shows what a mistake we make in complaining of the tricks and ingenuities of Sardou's ordinary manner, in such plays as *Les Pattes de Mouche*, *Dora* (*Diplomacy*), and *Fédora*. We are apt to write as though, if Sardou would only refrain from feats of legerdemain, he might be expected to produce strong, simple, solid, genuinely human plays. No expectation could be more groundless. Here is a play in which he has renounced all sleight-of-hand, all scrap-of-paper-hunting, all complicated wire-pulling. The plot can be told in three sentences, and any man of the most ordinary theatrical sense could have constructed the scenario just as well as Sardou. There is no ostentatious cleverness to vex our souls; and what do we find in its stead? Why, nothing—absolutely nothing—neither simplicity of style, nor solidity of character, nor depth of ethical

insight. Never was there a play which appealed more exclusively to our ready-made and stereotyped moral judgments, apart from all consideration of individual circumstances. Odette is simply the adulteress in the abstract, and as such ticketed "Bad Woman," without the least study or suggestion of the causes and circumstances, the palliations or aggravations, of her case. What is her character? Is she passionate or merely perverse? What is her relation to her husband? Why has their marriage broken down? To judge by his proceedings in the first act, I think there is a great deal to be said for Odette, and the part of her conduct which I can most unhesitatingly condemn is that gratuitously hypocritical telegram. As for her life after her husband has turned her out of doors, it is precisely what was to be expected, and he is the last person who has any right to reproach her. Then, in the end, we are treated to a sudden effervescence of conventional and ready-made maternal sentiment, unanalysed, undifferentiated—one of those sickening scenes in which the good old *voix du sang* utters itself in a flood of lachrymose mendacity, and the "innocence" of a young girl (who is old enough to know better) is respected throughout a series of cruel insults to her intelligence. What is particularly astonishing in this work of the astute Sardou is his total neglect of that first principle of theatrical sagacity

which bids the dramatist always to provide a resting-place for the sympathies of the audience. We are not even asked to sympathise with either the husband or the wife in this unhappy matrimonial complication. Up to the very last, they vie with each other in the senseless egoism of their conduct. On the whole, it appears as though the author expected us to bestow a qualified admiration upon the husband; and yet the one point in the whole course of the play at which we can heartily approve anything said or done by either of them, is the point where Odette, by way of adieu, flings the word "Lâche!" in his face. No, no! if this is all Sardou can achieve in the way of serious drama, he did wisely in returning to his conjuring-tricks, which are evidently the very essence of his talent. As the curtain fell on Saturday night, a sentence of Zola's floated up to the surface of my memory, and expressed to a nicety my sentiments of the moment: "Mais il ne pense pas, mais il n'écrit pas, mais il est incapable de rien créer de solide et de vivant."

Of Mrs Anna Ruppert's performance of the title-part, I need only say that I could not discover in it those high qualifications for her new calling which other critics have discerned. She seemed to me a fairly intelligent amateur, possessed of a certain amount of force and feeling, but sadly handicapped by the—how shall I phrase it?—the extreme exiguity

of her physique. Of Mr Charles Warner I have already spoken. Mr Bernard Gould and Mr Herbert Flemming were good in accessory characters, and Miss Ettie Williams showed grace and simplicity in the part of the innocent Eva.

It would not be fair to say that *Claude Duval** at the Prince of Wales's consists of Mr Arthur Roberts and nothing besides, for there are two or three other capable comedians in the cast—Mr Charles E. Stevens, Mr H. O. Clarey, Mr Fitzroy Morgan, and Mr Eric Thorne. But these actors have to rely upon the authors, Messrs Frederic Bowyer and "Payne Nunn," for their opportunities, whereas Mr Arthur Roberts practically writes, or, at least, makes up, his own part. The fantasy of the authors and their literary skill are of the meagrest description, and the whole fun of the burlesque—which, for the rest, is abundant—resides in Mr Roberts his comic business (as Mr Austin Dobson would say), his gags, wheezes, interpolations, and interludes. His gift of comic realism, if I may call it so, is seen at its best in the two female impersonations which he introduces—a barmaid and a scandal-mongering lady. Of course they are grotesque, and in a certain sense vulgar; but every touch is founded on minute and delicate observation. Mr Roberts has a marvellous eye and memory for gesture and motion. At the Strand

* September 25. Still running.

Theatre, some years ago, I forget in what burlesque, gave an imitation in dumb show of a woman doing her hair, which was nothing less than a masterpiece of realism. His Hebe of the Beer Engine is no less admirable in its way. "An encyclopædia of barmaidism!" said Mr Moy Thomas, beside whom I was sitting; and I could only echo his admiration. This may not be the highest form of art, but at least it raises Mr Roberts's performance far above the level of mere brainless buffoonery.

Anzengruber's peasant-tragedy, *Der Meineidbauer*,* produced last week by our German visitors at the Opera Comique, is by far the most interesting thing they have yet done. It is a very strong and sober play, simple as a fairy-tale in its theme, sincere and impressive in its manner. We have no plays in English literature, past or present, to which it can well be compared. If one had leisure, it might be interesting to inquire why the English peasant is so totally devoid of tragic dignity, or why, if he be not devoid of it, no Anzengruber has arisen to act as his interpreter on the stage. Perhaps—who knows?—that function may be reserved by Providence for Mr Thomas Hardy; and yet one would rather look for a "Meineidbauer" among the Yorkshire dalesmen or the "statesmen" of Cumberland than among the rustics of Mr Hardy's Wessex. A cognate subject

* September 26.

of inquiry would be why dialect is so exclusively ludicrous on the English stage. *Der Meineidbauer* is almost entirely written in a dialect as different from High German as broad Scotch from English; but who could venture to write a tragic play in broad Scotch? The French peasant is not so intractable a subject as the English for dramatic purposes. George Sand's *Claudie* and *François le Champi* are in Anzengruber's manner, and so, with an added dash of realism, is *Le Mâitre* by M. Jean Jullien. Herr Cæsar Beck gave a sombre and powerful portraiture of the conscience-stricken peasant-perjurer, and Frl. von Driller played Vroni (a quaint contraction of Veronica) with a great deal of sincerity and charm. But I cannot help repeating that if Herr Maurice wants his productions to be generally attractive, he must make some slight effort in the direction of adequate mounting.

XLI.

"THE CASE OF REBELLIOUS SUSAN."—"A TRIP TO CHINATOWN."—"TRUTHFUL JAMES."

10th October.

IN *The Case of Rebellious Susan* * at the Criterion, Mr Henry Arthur Jones offers us that rarest of commodities in the theatrical market, a pure comedy.

* October 3. Still running.

There are one or two scenes in which it deflects a little on the side of farce, but they are quite episodic; and where is the comedy-writer who has never availed himself of a little reasonable license of caricature? English literature, assuredly, knows him not. At no point does Mr Jones's play trend towards drama. Great problems, great passions, great sufferings, do not enter into its scheme. Society is regarded from the ironic point of view, as an amusing game in which nothing very greatly matters, since only vanities and velleities, not love and life and death, are really at stake. It might have for its epilogue this single verse of Heine:

> "Vorbei sind die Kinderspiele,
> Und Alles rollt vorbei—
> Das Geld und die Welt und die Zeiten
> Und Glauben und Lieb' und Treu'."

Not a very exhilarating epilogue, certainly, and I am more amused than surprised to observe that one critic at any rate (the only one whose judgment I have as yet seen) is seriously shocked and pained at the cynical "sermon" which Mr Jones has preached. I think my esteemed colleague ought to look up his Lamb, for this is a case in which the famous plea for the irresponsibility of comedy really applies. If we insist on regarding it from the serious, moral, responsible point of view, we may say (forgive the facile Oscarism) that nothing is so tragic as comedy. Life,

once for all, is not a laughing matter, and in the long run there is something essentially melancholy in the hollow pretence that it is. But for once in a way, and in certain moods, this pretence diverts and even delights us: we take our revenge on life by laughing at it: and it is to these moods that comedy appeals. More precisely, it seeks to beget these moods; therein lies its success. Let me say at once that *The Case of Rebellious Susan* succeeded to perfection so far as one, at least, of the audience was concerned. I don't know that the irresponsible mood lies nearer the surface in me than in another, and certainly I am the very last to sympathise seriously with the fireside-and-nursery ideal of womanhood which the play appeared to enforce. "Nature's darling," says Sir Richard Kato, "is a stay-at-home woman, a woman who wants to be a good wife and a good mother, *and cares very little for anything else.*" In that case, Nature and I differ, as we do, indeed, on a good many other points. Between ourselves, the woman I sympathise with in this play is Elaine Shrimpton. She happens to be a fool and a vixen; but that is not the fault of her ideas—it is their misfortune. If a creed or opinion were necessarily foolish because it is held by a certain number of fools, which of our world-wisdoms would 'scape whipping? Thus one barrel of the fowling-piece with which Mr Jones sets forth to shoot folly as it

flies, is aimed at one of my own little ideals; while the other is levelled point-blank at what the satirist evidently holds to be but a pious opinion—the monogamous ideal of marriage. But what then? What is an ideal worth if you cannot afford to laugh at it once in a while? I laughed, and very heartily, at Mr Jones's banter. It is only when ridicule is stupid and malevolent that one resents it, like any other stupidity. If we decline to laugh at anything that is not wholly and solely and inherently and invariably ridiculous, there is an end of comedy.

The play, then, is a comedy pure and simple. If you chose to call it a comedietta, it would be hard to say you nay, for the whole gist of the matter might have been—nay, has been once and again—compressed into one act. A jealous wife rides the high horse for a certain time, threatens, and even attempts,* vengeance in kind, and then climbs down more or less ingloriously—that is the whole story. Dumas

* How I came to say "attempts," I do not know. In the theatre, I fully understood the author to imply that she not only attempted but accomplished the retaliation she threatened; and I actually noted on my tablets the two speeches in which this fact is conveyed. When I came to write the article, by some freak of memory or lapse of attention, I seem to have let them slip out of my ken. Perhaps I instinctively (and quite unconsciously) expunged a circumstance that might have run counter to my classification of the play as a pure comedy. In any case it was a surprise to me, in preparing these pages for the press, to come across the above sentence.

eked it out into three acts in *Francillon*, more ingeniously and daringly than Mr Jones; but then Dumas had French society, French manners, to deal with, and that is a great advantage from the theatrical point of view. Mr Jones—I say it without the least impugning his originality—has very skilfully transposed the theme into the key of English life. The simplicity and directness of his handling please me immensely. His technique is really excellent. Note how he plunges straight into the middle of the matter in the first scene, without any tedious and conventional exposition. Dumas could have done no better; Sardou would not have done so well. He would have opened with two servants dusting the furniture and discussing their master and mistress in the intervals of a stereotyped flirtation. As the play goes on, too, we see how Mr Jones is moving with the times. He has no soliloquies, no overhearings; only one coincidence, and that a very simple one. The way in which the affair between Lady Susan and young Edensor is made to leak out is as pretty a piece of theatrical workmanship as heart can desire; and there is genuine and original comedy in the character of the Admiral, who, in the middle of an outpouring of vinous penitence for his conduct towards his "jewel of a wife," rambles off into a complacent speculation as to why it is that "the best Englishmen have always been such devils among the

women." Of course there is always a debit side to the account: the play has its weaknesses both of matter and manner. The erring husband, for example, is an inconceivable noodle, without a single convincing touch of character. A strong character he must not be, else the problem could not have been worked out "in committee," so to speak, and the comedy would have become drama. Dumas was confronted with much the same difficulty in *Francillon*, and he too made the husband a noodle; but there are noodles and noodles, and Lucien de Riverolles has ten times more character than Mr Jones's James Harabin. His imbecility reacts upon his wife: we can care very little for a woman who could ever care at all for such a man. Whatever else she forgave him, she ought not to have forgiven his suggestion that she should "go to Hunt & Roskell's and choose something"—as a memento, it would seem, of this pleasing episode in their married life! On this principle, a lady's jewel-case might come to be a sort of bead-roll of her husband's conquests—a Leporello-register engrossed in gold and diamonds. Again, Mr Jones would have strengthened his last act enormously if he had prepared us for the sentimental passages between Sir Richard Kato and Mrs Quesnel. I confess I was utterly taken aback when Sir Richard began to play the Benedict, and many of the audience must certainly have been in the same

case. Pray understand that I am not at all objecting to these love-passages in themselves: they are pleasant, and quite in place; but they would have been much more effective if something in the earlier acts had led us to expect them. Indeed the whole play would have been strengthened if this second, or third, thread of interest had run right through it.

And now we come to a delicate point—delicate, because it is impossible to touch upon it without an appearance of pettifogging and pedantry. Mr Jones, it seems to me, is not sufficiently alive to the value of words and phrases; he is negligent, not to say innocent, of style. It may seem unfair to descend to verbal cavillings which would be impossible if the author himself had not the courtesy to provide us with the printed text of his play; but I promise to adduce no examples which did not strike my ear as I heard the play on the stage, before I had ever set eyes on the book. Not for a moment would I urge Mr Jones to be more "literary" in his diction: he is already too much inclined, now and then, to sink the dramatist in the essayist. But there is such a thing as style in dialogue, no less than in disquisition; rightly chosen words, and rightly balanced phrases, are just as essential to dramatic as to narrative or expository prose. Mr Jones is careless of these things. He often writes heavy and flaccid sentences which tax the elocution of the actor and the attention

of the audience; and when an opportunity offers for some discreet little verbal felicity, he does not always seize it. Take, for instance, this speech of Sir Richard Kato's: "Well, I can afford to look on with the complacent curiosity of an intelligent rustic who sees the coach rattling down the hill at a devil of a rate with runaway leaders and no break." Here we have thirty-four words at a stretch, with "no break," no resting-place for the voice, no opening for light-and-shade of delivery. The actor has simply to reel them out, like a conjuror drawing a ribbon from his mouth. You think this niggling hypercriticism? If you had to listen to a play containing many such phrases, you would alter your opinion, and realise the difference between nervous and flabby dialogue. I do not mean that Mr Jones's dialogue is flabby as a whole, but there are too many soft spots in it. Such, to take another example, is Sir Richard's catalogue of the ladies for whom he has sighed: "A light girl, a dark girl, a red-haired girl; a tall girl, a short girl; a merry girl, a sad girl," and so forth. There is no trace of wit in any of these antitheses, or in the companion set with which Mrs Quesnel presently responds; and what sense is there in such a passage if it be not witty? Mr Jones may reply that he aims at naturalness, not at artificial wit, and that people in real life do not always talk wittily. No; but clever people, like Sir Richard and Mrs Quesnel, do not

talk with this elaborate and long-drawn flatness; and if they did, we would rather not have their conversation reported. Some of the audience laughed, as people always do at mere patter; but this was distinctly one of the languid passages of the play. Yet again, to take a less obvious point, Mr Jones is too fond of allowing his characters, in sentimental passages, simply to echo each other's words. "All's dull grey with me now," says Lucien, "for the rest of my life;" and Lady Susan repeats, "All's dull grey with me for the rest of my life." Here, for once, the effect is pretty; but the trick is so very easy that it ought to be sparingly employed. A little further on Lucien says, "I shall hide you in my heart till I die," and Lady Susan again echoes, "And I shall hide you in my heart till I die." This identity of phrase grates on the ear; we expect the second line of the couplet, and we have the first repeated instead. It is right that she should echo the sentiment, for that belongs to the amœbean rhetoric of love; but, on pain of mere mawkishness, she ought to vary the expression. She might have said, for instance, "And I shall treasure you in mine as long as I live." This is not a very famous invention; Mr Jones might easily have hit on something prettier and tenderer; but it will serve to illustrate my meaning. If Mr Jones had worked over his dialogue two or three times, with keen and critical

attention to these verbal niceties, *The Case of Rebellious Susan* would have had a much better chance of outlasting its first popularity.

The piece is capitally acted. Mr Wyndham's Sir Richard Kato is a real incarnation; he is the man himself, and could not possibly be better. Miss Mary Moore plays Lady Susan with agreeable vivacity; but the part really requires Miss Ada Rehan to bring out all its possibilities. Mr C. P. Little does what he can with the cruelly "sacrificed" part of James Harabin; Mr Kemble plays the Admiral in a broadly effective fashion; and Mr Ben Webster is pleasant, if a trifle stiff, in the part of Lucien Edensor. Miss Fanny Coleman plays one of the excellent British matrons who usually fall to her lot, and Miss Gertrude Kingston makes a distinct character of Mrs Quesnel. Mr Fred Kerr and Miss Nina Boucicault enter with excellent spirit into the parts of Pybus and his Pioneering spouse.

Mr Charles A. Hoyt's variety play, *A Trip to Chinatown*,* is simply a music-hall entertainment, and not a bad one as such things go. It seemed to delight the audience at Toole's Theatre on the night when I saw it, and I should not be surprised if it became very popular. The leading part is played by Mr R. G. Knowles, a stolid American

* September 29. Transferred to Strand, December 17—January 12, 1895.

"artiste," with a stentorian voice and an undeniable quaintness of style. The topics of his humour are somewhat monotonous and not over refined, but the audience does not in the least mind that. Mr De Lange plays a comic old man like an artist, not an "artiste," and the rest of the company is fairly equal to what is required of it.

As I can say very little for Messrs James Mortimer and Charles Klein's farce, *Truthful James*,* at the Royalty, I prefer to say nothing at all, except that the first-night audience seemed to be entertained by it. By far the best thing in it, to my thinking, was the part of the slavey, played to perfection by Miss Lydia Cowell. "If this part had been stronger, my notice had been longer." Mr G. W. Anson and Mr Philip Cunningham supplied the low comedy and the light comedy respectively, both doing their best with uphill parts.

XLII.

"A Gay Widow."

24th October.

Freely curtailed, *A Gay Widow*† may possibly succeed. It contains several amusing scenes; it is capitally acted; and there's no offence in't. It is far from being one of the merely imbecile farces about

* October 2—13. Transferred to Strand, October 15—27.

† Court, October 20—December 1.

which I recently spoke my mind with some emphasis. The public may take to it or they may not; I should be sorry to say anything to prejudice the issue. But, unless I greatly misinterpret the signs of the times, managers ought to be warned that this sort of thing is practically played out. *A Gay Widow* may pass muster; one or two more adaptations of third-rate French farces may chance to succeed; but, generally speaking, the reign of the adapted vaudeville is over. We do these things better ourselves; why should we go to France for them? There are half-a-dozen English playwrights who can write better plays than *A Gay Widow*—plays which have at least the advantage of representing English life (after a fashion) instead of torturing French life into an English dress. Saturday night at the Court took us back in memory some twenty years, to the time when the machine-made French vaudeville was the staple commodity of the theatrical market. Ten years ago it was rapidly going out of fashion. To-day it is simply an antiquity, like the crinoline, the chignon, and the "bone-shaker" velocipede.

It may be a counsel of immorality, but I cannot help wishing that some English dramatist had simply appropriated the idea of Sardou and Deslandes's farce, and made a totally new—comedy of it. The idea is good—the mother who, having got her daughter off her hands, determines to make a fresh start and see a

little of life—but that is really all that is good in the play, or at any rate all that is good for England. An English dramatist, I am quite sure, would not have wasted one whole act out of three on the daughter's wedding-day, giving us a tedious succession of preliminary scenes before the subject of the play has fairly announced itself. It is to be presumed that in *Belle Maman* the wedding-guests were recognisable and amusing types, and that the whole act bore some relation to Parisian life as it is. For that very reason, it bore no sort of relation to London life, and the wedding-guests were a mere procession of meaningless grotesques. I am sure, too, that no competent English dramatist would have made his solicitor-hero go off on a five-weeks' wedding-tour, leaving his mother-in-law to decide whether he shall change his offices, and what letters are to be forwarded to him. This is rather "steep," even for France; saving Sardou's reverence, it is one of the silliest postulates that ever farce was founded on. In the English play, it does not in the least appear on what grounds the solicitor bases his extravagant estimate of his mother-in-law's business capacity. Perhaps this may be clearer in the original; but if so we are at once confronted with another difficulty, for there is nothing to explain the mother-in-law's sudden outbreak of financial idiocy, or "idiotcy" as Mr Hawtrey calls it. I do not know whether to attribute to Sardou or to

Mr Burnand Peter Rutherford's interminable recital of his maritime misadventures. In any case, the Ancient Mariner in the second act was as tedious as the wedding-guests in the first. We, metaphorically-speaking, "beat our breasts" and longed "to hear the loud bassoon" of the entr'acte. Some good enough fun is got out of the duel and its consequences in the third act, which, to my thinking, is the best of the three. The letter-scene, indeed, is the one really noteworthy comic invention of the play—it is worthy of Mr Pinero. But we relapse into weariness when we come to Dudley's evasions to prevent his wife from learning the real reason of his duel—an excellent reduction to absurdity, by the way, of the whole heroic-mendacity convention. "Why on earth shouldn't he tell the truth?" we keep on asking ourselves; and his lies lose all their savour. Here again it is the forcing of French sentiment into English dress that is at fault; though one cannot but doubt whether, even in France, people think it necessary to lie so furiously on such slight provocation. It should be quite possible, in sum, to cut down the tedious passages of the play, and draw the amusing passages together. But whatever may be its fate, *A Gay Widow* uses up a good subject to very little purpose. Yet why should I say "uses up"? The French farce does not preclude an English comedy; and there is a capital title—*The Prodigal Mother*—ready to hand.

Mr Burnand is the Last of the Punsters. I did not realise until I saw *A Gay Widow* how dead the pun is on the English stage. There was something pleasant and almost pathetic in this temporary resurrection of an old friend. It made one feel young again. Even Mr Burnand has sobered a little with the passing years. He does not pun with the old reckless Byronic profusion. But when a word-play comes in his way, he has the courage of his traditions and does not "cut" it. Three several times, for instance, are the changes rung upon the meanings of the word "flat." Son-in-law: "How was it you came to think of flats?" Mother-in-law: "I needn't say I had you both in my mind." Mother-in-law: "The flats were bringing in nothing." Son-in-law: "They were flat and unprofitable." Mother-in-law: "They have been accustomed to live in flats." Son-in-law: "Yes, and on them." Fancy a love-scene carried on in this fashion:—She: "You want to have me under lock and key." He: "Under wedlock and key." She: "Don't let us sacrifice our friendship securities in order to speculate in matrimonial bonds." For the rest, as I gather from M. Sarcey's account of *Belle Maman*, Mr Burnand seems to have followed his original with absolute fidelity.

Miss Lottie Venne plays the title-part like the excellent comedian she is, with invaluable crispness and vivacity. Mr Charles Hawtrey, in a part not

quite so irresponsible as those with which we are accustomed to associate him, acts with his unfailing ease and naturalness. Miss Eva Moore is charming as the young wife; and Messrs Edward Righton, Gilbert Hare, Wilfred Draycott, and W. Dennis are all good in characters of some importance.

XLIII.

"ROBBERY UNDER ARMS."—"THE LADY SLAVEY."

31st October.

THERE was a long period in the history of that benign institution, the Censorship, during which the drama of *Jack Sheppard* was prohibited as being subversive to public morals, but was, nevertheless, occasionally licensed for benefit performances. Why benefit audiences should have had their morals subverted, while the virtue of the common or every-day public was so sedulously safeguarded, is a point that, so far as I know, has never been satisfactorily elucidated. The Censorship decrees; it does not explain. If Mr Pigott had acted up to the high traditions of his office, I fear he would have licensed *Robbery under Arms** for benefits only. There is not the least doubt that it represents bushranging in the

* Princess's, October 22—November 9.

most fascinating colours, and casts a glamour of romance round the gentle art of "sticking up." For my own poor part, I left the theatre a prey to regret, not to say remorse. "Et ego in Arcadia"—I, too, have been in the bush, that home and nursery of all the heroic virtues. The police permitting (and, according to *Robbery under Arms*, they are well-nigh powerless to prevent), I might have been ranging there to this hour, adored of Beauty, beloved of the poor, pious, beneficent, happy. Alas! too late, too late! An abyss of irrecoverable years yawns between the blithesome bushranger that might have been and the crusty critic that is. But to the younger members of the audience, unless they be of degenerate race indeed, the example of Captain Starlight must surely have been alluring in the extreme. Was there a single lad of spirit in pit or gallery who did not long to plunge into the wilds of Shepherd's Bush, "stick up" a Bayswater omnibus, and retreat with his booty to the impenetrable fastnesses of Wormwood Scrubbs?

In point of construction, *Robbery under Arms* is certainly more Australian than Aristotelian. The formula of the dramatisers—Messrs Alfred Dampier and Garnet Walch—is a very simple one. They end each act with what may be called a stalemate—police and bushrangers covering each other with their revolvers, and Victory hovering on doubtful wing

over the martial tableau. When the curtain rises again, we gather that Victory continued to vacillate, "this way and that dividing the swift mind," until both parties got tired of it and called off their forces. The bushrangers are still at large, the police are still alive; and matters, in short, are precisely as they were. This honours-easy style of situation is all very well for once in a way; but we presently begin to hunger for something more decisive. We may say of it "placuit semel," but scarcely "decies repetita placebit." Not until the end of the fourth act does either party gain a clear advantage. Then the gallant Captain Starlight, having fired his last shot, and therewithal killed the villainous Inspector Goring, sinks down riddled with bullets (or at least so it seems) and gives up the ghost. At this point my emotions overcame me, and I hurried from the ensanguined scene, trusting to ascertain from next day's papers whether, and in what way, he came to life again in the fifth act. But no! With trembling hands I opened the *Daily Telegraph*, only to be disappointed. The critic apparently knew no more than I did of the ultimate fate of Captain Starlight, or, if he knew, he kept his counsel. Since then I have gone about anxiously inquiring of every one I met, "Did Captain Starlight die?" and the answer has always been, like that of the schoolboy who was asked whether the water in his bath was frozen,

"I don't know." At this moment I am ignorant as to his fate; no one seems to have seen the fifth act. To all appearance he was dead; he even took such an unconscionable time in dying as seemed to preclude all hope of resurrection; and yet it is assuredly an unheard-of and (as they say in Australian) close-up inconceivable thing that the hero of a melodrama should die in the penultimate act. On the whole, the betting seems to be against his resuscitation. He was an exemplary character, this Bayard of the Bush: he poured forth his soul in prayer, he wept over a letter from his mother, he rode his own horse in a steeplechase, and won—a feat which, in a man of his girth, presupposes a special interposition of Providence. But the fact remains that he not only effected several of those forcible redistributions of property which the title of the play calls by a sterner name, but that he also killed a policeman in the discharge of his duty. The policeman, to be sure, was a villain, and deserved to die; but the law cherishes such an inveterate prejudice in favour of its myrmidons, that it would scarcely be possible for our hero, on coming to life again, to marry his Aileen, and live, a prosperous gentleman, on his undistributed savings. It is worthy of remark, moreover, that there appears on the playbill one George Storefield, "honest as daylight and straight as a dart," who seems to have nothing to do with the

action, unless it be to marry the heroine in the fifth act. All things considered, then, I fear we must regard Starlight as extinguished so far as this world is concerned, and gone to range the bush of Elysium.

> "There Turpin shall greet him with praise and with love,
> And Sheppard and Hood be his *Kellys* above."

Seriously speaking, the play is astonishingly artless in construction and dialogue, but by no means unamusing. It is a great deal fresher and livelier than the pattern-printed melodrama of commerce. By this time, no doubt, a good deal of superfluous matter has been cut out of it—incidents and speeches, which may have had their meaning for an Australian audience, but conveyed nothing whatever to the London public. By this time, too, Mr Dampier, who plays Captain Starlight, has probably put more dash and animation into his acting. His performance on the first night was an exceedingly amiable one. He has one of the pleasantest speaking-voices I ever heard, and was altogether the most courtly and debonnair brigand on record. He made Captain Starlight overwhelmingly popular, and invested his profession with an irresistible and quite seductive charm. But he would have enlisted our sympathies quite as immorally if he had taken his part in a little quicker time. It must not be supposed, however, that the authors make "bushranger" and "gentleman" absolutely synonymous. Oh no! They do

not dissemble the fact that there are black sheep in that profession, just as in any other. The bell-wether of the sable flock, a very abandoned ruffian indeed, is played with uncompromising and picturesque vigour by Mr Charles Charrington. Mrs Anna Ruppert threw herself heart and soul into the part of the heroine, and performed equestrian feats which I own, brought my heart into my mouth. She certainly showed to much greater advantage in this part than in Odette. Mr Bernard Gould displayed his devotion to his calling by appearing, admirably disguised, as an Irish "knockabout artiste," who has, by some strange chance, enlisted in the Mounted Police. Both he and his co-mate in buffoonery, Mr George Buller, were now and then genuinely amusing. Mr Clarence Holt, Mr Herbert Flemming, Mr Rothbury Evans, and Mr William Bonney were excellent in subsidiary characters.

Despite its childishness of plot—a jumble of the Cinderella legend with the episode of the disguised bailiffs in Goldsmith's *Good-Natured Man*—Mr George Dance's musical farce, *The Lady Slavey*,* at the Avenue, struck me as a very fair specimen of its class, and seemed, when I saw it on its third night, to be shaping for success. Its attraction lies entirely in the acting and in the spirited music, mainly contributed by Mr John Crook; for in point of invention and

* October 20. Still running.

writing it does not for a moment compare with the work of Mr Adrian Ross, or even of Mr "Owen Hall." Mr Charles Danby is the life and soul of the production. He is not a thing of beauty, and he does not know the meaning of refinement; but he raises ugliness and vulgarity to the level of a fine art, and is inconceivably, indescribably droll. More than once he entirely upset the gravity of his fellow-actors; and though larking and guying on the stage are my abhorrence, in this case I really could not blame them. Moreover, there is something so frank and hearty in his vulgarity that it becomes inoffensive; and, in this instance at any rate, it is quite free from what is known as "spice." Indeed, the play as a whole is innocent of the leering suggestiveness, the elaborate and deliberate indecency, which appear to have proved so attractive in other productions of this class. Miss May Yohé gambols very agreeably through the part of the neat-ankled Phyllis. There is a crudity in her acting (I use the word in its literal sense) which is undeniably piquant; and her clarion voice—to my ear its timbre seems precisely that of a cornet-à-piston—is certainly unique, though its beauty may be open to question. Miss Adelaide Astor looks extremely pretty—her second dress is really a poem—and dances delightfully; Mr Pateman acts with abundant spirit as an impecunious Irishman; and the grotesque cleverness of Mr George Humphrey's

performance of an officer and gentleman reduced to the rank of a bailiff's man, deserves a word of recognition.

The German company at the Opera Comique have been doing a good deal of sound and creditable work, under sadly disadvantageous circumstances, both before and behind the curtain. They are clever and versatile comedians, but their repertory has hitherto been of slight intrinsic interest. The light comedies and farces of Von Moser, Schönthann, and L'Arronge are neither strong enough nor sufficiently different from our own plays of the second order to be very attractive to English audiences. *Der Veilchenfresser*, *Krieg im Frieden*, *Das Stiftungsfest*, *Mein Leopold*, and other pieces of similar calibre, have been passed in review, and in each there have been some capital pieces of acting, more or less obscured by imperfect rehearsal and miserable mounting. Last week Von Moser's *Der Bibliothekar*,* to which we owe *The Private Secretary*, occupied the bill, and was acted with excellent spirit by Herr Cæsar Beck (a very able, pleasant comedian), Herr Ludwig Schubart in the title-part, Herr Ernst Peterson, Herr Max Weilenbeck, Fräulein von Driller, Fräulein Anna Hocke, and Frau Heinold-Thomann.

* October 20.

XLIV.

"His Excellency."

Pall Mall Budget, 1st November.

The first thing, and the chief thing, to be said about *His Excellency** is that, from beginning to end, it is very enjoyable. Mr Gilbert has never been more merrily or more pleasantly inspired. If we think with greater affection—yes, that is the word for my feeling—of some of *His Excellency's* predecessors, that is mainly because they are wedded in our memory to Sir Arthur Sullivan's ingenious, witty, elegant, playful, and pellucid strains. For my part, my favourites in the Gilbert series are *The Pirates of Penzance*, *The Mikado*, and the delightful *Gondoliers*. You, no doubt, have other preferences, with which, whatever they may be, I shall certainly not quarrel. The main point, on which we all, I hope, agree, is that in inventing and perfecting this graceful, thoughtful, really recreative form of entertainment, Mr Gilbert enhanced the harmless gaiety of nations, and earned a gratitude which even the amplest pecuniary rewards can but poorly express. It is no disparagement to Sir Arthur Sullivan to say that the real initiative came from his collaborator. Just as Wagner created Bayreuth music-drama, so did Mr Gilbert create

* October 27. Still running.

Savoy extravaganza; and in its little way (not to say it profanely) the latter is the more perfect creation of the two, for Wagner had not Mr Gilbert's genius for stage-management. We used to wonder, in former days, whether the musician did not suggest to the librettist some of his amazingly vivid and versatile rhythms; but recent events have entirely vindicated Mr Gilbert's originality even in this respect. He can write just as sparklingly for Mr Cellier or for Dr Carr as ever he did for Sir Arthur Sullivan—if only Dr Carr could sparkle in response!

But we must not be unfair to Dr Carr. We must remember that, under the circumstances, Mozart himself would have been handicapped by the mere fact that he was not Sir Arthur Sullivan. I write of music as one of the ignorant, but perhaps for that very reason my feeling may be taken as fairly representing that of the average audience. One critic, I see, finds in the score of *His Excellency* "a certain lack of tunefulness." To me it seemed that its persistent and fluid "tuneyness" was its chief defect. The overture itself was a mere string of tunes, structureless and, to use a Johnsonian word, unidea'd. It sounded for all the world like a set of quadrilles. But Dr Carr's tunes are pretty, refined, and now and then even humorous. They have none of the vulgar blatancy which passes for cleverness with one or two of our minor composers. His orchestration shows no

great individuality, but seemed to me quite competent. On the whole, the ear was pleasantly amused throughout the evening; it was only that the pulses remained unstirred and the intelligence (if that has anything to do with the matter) ungratified. There was real humour, to my thinking, in the song of the dancing soldiers ("Though I'm a soldier all pugnacity"), in the duet between Dame Hecla and the Syndic ("You little roguey-poguey, you"), and the quartet in the second act ("One day the syndic of this town"). The bee-song at the beginning of the second act was quite felicitously set, and a good deal of the music assigned to Nana and Thora and their lovers was distinctly piquant. If Dr Carr has not the vivacity and inventiveness of Sir Arthur Sullivan, or the delicate workmanship of the late Mr Cellier, he at least writes agreeably, unpretentiously, and in harmony with what we may call the Gilbertian tradition.

With the exception, perhaps, of *The Yeomen of the Guard* (which, to tell the truth, I do not very clearly remember), *His Excellency* is a nearer approach to true comic opera, as opposed to extravaganza, than anything Mr Gilbert has as yet done. Its plot is simple and ingenious, with no supernatural element, and with none of those quibbles and quiddities, those "nice dilemmas" and "ingenious paradoxes," which the author so much affects. Even in *The Mountebanks* there was a magic potion, and its effects were

so intricate that, delightful though the piece was as a whole, the plot of the second act to this day remains a mystery to me. In the new opera everything is as clear as daylight. We feel, indeed, that some further complications might have been worked up without overburdening the theme. It is odd that Mr Gilbert should in this instance have departed from his usual practice of giving his operas a second title, for a very apt second title lay ready to hand. The piece might have been entitled *His Excellency; or, The Biter Bit.* Scribe would have revelled in the idea of so natural and effective a development of the Haroun al Raschid theme, and would have made of it, not a comic opera in our modern post-Offenbachian sense of the term, but a dramatic *opéra comique.* Indeed, the thought is such a happy one that, without for a moment questioning Mr Gilbert's originality, one would not be surprised to learn that it had previously occurred to some French or Spanish dramatist. Granted the potentate in disguise, wandering in some out-of-the-way part of his dominions (and this idea belongs to the common stock of romance), what more natural than that his likeness to himself should be noticed, and should suggest to some more or less nefarious personage the idea of inducing him to personate himself? Thus put into words, wrapped in a mist of pronouns, the notion may seem to lack something of

the perspicuity for which I have been extolling it; but in action it comes out quite lucidly.

Of course, the setting in which Mr Gilbert has placed the theme is extravagant enough. The Governor who spends his whole time in practical joking, the pirouetting regiment, the instantaneous elevation of the Corporal, and the degradation of Griffenfeld—such incidents and characters as these do not precisely belong to the sphere of realism, or even, so to speak, of rational romance. The action passes, not in the Denmark of convention where Scribe would have placed it, but in a Denmark of pure fantasy. Mr Gilbert does not even shrink from topical allusion; for instance—

"*Griffenfeld.* When the case is quite completed, then the prisoner defeated with severity is treated, as you're probably aware——

"For it's carefully provided that the jury shall be guided by my summary one-sided—which distresses Labouchere—

"*All.* It is rough on Labouchere—
It is hard on Labouchere—
Oh, the dickens, how it sickens tender-hearted
Labouchere!"

Here is no pedantic fidelity of local colour, no scrupulous avoidance of anachronism. In other words, Mr Gilbert does not attempt any new departure. His formula is essentially that of the old Savoy extravaganza. The only difference is that he happens to have hit on a pleasant and ingenious

comic-opera theme, which is something of a relief after the merely verbal quibbles, the tricks of logical leger-demain, on which so many of his plots have turned.

What a peculiar talent is this of Mr Gilbert's! Definite and limited in its processes, even to the point of monotony, it is nevertheless curiously elusive of analysis and classification. This mighty paradox-monger is himself an embodied paradox. Never, perhaps, did a man of such genuine literary faculty—for Mr Gilbert is an astonishing virtuoso in language—talk so much and say so little. Here we have his fourteenth or fifteenth extravaganza (to say nothing of his other plays), and we know no more of what he thinks, or how he feels, about life and death, about man and woman, than if he had never taken pen in hand. Is he an optimist, a pessimist, or a meliorist? Is he a Conservative or a Radical? Is he Christian or pagan? Is he a cynic or a sentimentalist? You may say that it is not a dramatist's business to make any direct profession of faith, and point to the never-ending controversies as to Shakespeare's politics, religion, and philosophy. But Mr Gilbert is not a dramatist pure and simple. He is of the lineage, not of Shakespeare, but—at whatever distance—of Aristophanes. In extravaganza we have every right to expect, if not to demand, a more or less direct criticism of life—and Aristophanes saw that we got it. Mr Gilbert's extravaganzas, too, are full of what

purports to be criticism of life; but somehow it comes to absolutely nothing. It is paradoxical and often merely verbal persiflage, without any serious meaning behind it. Mind, I am not complaining; I am only noting a curious fact. It is doubtless their very colourlessness that has secured for these extravaganzas their universal acceptance.

"But hold!" you say. "Is not Mr Gilbert notoriously a cynic?" Notoriously, yes; but matters of notoriety are not always matter of fact. It happened that in early life he wrote a play, *The Palace of Truth*, in which everyone, by the magic of a certain locality, was compelled to speak his whole thought without disguise, imagining all the time that he was uttering our usual polite insincerities. Ever since then the influence of this Palace of Truth has made itself more or less felt in all that Mr Gilbert has written, his characters being for ever apt to break out into preternatural frankness of self-revelation. But they do not reveal, on their creator's part, any deep insight into human nature, or any systematic disbelief in it. No one doubts that there are miserly, and ungrateful, and snobbish, and pretentious people in the world, and it is not cynicism to say so. The cynic is he who insists on the baser element in what we think our noblest actions, and habitually generalises, so to speak, to the disadvantage of human nature. In Mr Gilbert we find no capacity for gene-

ralisation. He is content to make merry, sometimes rather heartlessly, over individual foibles and vanities, the minor uglinesses and absurdities, physical and moral, of life. He has none of the "sæva indignatio" of Swift, the cold-blooded penetration of La Rochefoucauld, the smiling scorn of Labiche, so often mistaken for geniality. There is more cynicism in *Le Voyage de M. Perrichon*, or *Célimare le Bien-Aimé*, or *Le Plus Heureux des Trois*, than in all Mr Gilbert's plays put together. Mr Gilbert seems to be incapable alike of enthusiasm and of healthy hatred. He has taught us that young women love fine uniforms, and that old women are apt to grow fat—these, and such as these, are the favourite topics of his sarcasm, his most scathing generalisations, his most crushing indictments against human nature.

It was because the characters in *Arms and the Man* indulged freely in self-dissection and self-revelation, after the fashion of the Palace of Truth, that Mr Bernard Shaw was accused of Gilbertianism. In repelling the impeachment he somewhat mistook its precise import. He triumphantly proved that whereas his criticism was levelled at traditional ideals, Mr Gilbert's banter implied an unquestioning acceptance of these ideals, and spent itself upon reductions-to-absurdity of the mere phrases and catchwords in which they are formulated. This defence was good as against the critics, if such there were, who compared

Mr Shaw's philosophy with Mr Gilbert's; not good against those who remarked that Mr Shaw had unconsciously adopted one of the most farcical of Mr Gilbert's technical devices. The distinction drawn by Mr Shaw, however, puts us on the track of what is probably the true secret of Mr Gilbert's gifts and limitations. His talent is almost exclusively verbal. He seizes upon turns of expression, and, by the application of a formal, mechanical logic, deduces from them the quaint and paradoxical consequences with which we are all familiar. But his criticism very seldom penetrates through the words to the things they represent. His humour is almost entirely concerned with what philologists call diseases of language, artificially induced by a method of his own.

For the rest, he has little more than the superficial observation of a journalist on the alert for copy. He is neither a story-teller nor a character-creator. His real strength lies in his remarkable literary faculty, and especially in his unique gift of rhythmical, as distinct from harmonious or sonorous, expression. This, combined with his genius for scenic effect and stage-management, has enabled him to produce the admirable and delightful series of entertainments of which *His Excellency* is the latest, and one of the best. It is curious, by the way, that while the general effect is charming, none of the individual parts is particularly good. Mr Grossmith and Mr Rutland

Barrington, both excellent in their way, have both had much more effective parts in earlier productions. Mr John Le Hay, as the Syndic, makes an exceedingly quaint figure out of somewhat scanty materials; and Mr Arthur Playfair is good as the Corporal of the Dancing Dragoons. Miss Nancy M'Intosh, Miss Jessie Bond, and Miss Ellaline Terriss are all charming; and Miss Alice Barnett plays the inevitable comic old woman with invaluable discretion.

XLV.

"All My Eye-Vanhoe."—"Die Räuber."

7th November.

To tell the plain truth—a luxury I am fain to permit myself once in a while—I went to the Trafalgar Square Theatre violently prejudiced against the new burlesque by its very title, *All My Eye-Vanhoe*,* which seemed to me to plumb the depths of silliness. I found myself instinctively taking some trouble to avoid telling people where I was going, for I felt a sort of humiliation in even pronouncing the name. It is a strong testimony to our innate sense of solidarity with our kind, that extreme ineptitude seems to have a sort of diffusive power, and to afflict even those who have neither art nor part in it with

* October 31—November 7.

a sense of personal degradation. One blushes for one's species, as though the fact of existing in the same hemisphere with a flagrant outrage upon sense and taste involved a certain complicity in it. In the present instance, no doubt, such a feeling may seem disproportionate; but I own to an old affection for the romance of Ashby-de-la-Zouche and Torquilstone, which made me "squirm" to see its name so vulgarly taken in vain. The first act of the burlesque—of the second I say nothing, for a reason which "more fits you to conceive than me to speak"—the first act bore out the promise of the title, and was abjectly pointless and silly. Cedric became "Seedie Wreck," Rowena "Soft Roe-Ina," the Prior of "Jawfolks" Abbey was described as an "Any-odds-I'll-lay Brother," and the wit of the dialogue and business was "in a concatenation according." Fortunately, after inventing these delightful transmogrifications of the names of Scott's characters, the author seemed to have forgotten all about *Ivanhoe*, and to set off fantasticating in the void. The thing would certainly have been more painful had it borne any resemblance to its alleged original. Even as I listened, too, it seemed to me that the verse was much less inept than the prose dialogue, and when I afterwards looked into the libretto I found this impression confirmed. Mr Philip Hayman can write fairly fluent and pointed rhymes; if he could muster up a few comic ideas, and

disabuse his mind of the notion that any mechanical and frigid perversion of words is necessarily amusing, he might one day write a tolerable burlesque. Messrs J. L. Shine, Harry Grattan, Fred Storey, and E. M. Robson worked hard to put some life into the production; Miss Phyllis Broughton made an attractive "Rebecca Hothouse Peach"; and Miss Alice Lethbridge did some pretty dancing.

"I dare to call this a spirited tour," wrote Boswell to Johnson when he went to Corsica—"I dare to challenge your approbation." On Friday last the German company at the Opera Comique dared to challenge our approbation with a more spirited effort than they had made for several weeks past, and I imagine they have had no cause to repent their daring. Schiller's *Robbers** is a landmark in theatrical history, and one of the strangest curiosities of dramatic literature. It is a classic written by a schoolboy—a classic, one may almost say, because of its ebullient boyishness. "I presumed to delineate men," said Schiller himself, "two years before I had seen a man;" and of stagecraft, of course, he was ludicrously ignorant. Yet such is the crude eloquence, the vehement sincerity, the youthful fervour of the play, that it has lived on the stage for more than a century, and to this day never fails to draw a popular audience. It lives, of course, partly by the simple fact that it is

* November 2.

Schiller's. If he had never written the Wallenstein trilogy and *Wilhelm Tell*, we might have heard little enough of *Die Räuber* at this time of day. But it is also, no doubt, inherently congenial to the German temperament. Its romanticism is intensely Teutonic in tone, and its very sins of extravagance in sentiment and robustiousness of expression are not without their charm even for the race which produced Goethe and lent its language to Heine. Read Sudermann's *Sodom's Ende*, one of the most successful plays of the Young Germany to-day, and you will understand the popularity of *Die Räuber*. Schiller was in the Marlowe stage of development when he wrote the play. Its qualities are precisely those of Marlowe—an uninformed but not ungenerous spirit of rebellion, a fiery energy, a sonorous, untamed rhetoric. Even in its prose we seem every now and then to hear the ring of the "mighty line," and many of Schiller's mouth-filling polysyllabic cadences would certainly have been a joy to Marlowe. *Die Räuber* is the work of a Marlowe who has read Rousseau; though I own it seems to me that the high-hearted Karl von Moor makes an unnecessary confusion between Rousseau's state of nature and Hobbes's. There is something of that inconsequence in his treatment of society which we remark in the murderer's explanation of his conduct towards his victim: "I never liked the fellow, so I did for him with a cold chisel." Herr

Max Weilenbeck, who played Franz, was, as he no doubt ought to be, an anointed villain, but I am not sure that he did not put a little too much unction into his turpitude. Fräulein von Driller's Amalia was charming in its simplicity and sincerity. I may remark, by the way, that the elocution of the whole company was decidedly above our English average. The German actors have voices, and are not afraid to use them.

The transference of *Little Christopher Columbus** from the Lyric Theatre to Terry's does not seem to have impaired its popularity. Miss Addie Conyers now plays the title part (she is the third, if not the fourth, in succession), and plays it very brightly. Mr Lonnen and Mr Sheridan work as hard as ever, and the dialogue bristles with the inexpensive gags about the County Council, without which no popular entertainment is nowadays complete.

XLVI.

"JOHN-A-DREAMS."—"A DOLL'S HOUSE."—"THE MASQUERADERS."

14th November.

THERE is a slang phrase which I am tempted to apply to Mr Haddon Chambers, though I do not quite

* October 29—December 15. First produced at the Lyric, October 10, 1893.

know its meaning. It is commonly used in a disparaging sense—indeed, almost as an insult; whereas it seems to me (and I certainly intend it in this case) to involve a high compliment. *John-a-Dreams*,* I venture to say, proves Mr Chambers to be "on the make";† therefore it interests me, and revives my interest in its author, which, truth to tell, had sadly languished of late. Of no man, or at any rate of no artist, can we say anything more hopeful or more encouraging than that he is "on the make." It implies, if he is young, that he is using the birthright of youth; if he is old, that he has escaped the curse of age. If we are not "on the make," be sure we are on the unmake. In art, a man is either going uphill or down—that is, if he has ever put his foot on the Delectable Mountain at all, and is not merely plashing about (and perhaps groping for guineas, with more or less success) in the Slough of Despond at the bottom. "What!" you say, "can he never stand secure and immovable on the pinnacle of perfect accomplishment?" Frankly, I doubt it, if his art have any larger scope than the mere carving of cherry-stones. And in any case, the impeccable master, the "Andrea Senz' Errori" of any art, very soon ceases to interest us.

* Haymarket, November 8—December 27.

† It would seem that, as I suspected, this phrase has a quite different signification from that which I here attach to it. My meaning, however, remains clear enough, so I leave the paragraph unaltered.

We leave him to reel out his monotonous masterpieces at his leisure, while we follow with eagerness every step of the man who is still struggling upwards. Half the fascination of Ibsen—a fascination which even those feel who like him least—lies in the fact that he is still "on the make." He never repeats himself, never pours new water on old tea-leaves. At an age when most men have lost all forward impetus, he is ever experimenting, ever "breaking out in a fresh place." To him, as to Wagner, was given that "nie zufriedene Geist, der stets auf Neues sinnt." And if you ask me what brings Ibsen to my thoughts in this somewhat unlikely context, why—I am sorry I cannot tell you.*

To return to Mr Haddon Chambers. The first two acts and a half of *John-a-Dreams* are not only much the best work he has done, but the only work, to my thinking, in virtue of which he can really claim a place in the little group of our serious playwrights. Soon after the production of *Captain Swift*, Mr Pinero, being asked in some interview or other to mention any "coming dramatist" in whose future he had faith, singled out Mr Haddon Chambers. I wondered at the time; and with every new production of Mr Chambers's my wonder deepened—until Thursday night. Then I felt, up to about 10.15 P.M., that Mr

* A few hours before the production of *John-a-Dreams*, I had received and read (in proof sheets) the first act of *Lille Eyolf*.

Pinero's penetration had been keener than mine. At 11.15, I was not so sure of this; the end of the play was not only a sad falling off, but seemed to drag the beginning with it in its fall. Things which had appeared interesting and significant as we looked ahead, now seemed, in retrospect, mere sound and fury, signifying nothing. But the whole upshot of the evening was undoubtedly to Mr Chambers's advantage. The first two acts proved that he could write; the last two proved that he could not yet think, or at any rate could not give consistent dramatic form to his thought. That power, however, may come in time; for the immense interval between the first two acts and the best of Mr Chambers's previous work, shows clearly that he is "on the make." The man who could write the scene of Kate Cloud's confession and of Percy de Coburn's dismissal—the one strong, dignified, tactful; the other instinct with scenic humour—is certainly not a man to be despaired of.

If there were a Chair of Dramatic Criticism at one of the Universities, the professor might find in *John-a-Dreams* an excellent object-lesson for his students. It illustrates to perfection the difference between a drama of character and a drama of mere mechanical plot. It promises to be a drama of character, and interests us keenly; it breaks its promise, and our interest drops like a bird with a broken wing. *John-a-Dreams!* The very title seems to throw a preliminary

search-light into the hero's soul. In the first act, on board the yacht, we find this dreamer contending for a woman's love, against a man of concentrated purpose and fierce, unimaginative, physical passion. The contrast is well imagined, the situation is rich in possibilities—all the more so because the two men happen to be friends. Of course it is as old as the hills, but that merely means that it is typical; and every typical situation is capable of a hundred fresh developments. The lady inclines, and much more than inclines, to the poet, the dreamer, who tells his rapture to the sky and sea, and "unpacks his heart with words" in a fashion which leads us, on the one hand, to doubt his constancy, on the other hand, to question his power of sustaining the battle against the sombre determination of his inarticulate rival. In brief, he seems fluid and shallow, and at the end of the first act, "the odds are on the deeper man." We feel sure that some flaw, some weak spot, in Harold Wynn's character is either to lose him his love or to go very near to it. In the second act, we find him an opium-eater (by the way, the scene between the father and son, in which Harold confesses and renounces his vice, is both well conceived and well written), and, unconvinced by his renunciation, especially as the astute old parent leaves the opium-phial under his very nose, we all the more confidently expect some trouble to arise from his weakness and irresolution of character. But now a new motive

comes in, and bewilders us a little. The heroine, Miss Kate Cloud, who has let fall some mysterious hints even in the first act, takes the old Vicar apart and confides to him that her mother was a woman of the town, and that she herself was—well, her mother's daughter, until she was rescued, educated, and launched as a singer by some philanthropic lady. This seems an unnecessary complication; but, the Magdalen being now in vogue, we cannot quarrel with Mr Chambers for following the fashion, and electing to work out his problem with this additional factor in it. When the second act closes, the character-study of John-a-Dreams has not got much forr'ader; but we still hope for the best. There are two acts to come, and much may be done in two acts. Alas! the third act brings us rapid disillusion. It is soon evident that there is no character-study whatever; or, at any rate, that the character is to have no effect on the action; or, to put it quite precisely, that the only element of character which is in any way to influence the action is the mere Adelphi villainy of the saturnine Sir Hubert Garlinge. Harold Wynn is not a John-a-Dreams at all, but a veritable John-a-Deeds. His dreaminess, his rodomontade, his unpracticality, are only skin deep. He takes the pledge against opiates, and he keeps it like a man. Even when his Kate seems fickle, and he is very wretched, he feels no temptation, it would appear, to fly to the Comforter. His fortitude

is nothing short of Spartan. He conquers his vice in the twinkling of an eye, and it takes him about a minute and a half to overcome his prejudice against his lady-love's Past. In both cases he wins without turning a hair. There is no struggle, no drama. So far as the action is concerned, he might have been an ascetic engineer (engineers are always virtuous) instead of a self-indulgent poet. We see that his poetic vapourings of the first act were nothing but inert embroidery, mechanical decoration; and we are not slow to remember that, as decoration, they were rather cheap and tawdry. Nor is there any struggle between love and friendship, either on Harold's side or Sir Hubert's. The moment love comes in at the door, friendship flies out at the window. It is needless to add that the heroine's past has left no tiniest trace upon *her* character. The frayed hem of her garment has been mended to perfection, and is as good as new. She is all purity, all refinement, all magnanimity. Then why, you ask, has the author made all these preparations to no purpose? Why is Harold a poet and opium-eater? Why are he and Sir Hubert sworn friends? Why is Kate an ex-Promenader? I will tell you why. All this elaborate mechanism tends simply and solely to a single preposterous Adelphi situation. That is the "one far-off sublime event To which this whole 'contrapshun' moves." Harold is a poet, partly because a poet is a

decorative object and lends himself to declamation, but mainly because poetry and opium-eating are supposed to go together; and he is an opium-eater in order that the villain may find a bottle of laudanum ready to his hand when the great situation requires it. Villain and hero are sworn friends, and have, as is the common practice of the studious youth of this realm, entered into an "Oxford compact" of perfect amity, in order that the hero may be induced to write on a piece of paper, "I release you," which paper the villain may fraudulently represent as being addressed to the heroine. And the heroine has frayed the hem of her robe on the Piccadilly pavement to no other end than that she may insist on giving the hero half an hour for reflection before he pledges himself to her, that half-hour being essential to the execution of the villain's plot. If the villain even talked the hero into a relapse, as Iago seduces Cassio, or Hedda Gabler Lövborg, there would be some meaning in the thing. John-a-Dreams would justify his name, and character would be the determining element in the action. But no! the situation is purely mechanical. Harold's weakness or strength of will, his temperament, his mental habit, have nothing to do with it; unless, indeed, we hold it a John-a-Dreams-like infirmity in him not to recognise at a glance that in Sir Hubert Cartwright-Garlinge he had to do with an inveterate Adelphi villain. As for the last act, on board the

yacht, it would scarcely pass muster even at the Adelphi. Words fail me to express my sense of its intellectual and dramatic feebleness. It is a mystery how it could ever proceed from the same pen which wrote the second act, and the really daring scene between Harold and Kate in the third.

Harold Wynn is not one of Mr Beerbohm Tree's good parts. He did not seem to believe in it himself, and to me, at any rate (though not, apparently, to the majority of the audience), he remained unconvincing. Perhaps it was the somewhat windy insincerity of his poetising in the first act that led me to mistake a mere ideal personage for a genuine character-study. Mrs Patrick Campbell lent her peculiar personal charm to the character of Kate, and, on the strength of it, made a marked success. The more dramatic scenes she distinctly underplayed, but that is a fault she will no doubt correct as the run proceeds. Mr Charles Cartwright as Sir Hubert Garlinge was the very man the author seemed to intend, and that is, of course, all that can be required of an actor. Mr Nutcombe Gould was admirable as the benevolent Vicar; Mr Herbert Ross may almost be said to have leapt into fame by means of the delicate and skilful comedy of his Percy de Coburn; and Mr Edmund Maurice and Miss Janette Steer were excellent as Mr and Mrs Wanklyn.

I have left myself no space in which to do justice

to the very interesting performance of *A Doll's House** (rechristened *Nora*) by the German company at the Opera Comique. Fräulein von Driller's Nora, though not very profoundly thought-out or minutely elaborated, was full of spirit, and of the right spirit. None of the many Noras I have seen made so much of the end of the first act; the second act was quite creditable throughout (one easily forgives the slurring of the tarantella); and if the last scene of all was marred by a too great infusion of temper, it must be owned that more famous actresses than Fräulein von Driller have fallen deeper into the same error. Herr Beck was an ideal Helmer—the very man himself. Not even Mr Waring's excellent performance realised the character so thoroughly. Herr Rusing's Rank was sketchy but intelligent, and the other members of the cast were but so-so. The scene represented a gaunt and arras-hung baronial hall, decked with trophies of war and of the chase—as though the Helmers had taken a flat in the Castle of Otranto!

The run of *The Masqueraders* † was resumed at the St James's on Saturday night before an enthusiastic audience. Miss Evelyn Millard, as the heroine, has certainly this advantage over Mrs Patrick Campbell, that her heart is entirely in her work. She is, perhaps, rather too much of the barmaid in the first act, and does not sufficiently indicate Dulcie's underlying dis-

* November 7. † See p. 126.

taste for her position; but in the subsequent acts she is all that can be desired. Mr Alexander, Mr Waring, Mr Esmond, Mr Elliot, and Miss Granville are as good as ever, and the sheer brute force, if one may call it so, of Mr Jones's situations continues to work the audience up to a very high pitch of excitement.

XLVII.

"THE WRONG GIRL."—"THE SHOP GIRL."

28th November.

THERE were some promising scenes and ideas, if I remember rightly, in *The New Wing*, by Mr H. A. Kennedy, produced some seasons ago by Mr Edouin; but in *The Wrong Girl*,* his new farce at the Strand, he has gone over, for the moment at any rate, to the imbeciles, already a quite sufficiently large and industrious body. If there were any possibility of arriving at the genuine facts as to theatrical success or failure, I should be quite willing to accept *The Wrong Girl* as a test case, and, in the event of its success, to apologise to the School of Imbecility, individually and collectively, admitting that they supply a want, and have their place in the economy of the universe. All the external circumstances are in favour of Mr Kennedy's piece. The acting is quaint and spirited—

* November 21—December 15.

the former epithet applying chiefly to Mr Blakeley, the latter to Miss Fanny Brough—the first-night reception was warm to the point of enthusiasm, and the press, so far as I have observed, has been lenient, if not absolutely cordial. We have here all the ingredients of success—except a good play, even of its inferior kind; and if, as aforesaid, success is achieved in spite of that little reservation, I shall be constrained to admit, what I have hitherto denied with some vehemence, that the great public does not know humour and comic invention from brainless and machine-made tomfoolery. The antique groundwork of the play is nothing to its disadvantage. The *patria potestas* is so convenient a source of dramatic complications that it will probably survive on the stage long after it has ceased to be an appreciable factor in real life; and the time is still distant when audiences shall decline to take an interest in plots to obtain the stern parent's consent to Edwin's marriage with Angelina. Till marriage itself has gone by the board—and perhaps even afterwards—"Bless you, my children," will still be the conventional tag of farce. For my part, I am perfectly willing to take a keen and sympathetic interest in the circumvention of the heavy father, on the sole condition that the plots to that end shall have a certain measure of ingenuity and plausibility. No one demands probability; that would be to insist on the substitution of comedy for farce; but plausibility, a

very different matter, is surely indispensable. We want, for the time being, to feel that the course of the action is not inconceivable. Our imaginative credence will stretch to a certain point, but no further; and it is the first and last essential of the author's craft to know what strain may safely be put upon it. At a very early point in *The Wrong Girl*, my imaginative credence snapped short off—"and the subsequent proceedings interested me no more." Mr Kennedy tried to resurrect a convention which died nearly two hundred and fifty years ago—the convention of miraculous, impenetrable disguise. The convention of the indistinguishable twins, or even of startling accidental resemblances of the Dubosc-Lesurcq order, is still, in a certain sense, alive; but here we had simply a case of an actor, announced on the bill as "Mr Willie Edouin, of the Strand Theatre," making himself, by the aid of false hair and paint, so exactly like another man, that the other man's wife, meeting her sham husband in broad daylight, two minutes after parting from her real husband, has no suspicion of the trick. This is simply asking us to believe in a miracle; and it ought to be the first axiom of dramaturgy that miracles do not happen. The beauty of it is that, even with all the assistance of that "theatrical perspective" which is supposed to be such a wonder-worker, the miracle *does* not happen, nor anything approaching to it. Mr Edouin is not in the least like

Mr Blakeley; a baby in arms could not mistake one for the other. Mr Edouin mimics, not very happily, a few of Mr Blakeley's very easily imitable mannerisms; but (to say nothing of his features) his stature, his figure, his voice, are all utterly different from Mr Blakeley's. The impossibility of the whole thing positively hits you in the eye; why should Mr Kennedy expect us to play at believing in it? In the complications which he extracts from his miracle, moreover, there is scarcely a touch of ingenuity or happy invention. The intrigue is bewildering without being, in the good sense of the word, elaborate. It has no form, no elegance, none of that perspicuity in complexity which ought to be the great aim of all intrigue-weavers. "How comes it, then," Mr Kennedy may ask, "that, by your own showing, the reception of the play was 'warm to the point of enthusiasm'?" Well, I own it surprises me; but it has been proved again and again that first-night audiences have a tolerance for brainless farce which the general public is far from sharing. Without suggesting any absolute "packing" of the house, we may be sure that a large proportion of a first-night audience is influenced by considerations to which the paying playgoer is a stranger. They are interested in the success of the author, the management, or the actors, and have therefore a motive for stretching what I have called their imaginative credence to the very utmost. If the

public at large came to the theatre with the express purpose of obliging Mr Kennedy and Mr Edouin by persuading itself that it is vastly entertained, I should have no doubt of the continued success of *The Wrong Girl*. But that is not the motive that generally takes people to the play.

Did my ears deceive me, or did genuine sounds of disapproval mingle with the "Ohs!" of simulated and playful remonstrance which greeted the *grivoiseries* (we use a more straightforward word in English) of *The Shop Girl** at the Gaiety? If so—and I do not think I can have been mistaken—the fact was very significant. It is the first time I ever heard—what shall I say?—well, that sort of thing, hissed on the English stage. Far more flagrant offences have passed of late years without a murmur; but at last it seems as though the public were awakening to the truth that the only way to keep the stage wholesome and reputable is to take the censorship into its own hands. The piece, as a whole, let me hasten to say, was clever, merry, inoffensive, and entirely successful. It was greeted with those deafening volleys of applause which the English public reserves exclusively for Gaiety extravaganza. Mr Irving and Miss Ellen Terry were never saluted (in London, at any rate) with such salvoes of irrepressible enthusiasm as rewarded the humours of Mr Edmund Payne and Miss Katie Seymour, Miss

* November 24. Still running.

Ada Reeve and Mr Seymour Hicks. It was not, then, that the audience was in an ill-humour; it was simply that one or two speeches were so gratuitously and deliberately suggestive as to disgust a certain portion of the audience, who had the courage and public spirit to express their disgust. No one can allege that the party of protest was too quick to take offence. In the first act they listened without budging to a long list of "birth-marks" on the persons of a group of young ladies, then and there present, which are supposed to have been examined and catalogued by a young gentleman, described in the language of the day as "the chappie who trots them around," or something to that effect. To old-fashioned notions there is, perhaps, a suspicion of indelicacy in such a scene, and, indelicate or not, it certainly struck me as witless and nauseous—but it passed quite without protest. It was only when, in the second act, a newly married husband manifested the utmost impatience to investigate the "birth-marks" of his wife, wondered whether "we could not find a quiet place here," and was met by an underlined "Oh, can't you wait?"—it was not till then, I say, that hisses mingled with the gasps of delight which (as a faithful reporter, I am bound to admit) greeted the sportive sallies. I beg the reader's pardon for printing these things; but what the Censor has certified as fit to be spoken on the stage cannot, surely, be unfit for publication. Veiled allusions are

useless in these cases. If we are to preserve the stage from that Puritan intermeddling which is the bugbear of the hour, we must not shrink from nailing to the counter the base money which some people find such a cheap and ready substitute for the sterling coinage of wit. It is quite true that a jest's impropriety lies as much in the ear that hears as in the mind that conceives it. But it is precisely an author's business to realise what effect his words will produce upon the average ear, so to speak, of the public; and when he knows that a certain speech will appear to the mass of his hearers an impropriety, and will be accepted and (by some) rejoiced in as such, it is useless for him to argue that it *may* have an innocent meaning, and that he is not responsible for the interpretation which the audience puts upon it. We all know perfectly well the sort of chuckling laugh, often accompanied by an "Oh!" of mock protest, which greets a "risky line" in burlesque; and I venture to assure the authors, managers, and actors who deliberately bid for that chuckle, or who fail to expunge a speech which unintentionally provokes it, that they are betraying their own true interests and those of the drama at large. But the ultimate responsibility, of course, lies with the public itself; and I am glad to observe some indication, however faint, that they are becoming alive to the fact.

For the rest, *The Shop Girl* is undoubtedly one of

the brightest and cleverest pieces of its type. The songs are written by Mr H. J. W. Dam and Mr "Adrian Ross," and I cannot more strongly express my appreciation of Mr Dam's rhyming than by saying that, not having received the slip which apportions the lyrics between the two authors, I do not to this moment know which were his and which his collaborator's. The song sung by Mr Seymour Hicks in the second act, "Her golden hair was hanging down her back," is not precisely an edifying production. It treats in a tone of flippancy a subject which Hogarth illustrated in one of his best-known series of plates, and which is, perhaps, better fitted for Hogarthian than for Hicksian illustration. But it is cleverly written and cleverly sung; and so far am I from sharing the Puritan point of view, that I am always ready to stand up for anything (in reason) that has brains in it. Roscommon was guilty of a hypocritical platitude when he wrote, "For want of decency is want of sense." It is not necessarily anything of the sort—we may once for all disabuse our minds of that particular piece of cant. It is "want of decency *and* want of sense" that the public, I hope, is beginning to tire of. Mr Edmund Payne's impersonation of the blighted shop-walker, Miggles, was a first-rate piece of fooling; and the drum scene, in which he triumphs over his defeated tyrant, rose to the dignity of really powerful grotesque acting. His partner, Miss Katie

Seymour, was no less clever in her way, and the immense success of their Japanese song and dance was by no means undeserved. Mr Arthur Williams and Miss Lillie Belmore were both quite amusing, Mr Colin Coop sang his one song excellently, and Mr George Grossmith, jun., was quaint in his somewhat monotonous fashion. The dancing of Miss Topsy Sinden is not very much to my taste; it seems to me essentially stiff, and remarkable rather than graceful; but it is exceedingly popular with the audience. Miss Ada Reeve was very bright as the shop-girl millionairess, but her art appeared to lie entirely in a sort of personal piquancy. Mr Ivan Caryll's music seemed to my unskilful ear considerably above what we are accustomed to in such productions. It was certainly very tuneful and taking.

XLVIII.

"THE WIFE OF DIVES."

5th December.

THE gentleman who chooses to be known as "S. X. Courte"—why does he trouble us with so silly a pseudonym?—may perhaps do good work for the stage when he has come to know the difference between brutality and strength, smartness and wit. His *Wife of Dives*,* produced at the Opera Comique last week,

* November 26—December 8.

was not a mere matinée ineptitude. When he has learnt to blush for it as one of the sins of his youth, he will be in a fair way to become a competent dramatist. In point of structure and characterisation it was quite on the matinée level, but there was something not altogether commonplace in its very disagreeableness; and the epigrammatic dialogue, though for the most part no less futile than inappropriate, was every now and then illuminated by a genuine flash of wit. The very names of the characters betray the 'prentice hand. When we find a millionaire dubbed Julius Van Duccat and a curate the Rev. Boanerges Bodkin, we know what to expect. And the author takes care not to disappoint us. His plot does not hang together in the least; two-thirds of his dialogue have no bearing upon it; and his characters are not men and women at all, but phrase-making, attitudinising shadows. I will make the author a present of a suggestion—a very simple one. Let him pigeon-hole the play for ten years or so, then take it out and re-write it from first to last. Let him make his "Wife of Dives," not a lady with a Past—her Past is quite as gratuitous as Miss Kate Cloud's in *John-a-Dreams*—but simply a vain woman, who, having jilted the hero in a fit of pique and married the parvenu, now cannot endure to see her former lover marry another woman. Let her give her rival the diamond necklace, with the deliberate purpose of denying the gift and involving

her in an accusation of theft; and from this starting-point let the drama develop as best it may. It will then be like Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler*, turned inside out and writ commonplace; at present, it is like nothing in heaven or earth. Even if it were better constructed and written, the vagueness of Mrs Van Duccat's character and motives would deprive it of all interest. In its dialogue, however, ludicrously pretentious and overstrained though it was, there seemed to lurk the promise of better things. About one in twenty of the author's witticisms was really witty. This is not a large proportion; but as there was scarcely a line that did not aim at brilliancy, though the ratio of hits to misses was small, the absolute number of clever things was far from contemptible. If the author would cut out the wit which is not wit—the mechanical alliterations, the forced antitheses, the vapid Oscarisms—there would remain quite as much of the genuine article as is fairly admissible in a play of modern life. Unfortunately, it is the inanities that lend themselves to quotation. I give a small anthology, by way of showing other clever young gentlemen how *not* to do it:

"He has the wealth of a Dives and the manners of a Dustman."

"He owns several clubs and restaurants. There are more waiters than people in the clubs, and more people than waiters in the restaurants."

"I must say that these people who get the best of everybody give the best of everything."

"Before dinner, one thinks; after dinner, one drinks."

"To keep the happy mean is generally to be meanly happy."

"Marriage is an extravagance for a man, a necessity for a woman."

"The Old Bailey is the new Bull-Ring."

"Societies are the curse of society."

"How can you give up love and liberty for domesticity and drains?"

"In the old times the aristocracy looked upon trade as a crime; now they look upon crime as a trade."

"Am I what I look, or do I look what I am?"

The very brightest scintillations I find in my note-book are the parvenu's remark, "It seems I can't belong to a club unless the club belongs to me," and Lord Cyril Sieveking's lament for some one who "married an American with an accent like a banjo." The really good things of the dialogue, growing, as they necessarily must, out of the interplay of character and situation, cannot thus be torn from their context.

Miss Olga Brandon did not seem to be at her best in the part of Mrs Van Duccat, in which, however, there was very little for the actress to take hold of. She showed a good deal of emotional power in the last act. Miss Florence Friend was pleasant as the victim of the diamond-necklace intrigue, and Miss Carlotta Addison was excellent as a British matron of the advanced type. Mr Anson played the millionaire with his usual grotesque vigour; Mr Charles Glenney portrayed the hero in such a way as to make the vulgarism "If I hadn't have loved you" seem quite natural in his mouth; and Messrs Cosmo Stuart and Cecil Ramsey contributed passable pieces of comedy.

XLIX.

"IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS."

Pall Mall Budget, 6th December.

"WHEN ignorance can be turned to account, the wise man will make no pretence of knowledge." I cannot give you the exact reference for this pregnant saying of Euripides, but somewhere or other in his works I am sure you will find it—as Nora Helmer was sure that somewhere or other in the law-books you would find it written that forgery with a good motive was rather laudable than otherwise. The apophthegm, at any rate, is quite worthy of Euripides, and I cheerfully act up to it. If the check takers at the Theatre Royal, Cambridge, had been instructed to exclude every one who could not construe a simple piece of Greek—say a passage from Xenophon—my anabasis to the *Iphigenia in Tauris** would have been summarily barred. I could have repeated the Lord's Prayer in Greek, but that accomplishment might not have been held proof positive of my fitness to criticise a performance of Euripides. In brief, I had just enough of Greek to enable me to follow the performance in the crib without hopelessly losing the place. The play itself I had read long ago in a German translation, but I had forgotten it utterly. "Why, then," you ask, "make

* November 30.

these disgraceful confessions? Why not either 'smug it up,' or say nothing about it?" Simply because my ignorance was, in its way, a godsend. Who has not wished that he could come with an absolutely fresh mind to a play of Shakespeare's, his perceptions unblunted by long familiarity, unhampered by traditional reverence? This was precisely my position with regard to Euripides. I recognised a fine and provident instinct in that temperate application to Hellenic studies which my short-sighted pastors and masters used to stigmatise as laziness.

Here was I, then, precisely in the position of a barbarian who had chanced to stray into the Theatre of Dionysus somewhere in the latter half of the fifth century B.C. The lyrical, and even the rhythmical, element in the drama would be more or less lost upon him; but the smattering of Greek he had picked up would enable him to follow the dramatic action, and arrive at some understanding of the sort of pleasure which the playwright aimed at giving, and the audience appeared to receive. He would know, in a general way, that Euripides was a poet of high repute; but he would also have gathered that there was an opposition party to whom, in the words of its latest representative, Mr Swinburne, he was "the dreariest of playwrights—if that term be not over-complimentary for the clumsiest of botchers that ever floundered through his work as a dramatist." He would thus approach

the play with a perfectly even mind, and be able, from his barbarian point of view, to form an estimate of its purely dramatic qualities which might not be without its interest even for the expert Athenian critic. It is always instructive to make abstraction of the literary integuments of a drama, and see it in its bare bones, so to speak, as a representation in action of human character and destiny.

The first thing that strikes this barbarian is that there is a great deal more destiny than character in the play. In fact, character can scarcely be said to enter into the matter at all. Iphigenia has no characteristics that are not plainly dictated by the action; Orestes and Pylades are Tweedledum and Tweedledee, differentiated only by external circumstances; and Thoas is nothing but the simple-minded savage who exists for the sake of being hoodwinked by the wily Hellene. "Ah, your Greek wits," he says, "how quick they are!"—little knowing that Iphigenia is inventing on the spur of the moment the very trivial instance of sagacity which he applauds. The Athenian audience must have chuckled over the compliment, so much better deserved than the ingenuous Scythian imagined; and that chuckle, and not any illustration of character, was evidently the effect at which the poet aimed. In the first scene between Orestes and Pylades, Orestes, appalled by the difficulties of their adventure, suggests instant flight, and Pylades has to screw his

courage to the sticking-place; but here again a mere momentary effect, rhetorical rather than dramatic, is intended, since there is no attempt in the sequel to carry through the suggestion that Orestes is irresolute and Pylades a man of steadfast mettle. Compare, or rather contrast, the way in which Shakespeare sustains the characters of Hamlet and Horatio! The essential difference between Goethe's and Euripides' *Iphigenia* is that the whole development of the German play depends upon character.

The poet's effort, then, is to keep the audience amused by an interesting story, set forth with the aid of several approved theatrical devices. First we have the device of the misinterpreted oracle; but Euripides merely plays with it for a moment and passes on. The irony of the thing vanishes when Iphigenia's seemingly bodeful dream proves to be in reality auspicious. In the *Œdipus Tyrannus* and *Macbeth*, which are tragedies, not popular entertainments, the seemingly auspicious oracles prove to be bodeful of doom. Then we have a skilful little scene of exposition between Orestes and Pylades (note how, in the absence of play-bills, they are careful to name each other at the very outset); then a brief lyric lamentation, a sort of aria, for Iphigenia, followed by one of those long passages of animated narration—the Herdsman's account of the frenzy of Orestes and his capture—in which it is evident that Greek audiences must

have taken great delight. These "messenger scenes" are sometimes considered to have been forced upon the Greek dramatists by the "unity of place"; but the careful development of such a passage as this proves that the narratives were not simply mechanical necessities for advancing the plot, but were inherently, and even potently, attractive. The Herdsman having departed, a pathetic recitation for Iphigenia, describing the sacrifice at Aulis, brings us up to the first choral ode.

The second act, or episode, is a piece of singularly modern stagecraft—its opening scene worthy of Victor Hugo, its conclusion of Scribe. I have somewhere heard or read of a Danish settlement in Greenland to which only one ship a year is despatched from the mother country. It happened that in 1870 the ship set sail immediately after the declaration of war between France and Germany, so that for a whole year the Greenland colonists knew that Europe was in flames, but were shut off from every rumour as to the progress of events. Then, in the autumn of 1871, the ship made her annual reappearance, and the whole story of the Terrible Year—Wörth, Gravelotte, Sedan, the Siege of Paris, and the Commune, the collapse of one empire, and the creation of another—had to be poured forth in a breath, as it were, to the awe-stricken recluses. This is precisely the situation of the opening scene between Iphigenia and Orestes, with the added

circumstance that the person on whom this avalanche of world-history descends has a keen personal interest in the events narrated. Iphigenia has been rapt to the Greenland of her day at the very outset of the Trojan expedition; Ilium is now in ruins, Achilles is dead, Calchas is dead, Ulysses is "missing," her father has fallen by her mother's hand, her mother by her brother's; and all this she learns in less time than it takes me to write the words! And remember that all this was at once poetry and history to the audience, that the very names would stir their blood, bringing with them a thousand associations of glory, of terror —in a word, of romance! Apart from character and passion, what more magnificent dramatic effect could be conceived? It was here that Goethe, partly because he did not write for a Hellenic audience, but mainly because his stagecraft was inferior, fell far short of Euripides.

The recognition-scene, again, with the device of the letter, is manipulated with an ingenuity worthy of Scribe or Sardou; but at this point Goethe, who makes the recognition depend on no chain of chances, but on the character of Orestes, had the artistic, if not the scenic, advantage. Then we have what may be called a telling domestic scene in the raptures of the long-lost brother and sister; after which a passage of consultation, of plotting, brings the episode to a close. In the first scene of the third act, the audience is

entertained, and its sense of national astuteness is flattered, by Iphigenia's hoodwinking of Thoas—"for they held the grey barbarian lower than the Grecian child"; while in the last scene of all the poet reverts to narrative, and the "angelos" delivers a recitation which might have been written by Mr Rudyard Kipling for style, by Mr Rider Haggard for matter. The piling up of obstacles to the escape of the fugitives is exactly in Mr Haggard's manner. One difficulty overcome, another crops up; until at last the *Dea ex machina* appears to secure the happy ending, and so flatter the national spirit once more by bringing these events of the heroic age into direct relation with the life of the present.

Yes, it is very easy to understand how the *Iphigenia in Tauris* must have been vastly entertaining to an Athenian audience. It is a *Volksstück* of the first order. I don't know whether its reception is on record, but unless the judges were absurdly superior persons, I think they must have awarded it the prize. Whether it can be very profitably presented by undergraduates on the narrow stage of the Cambridge Theatre is another question. You must know that Greek acting at Cambridge, like all acting all the world over, has had its palmy days. One hears thrilling accounts of the achievements of Messrs Stephen and Macklin in the *Ajax*, and fascinating legends of the performance of *The Birds*. I myself

saw the *Eumenides* some years ago; it was scenically more effective than the *Iphigenia*, and with a lady—"dea certa"—for Athene, it presented fewer elements of the ridiculous. The performance of last Friday was most creditable to all concerned; what earnestness, taste, and enthusiasm could do was done without fail; but these excellent qualities are powerless to convert men into women or amateurs into actors. The music, by Mr Charles Wood, pleased me very much, and I am assured by those who know that I "had a right" to be pleased; but music, to tell the truth, is Greek to me. I wish I could say that Cambridge Greek was music. Even apart from the terrible banality of the vowel sounds, the ruthless Englishness of intonation is destructive of all illusion. May I suggest that if the promoters of the Greek plays, instead of merely amusing their little academic world, wish to render a real service to art, they will at least attempt a return to something approaching the original conditions of representation? Let them boldly revert (after due experiment) to the mask, the cothurnus, and the hieratic robe. Let them instruct their actors to intone instead of bow-wowing their speeches. Let them (athletics permitting) reserve their performances for a more genial season, hire a commodious circus-tent, build a wooden stage after the Greek proportions, and assign the chorus its proper place in the arena. The parts would then be recited by trained singers instead

of untrained actors; the sex difficulty would be got over just as it was in Attica; and we should be spared the incongruities of a heroic play treated like a modern comedietta by unmitigated undergraduates in Liberty frocks. The performances might at first, and even at last, seem grotesque; but, frankly, they could not be more grotesque than that of last week, and they would be much more instructive.

L.

"THE BIRTHDAY."

12th December.

MR GEORGE BANCROFT, whose maiden effort as a dramatist was produced at the Court Theatre on Saturday evening, is refreshingly careless of the aspirations and affectations of the time. *The Birthday** is modest almost to the point of bashfulness. It is all flowers and sunshine, benevolence, manliness, and innocence. One was prepared for a hereditary bias in the direction of teacup-and-saucer comedy; but really Mr Bancroft seems almost to have omitted the tea from his concoction, and given us only the cream and sugar. There is a touch of character in this proceeding which I cannot but applaud. It takes some courage for a young man of to-day to dally with

* December 8—21.

the innocence of love as though he believed in it. An affectation of callow cynicism is so much cheaper and showier. We are getting just a little tired of *le Byron de nos jours*, who leaves Harrow a man of the world, and Cambridge a decadent for whom life has no secrets and love no illusions. Amiability alone, however, does not make a playwright, and *The Birthday* gives but scant evidence of specific talent on its author's part. The end of the play shows a pretty fancy and a light touch; for the rest it presents nothing very noteworthy, either in conception or in handling. It was well played by Mr W. H. Day, Mr Draycott, and especially by Miss Dora de Winton, who showed real grace and simplicity. The revival of the Aidé-Carré farce, *Dr Bill*,* which started Mr George Alexander on his prosperous career, went very merrily with Mr Hawtrey in Mr Alexander's part, Miss Lottie Venne in Miss Fanny Brough's part, and Miss Edith Kenward in her own original part of the Kangaroo Girl.

LI.

"THE RED LAMP."—"HAL, THE HIGHWAYMAN."

19th December.

IT might have brought balm to the wounded spirit of "X. Y. Z.," and all the other letters of the alphabet

* December 8—January 9, 1895.

who have been bewailing in the *Times* the depravation of public taste, could they have seen the enormous audience that filled the Haymarket last Thursday afternoon to applaud those chaste and breezy masterpieces, *The Red Lamp* and *The Ballad-Monger*.* No one could desire a better confutation of the theory that it is the unholy attraction of Kate Cloud's "past" that draws the public to *John-a-Dreams*. There is neither an "opium-drinking sot" nor a "partially-reclaimed harlot" in *The Red Lamp*. There is no allusion whatever to any sins of the flesh, past, present, or future. The sentiment on which the play turns is a sister's devotion to her brother; and the love-interest, properly so called, is not only quite subsidiary, but of absolutely Robertsonian purity. We hear a good deal of political crimes, it is true, but the only vice that comes within our ken is cigarette-smoking. In brief, there is nothing "questionable" about the play—except its talent—and yet the impious and horrific *John-a-Dreams* certainly could not have drawn a better audience. The truth is that the public has a depraved taste for being interested and amused, and will flock to any theatre that happens to be in vogue, where a fairly enter-

* Played at matinees, December 6 and 13. On the afternoons of December 20 and 26 *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was performed. Two evening performances of *Hamlet* (December 28 and 29) brought the season to a close.

taining play is presented. It has got over the silly prudishness of "X. Y. Z." and the other unknown quantities, but it has no morbid hankering after ladies with a history. What it hankers after is poignant drama; the clash of emotions, will battling against will; and we all know that breaches of the social and moral code are particularly fruitful of such dramatic conflicts. The rational-minded public sees no reason why this whole category of subjects should be placed under a taboo; but it is the veriest folly to pretend that any one takes a prurient or vicious interest in *The Second Mrs Tanqueray* or *John-a-Dreams*, simply because Paula and Kate Cloud happen to have been women of irregular life. In this controversy, Mr Haddon Chambers is paying the penalty of defective art. His play is so ill-considered and ill-developed as to give a little colour to the contention that he has dragged in his heroine's "past" merely to pander to some perversion of taste in his audience. It is not because Kate Cloud *is* a woman with a past, but rather because she obviously is *not*, that the voice of the outraged "X. Y. Z." is heard in the land. We feel that there is no necessity for her past, that it does not really belong to her, that it is invented in cold blood, as it were, in obedience to some extrinsic, inartistic, illogical motive. "X. Y. Z." assumes the motive to have been a desire to attract a morbid-minded public by dealing with indelicate

topics; whereas the author's real motive was simply to bring about a telling melodramatic situation. He required some obstacle between his hero and his heroine in order to give the villain time to work out his machinations; and he simply grasped at the first obstacle that came in his way, without the least idea of subverting public morals, calling the blush of shame to the cheek of "X. Y. Z.," or in any way setting the Thames or the *Times* on fire. And I have very little doubt that it is precisely the melodramatic situation —the thing which in my eyes, drags *John-a-Dreams* down to the level of *The Red Lamp*—that makes the public crowd to Mr Chambers's play just as they did on Thursday last to Mr Outram Tristram's. It would be too much to pretend that there is no greater interest in the character and situation of Kate Cloud than in the character and situation of the Princess Claudia Morakoff. We feel no pressing need for adjusting our attitude towards Nihilism and tyrannicide, so that the moral problems suggested by *The Red Lamp* seem to us rather remote and abstract. All of us, on the other hand, are more or less frequently called upon to form an opinion, and pursue a certain line of conduct, with reference to persons who have infringed the dominant moral and social codes. The question of our attitude towards the Paula Tanquerays and Kate Clouds of this world is anything but remote and abstract; therefore the

history of Kate Cloud, however unconvincingly presented, is more actual to us, than the history of Claudia Morakoff. "X. Y. Z.," no doubt, would have us pretend that we never have the least occasion, in decent society, to consider such questions; but the common-sense of even Puritan England has long ago risen in rebellion against this ostrich-like hypocrisy. There is not a word in *John-a-Dreams*—I wish I could say as much for all the other popular entertainments of the day—not a word that is unfitted for the ears of any person who is old enough to go to a "grown-up" theatre at all. As my readers may remember—indeed, I have hinted as much in this article—my opinion of the play as a work of art is none of the highest. But as for calling it a "sickly immorality," and a "desecration" to the stage rendered illustrious by the spotless refinement of "Buckstone and Sothern," "X. Y. Z." must excuse me if I quote from that esteemed classic, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, Mr Burchell's expressive monosyllable of "Fudge!" It would be interesting to know, by the way, whether the Misses "X. Y. Z." are permitted to read the story of Olivia? No doubt the episode of Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs is blacked out, after the fashion of the Russian censorship, in the "X. Y. Z." edition.

I went to *The Red Lamp*, not to test the theories of the alphabetical Jeremiahs of the *Times*, but to see

Miss Janet Achurch's performance of the heroine, of which I had heard excellent accounts. It is a very strong and vivid piece of acting, quite in the tone of the play, and full of emotional self-abandonment. It seemed to me, too, that Miss Achurch had improved in the management of her voice, which used sometimes to ring a little false in moments of excitement. Mr Tree's Demetrius remains an admirable piece of grotesque character-acting, and Mr Nutcombe Gould made an excellent Ivan Zazzulic.

Mr H. M. Paull has contributed a new curtain-raiser to the bill at the Vaudeville, where *The New Boy* reached its three hundred and fiftieth performance on Saturday night. *Hal the Highwayman*,* is distinctly above the average of its class, and passes half an hour very agreeably. I was a little disappointed, I own, that Kitty Carter did not soften down at the close, repent of her jealous frenzy, and stand by the others in furthering the highwayman's escape. Mr Paull seemed even to lead up to the situation in which Kitty, called upon to identify Handsome Hal, should declare that she had never set eyes on the gentleman before. This I take to be the conclusion demanded, not, perhaps, by the logic of character, but by the tradition, the convention if you will, of this class of work. There is no room for such development of character as should render one thing inevitable, the

* December 15. Still running.

other impossible; and the choice being left open, the author might fairly have chosen the pleasanter conclusion, and at the same time given his actress an additional opportunity. The frankness with which Kitty confessed to Celia the secret of her treachery seemed to me improbable; but, on the whole, the little piece is well put together and well written. Miss Helena Dacre showed real ability as the "woman scorned," Miss Esmé Beringer was pleasant as Celia, Mr T. Kingston made a dashing highwayman, and Mr J. L. Mackay's stable-boy was a clever bit of broad comedy.

LII.

"THE CHIEFTAIN."

Pall Mall Budget, 20*th December.*

WAGNER and Sir Arthur Sullivan are my favourite composers; and if I put Wagner first, it is only by right of seniority. Perhaps, on the whole, if I had my choice, I would rather have composed *Tristan und Isolde* than *Pinafore*. And yet, I don't know—*Pinafore* is so much more companionable. You can whistle it from end to end; whereas you can't—at least *I* can't—whistle *Tristan und Isolde*. It is a "good joy" in the theatre, but it's of no use whatever on a lonely road after nightfall. For Sir Arthur Sullivan, at any rate, from the date of *Trial by Jury* onwards, I have cherished a warm and grateful admiration; but never

did he so imperatively claim both admiration and gratitude as last Wednesday night at the Savoy. To him, and to him alone, we owed a delightful evening. If Mr Burnand's lines can in any valid sense be said to have inspired his collaborator's graceful, and jocund, and witty and exhilarating rhythms, then much may be forgiven him; but as I glance down number after number in the libretto, my wonder grows at the art which can steep such jingle-jangles in melody and merriment. The "lyrics" in their musical setting are veritable flies in amber.

One is prepared beforehand to apply a modest critical standard to the work of Mr Burnand. He is a man of his period; and his period—say, 1855 to 1875—was one of absolute indifference to common-sense and literary form in burlesque. Planché had almost ceased to write, Gilbert had barely begun. The stage was given over to happy-go-lucky, irresponsible improvisations, some of them showing a sort of slap-dash cleverness, but all relying far more on the talent of the comedians than on the invention or wit of the author. The pun reigned supreme; and when the good puns had all been exhausted, there arose a convenient theory that the worse and more idiotic a pun was, the more "mirth-provoking" it became. We hear amazing tales of the rapidity with which this or that successful extravaganza was written; but when we turn to the libretto, we cease to be amazed at the

rapidity—it is the success that astounds us. "It may be interesting to know," writes Mr Burnand in the preface to *The Chieftain*,* "that *The Contrabandista* [of which the new extravaganza is an expanded version] was written, composed, and produced in sixteen days." It *is* interesting to know that in 1867 authors had so little respect for their art, and managers for their public. One only wishes that Mr Burnand would take some interest in the still more important fact that the pun, as a "mirth-provoker," is dead, and that the palmy days of improvisation are past.

There would be something touching in Mr Burnand's faithfulness to the pun, if one felt that his will were in any way concerned in it. But he has probably come to think in puns, just as Mr Swinburne has come to think in epithet-laden antitheses. We can no more alter an inveterate habit of mind than we can assume a new handwriting at will. We can at best laboriously and temporarily disguise it. His dialogue, then, and his versification, must be regarded as matters more or less beyond Mr Burnand's control; not so the utter futility of his comic invention. There is no reason in the world why, even on the somewhat crazy groundwork of *The Contrabandista*, he should not have raised a more coherent and shapely superstructure than *The Chieftain*. He had only to take a little more time and thought; but thought is precisely what Mr Burnand

* December 12. Still running.

declines to expend upon the playgoing public. Nothing feebler or more childish than the story of *The Chieftain* can possibly be imagined. Verisimilitude, of course, one does not look for; but humour and ingenuity are equally absent. With music less masterly than Sir Arthur Sullivan's, how it would have bored us!

As it was, the music redeemed everything. There was something a little 1867-ish, I thought, about one or two of the numbers in the first act. But the finale brought the house down, and the second act was a delight from beginning to end, each number more sparkling than the last. Sir Arthur Sullivan is surely the most polyglot composer on record. He can write music in any language under the sun, and always with equal grace and felicity. We left the theatre charmed, after congratulating all concerned upon a brilliant success. It is precisely lest this success should re-establish the tradition of the Inept Libretto that I have spoken my mind so emphatically on Mr Burnand's share in it. When the collaborators came before the curtain, the composer, not yet recovered from his sprain, appeared to the physical eye to be leaning heavily on the librettist's arm. To the mental vision, the positions were reversed, and Sir Arthur Sullivan seemed to be tripping gaily and gracefully along, carrying Mr Burnand, a dead weight, on his shoulders.

LIII.

"A STORY OF WATERLOO."—"THE VICARAGE."

26th December.

WHY does Dr Conan Doyle only trifle with the stage? He has evidently "the gift," and it is anti-social and indefensible in any one who *can* write good plays not to do so with all his might. The country swarms with excellent story-tellers, and every month brings forth a new one; but we can tell our dramatists on our fingers, not counting the thumbs. For my own part, I have a strong liking for what I know of Dr Conan Doyle's work, but he is not one of the great artists whom Fiction cannot afford to lend, even for the briefest term, to her poverty-stricken sister. If he can write three acts with anything like the felicity of touch of which he has given proof in two one-act pieces, his position on the stage would soon be quite as honourable as his position in literature, and certainly no less lucrative. The *Story of Waterloo*,* which Mr Irving produced for the first time in London at the Garrick matinée in aid of the Newport Market Refuge, more than confirmed the opinion of his ability which his comedietta of *Foreign Policy*, produced last year under Mr Charrington's management, led us to entertain. The idea is charming,

* December 17.

and the dialogue is nervous, delicately humorous, and, in the good sense of the word, eminently theatrical or scenic. Even with an actor of quite ordinary talent in the part of the Waterloo veteran, I have no doubt that the little piece would get well over the footlights. The only theatrical quality of which it gives no definite proof is power of construction. For this there is scarcely room in a play which is little more than a monologue; but if the inventor of Sherlock Holmes does not possess the constructive faculty, I should like to know who does. Mr Irving's performance of Corporal Gregory Brewster is a carefully elaborated and admirably sustained piece of character-acting, showing the subtlest sympathy with the author's humour. It is to my thinking the finest thing Mr Irving has done in comedy—if comedy it can be called—a thing by no means to be slighted merely because the play is short. What I liked least, both in the author's conception and the actor's execution, was the very end. I wonder if it would not have been more artistic to have left the old man alive? It is natural enough, no doubt, that he should join his comrades and "the Dook," and one hopes he did not go without his flag and his firing party; but the end is, nevertheless, theatrical, and too clearly foreseen to be very effective. Mr Irving was ably supported by Miss Annie Hughes and Mr Fuller Mellish.

A performance of *The Vicarage*, Mr Clement Scott's pleasantly-written adaptation of Feuillet's *Le Village*, preceded Dr Doyle's piece, Mr and Mrs Bancroft and Mr Arthur Cecil appearing in their original parts. Never was play more admirably cast. The quiet dignity of Mrs Bancroft's playing after she learns of the plot against the peaceful life of the vicarage is very touching; Mr Cecil never did anything more delightful than his embodiment of the simple-minded Vicar; and Mr Bancroft is perfect as the selfish but good-hearted bachelor who comes near to playing the serpent in this elderly Eden.

EPILOGUE.

EIGHTEEN-NINETY-FOUR has not been such a stirring and memorable year in the theatrical world as was eighteen-ninety-three. The difference can be summed up very briefly, thus:—

ORIGINAL ENGLISH PLAYS.

MR PINERO.

1893.	1894.
The Second Mrs Tanqueray.	Nothing.
The Amazons.	

MR OSCAR WILDE.

A Woman of No Importance.	Nothing.

MR CARTON.

Robin Goodfellow.	Nothing.

MR HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

The Bauble Shop.	*The Masqueraders.*
The Tempter.	*The Case of Rebellious Susan.*

MR SYDNEY GRUNDY.

Sowing the Wind.	*An Old Jew.*
	The New Woman.

POETIC PRODUCTIONS AND REVIVALS.

1893.	1894.
Becket (Lyceum).	Nothing at Lyceum.
The Foresters (Daly's).	*Twelfth Night* (Daly's).

IBSEN.

The Master Builder (New).	Nothing new.
Rosmersholm.	*The Wild Duck.*
Hedda Gabler.	*A Doll's House* (in German).
Brand (Fourth Act).	
An Enemy of the People.	
A Doll's House (in English and Italian).	

INDEPENDENT THEATRE.

The Strike at Arlingford.	*The Heirs of Rabourdin.*
Alan's Wife.	*The Wild Duck.*
Leida.	
A Question of Memory.	
The Black Cat.	

FOREIGN PERFORMANCES.

Eleanora Duse.	Eleanora Duse.
The entire Comédie Française.	Sarah Bernhardt.
	Madame Réjane.

It appears, then, that in no department has 1894 a marked advantage over 1893, while in some it stands at a marked disadvantage. To my thinking, indeed, the one event of interest in 1894 which had no counterpart in the previous year, was the production of Mr George Bernard Shaw's *Arms and the Man.* Not that I think that "romantic comedy" sufficient, on its own merits, to render the year illustrious; but it certainly revealed a new and peculiar talent, and

may possibly be remembered (I have more than merely speculative grounds for this prophecy) as the forerunner of other plays, equally characteristic and much more accomplished.

I am far from suggesting that the comparative barrenness of 1894 is a fact of any particular significance. On the contrary, it is purely fortuitous. A year is in reality an arbitrary division, so far as theatrical history is concerned. If we were to revert to the old method of reckoning by "seasons"—from summer to summer—we should arrive at a quite different result. Then *The Second Mrs Tanqueray* would fall within the season 1892-93, and its successor from the same pen (we may confidently hope) within the season 1894-95, leaving the intermediate 1893-94 without any contribution from Mr Pinero. Similarly *Becket* would fall to 1892-93, *King Arthur* to 1894-95, and the intermediate season would have no Lyceum production wherewith to adorn its record. It happens that Mr Pinero has taken longer than usual over his new play; it happens that Mr Irving found it more convenient to produce *King Arthur* in January 1895 than in December 1894. To draw any auguries from these chances would be absurd, unless, perhaps, we read an augury for good in Mr Pinero's determination to give ample time and thought to his next venture. If *The Second Mrs Tanqueray* had been a failure, and his silence had been due to discouragement, then,

indeed, we should have had to record a serious check to the dramatic movement. As it is, there is no sign of even the slightest relaxation in our rate of advance. Public interest in the stage is undiminished, and there is certainly no decline in the average of intelligent receptivity. Taking the productions of the year all round, we find that merit and success have been approximately commensurate. The Old Criticism has continued to exercise, in some respects, a hurtful influence; but where it has succeeded in killing a piece of able work, it has always been helped by some inherent weakness, whether of conception or of representation. We may safely declare, in short, that a steadily increasing amount of brain-power is being applied to dramatic production, and that there is no sign of the tendency having met with any check during the past twelvemonth.

Still, the fact remains that this volume presents the record of a comparatively lean year. Some friendly critics, whose judgment I cannot but respect, found that its predecessor, though dealing with an exceptionally fat year, contained such a preponderance of trivial and ephemeral matter as to render very questionable its right to exist. What these critics will say of this volume, I tremble to think. Their premises, of course, are incontestable; but I venture to put forward one or two pleas which may conceivably mitigate the trenchancy of their conclusion.

There is, at first sight, an air of audacity in the very idea of such a year-book. Better men than I are engaged year after year in the criticism of the other arts; yet none of them dreams of making an annual collection of his articles. What right have I to imagine that mine are worth garnering, while theirs are suffered to drift like autumn leaves before the wind, and presently to rest in the "cold obstruction" of dust-covered newspaper-files? Why should I go pretentiously to oblivion in volume-form, instead of accepting it quietly, like my betters, in the natural course of journalistic things?

These questions would be quite unanswerable if the interest and vitality of criticism were strictly proportionate to the talent of the critic. But that is not the case. Subject must also be taken into account; and I venture to suggest that, as a subject for criticism, the drama possesses certain advantages over all the other arts.

The subjects with which criticism is commonly concerned are, roughly speaking, four: music, plastic and pictorial art, literature, and the drama. This is obviously an unscientific classification. The circles of music and the drama overlap, and the drama is, after all, included in the wider circle of literature. But we find, in practice, that the four departments indicated engage the attention of four different classes of specialists. What, then, are the characteristics of

these four departments, regarded as materials or bases for the parasitic art of criticism? A clear distinction at once suggests itself between music and painting, on the one hand, and literature and the drama on the other. Criticism of music and painting is very largely a criticism of technique, of execution; criticism of literature and the drama is, or ought to be, very largely a criticism of life. It is true that all competent discussion of music and painting must rest on a wide foundation of æsthetic theory, and that in formulating and expounding their different theories, many critics have produced works of great and enduring value. But when the critic is no longer philosophising at leisure, but chronicling, so to speak, the musical or pictorial productions of the day or of the week, he has seldom time or space to refer back to principles. He passes from picture to picture, from performance to performance, approving or disapproving, as the case may be, and producing a series of marginal notes, rather than a sustained analysis or argument. The art-critic goes to a given exhibition and writes a sort of gossiping or judicial catalogue of the pictures which attract his attention. His work may be full of observation, penetration, knowledge, wit; but it is essentially and inevitably scrappy. He will often dismiss a hundred pictures in a couple of articles; this whole volume deals with just about a hundred plays. It is very seldom that, in his jour-

nalistic capacity, he has any occasion to write a serious and carefully-developed essay on a single theme. When he wants to do so—to use a given picture as the text for an æsthetic dissertation, or to study in their sequence the works of a particular painter—he at once writes either a magazine article or a book. The musical critic, again, in his capacity as a chronicler of passing events, is chiefly concerned with technical details of execution, as opposed to creation. The appraisement of this or that individual performance, instead of being relegated to a brief paragraph at the end of an article, is apt to furnish the body and substance of his work. Virtuosity is his main theme; and virtuosity is a matter of evanescent, though for the moment absorbing, interest. Even when he has a new creation to deal with, his criticism is largely technical, and bears but a problematic relation to life—a relation which becomes more definite, indeed, in proportion as the work in question approaches to literature, and especially to drama, by taking the form of oratorio, opera, or song. I am far from denying that a man of genius may make even a newspaper notice of the Royal Academy or of a "Monday Pop." permanently valuable and delightful; all I maintain is that it assuredly takes a man of genius to do so. Mr Bernard Shaw (why should I refrain from expressing an opinion so germane to my present point?) has to my thinking a peculiar genius

for bringing day-by-day musical criticism into vital relation with æsthetics at large, and even with ethics and politics—in a word, with life—and the fact that he cannot be goaded into making a collection of, or selection from, his articles, is, I own, somewhat of a rebuke to me. But my suggestion is that, even assuming Mr Shaw to be right, it does not follow that I am wrong. He has the advantage in talent, I in theme. He deals with the art which is furthest from life, I with that which is nearest to it. Of course it would not tax Mr Shaw's ingenuity to prove that the reverse is the case; but the sense in which I use the terms "furthest" and "nearest" is, I hope, sufficiently clear. To state the matter briefly, music is the most absolute of the arts, drama one of the most relative; and it is much easier to write interestingly of the relative than of the absolute.

"But," it may be urged, "there is not, or need not be, anything technical, abstruse, or scrappy in the criticism of literature. It forms a large part of the life-work of many eminent and brilliant writers; yet not one of them—not Mr Lang, nor Mr Saintsbury, nor Mr Theodore Watts, nor Mr Traill, nor Mr Quiller-Couch—issues a 'Year-Book of Literature.' The drama, in its present condition, is certainly very far from being the most important or flourishing branch of English letters. Why should we be supposed to want a yearly chronicle of the theatrical

world, when the much larger and more fruitful domain of poetry and fiction is left unchronicled, not, certainly, for want of able historiographers?" To this I can only answer that the temptation to collect these essays lies precisely in the fact that they deal with a limited, clearly-defined, and, so to speak, manageable subject. A critical year-book of literature, or even of imaginative literature alone, as detailed and exhaustive as this record of the drama, would be more than any one man could possibly accomplish, and would run to something like the bulk of the Post Office Directory. The most industrious reviewer makes but casual dips into the literary lucky-bag; whereas the critic of the drama takes cognisance of every event of the slightest importance in the theatrical history of the year. England resembles France, and differs from Germany, Italy, Scandinavia, and even America, in the extreme centralisation of her drama. The whole literary life of the stage (one must be allowed to use the term "literary" without committing oneself as to the quality of the literature) is centred in some dozen or fifteen theatres in the West End of London. It is true that a great many plays are produced at East End, suburban, and provincial theatres; but they are absolutely ephemeral and negligible—the "penny dreadfuls" of the drama. Within my own experience, I cannot recall a single play of the slightest importance that has been pro-

duced out of the West End of London. Now and then, when a company happens to be on tour, it will give a few performances of a play not yet seen in town; but these are little more than public rehearsals, preparatory to the London production. To all intents and purposes, at any rate, the seed-plot of the English drama may be said to fall within, and well within, the two-mile radius from Charing Cross. To record the year's occurrences within an area extending from Oxford Street to the Thames, and from the Law Courts to Sloane Square, is to write the history of the English drama for that year, "as it strikes a contemporary." All the higher theatrical life of the provinces draws its nourishment from this centre, and words first spoken in the Strand will presently echo eastward and westward to the shores of the Pacific. I am not vaunting this centralisation as an advantage, but merely noting it as a fact. And since this fact renders it possible for a man of very ordinary faculties and opportunities to give a complete record, within reasonable limits, of the heart-beats which send the blood coursing through so vast a system, can you wonder that it should seem to him a thing worth doing? However humbly we may rate it as a branch of literature, a form of art, the English drama is undeniably a social institution of the first importance. I am no great believer in the direct moral influence of drama—I doubt whether *Don Juan* has ever re-

formed a libertine or *L'Assommoir* made a drunkard sober—but the indirect and diffusive influence of the ideas and ideals presented on the stage cannot but be enormous. When you consider that a successful play—Mr Jones's *Masqueraders*, for example, or Mr Haddon Chambers's *John-a-Dreams*—will in all probability be witnessed by at least a million people all the world over in the course of the next ten years, you will scarcely deny that the present and future of the factory, so to speak, which turns out such widely-disseminated wares, is a matter of rational concern.

The critic of the drama, then, can survey the whole field with an exhaustive minuteness impossible to the critic who takes for his province the illimitable expanse of literature. And he can not only survey it: he may not unreasonably hope to exercise an appreciable influence upon its tillage. What literary critic, were he Lamb and Arnold and Pater rolled into one, could hope to produce a visible effect upon the unhasting, unresting, majestic development of English literature! As well think to alter the course of a glacier by chipping at its edges. This illustration, I grant, goes a little beyond the mark. Great critics influence lesser critics, and, though it is doubtful whether criticism ever starts an artistic movement, it may, in the long run, advance or retard one. But only in the long run. It is much if a man, at the close of his career, can look back and say, "This

tendency I helped to foster; that craze I did something to kill." No doubt every word spoken is in reality dynamic; but the object to be influenced is so vast, that the activity of an individual critic or group of critics produces no measurable and momentary effect. The dramatic critic, on the other hand, appears to be, and is in a certain sense, making history. If literature moves like a glacier, the drama may be compared to a mountain brook, babbling noisily along, seeming to turn and wind incessantly (though its general direction may be constant enough), and neither so headlong nor so voluminous but that its rush may be checked at this point, hastened at that, and here and there, perhaps, diverted into a new channel. There is always a certain movement to be recorded; and we may even flatter ourselves that the movement is not wholly beyond our control. Some critics (this I maintain in spite of paradoxical assertions to the contrary) have an enormous influence, collectively if not individually, over the great mass of the theatre-going public. Though they can neither crush a very strong play, nor puff a very weak one into popularity, they can, and do, make or mar the average play, whose fate remains undecided at the fall of the curtain. Other writers, who may not have gained the ear of the great public, exercise an unmistakable influence upon managers and authors. Thus the dramatic critic, far more than his literary co-mate,

is conscious of having a battle to fight, a policy to pursue, an end to strive for; and this, one may perhaps be allowed to hope, tends to give not only a certain unity, but a special vivacity, a dash of character and human interest, to his lucubrations. From day to day, from week to week, he is carrying on a campaign; and his articles, as they come fresh from his pen, with all their blunders, all their crudities, all their defects of insight, and foresight, and balance, and proportion, may still have the direct and first-hand interest of despatches from the seat of war. It has been my fortune to assist at all the events of any moment in the theatrical history of 1894, and in this volume I present the sheaf of my special correspondence. It has at least the merit of completeness within its own sphere; and if it be not at the same time readable, the fault lies in the writer, not in his theme.

And now (as Richie Moniplies puts it), "to promulgate the haill veritie," I must own that this year-book is, in my intention, not merely the record, but, as it were, the prolongation of a campaign. It is only, or chiefly, as it bears upon the future that the past year is worth recording. A newspaper criticism is quickly read, and as quickly forgotten. It may have produced its little effect, whether of assent or dissent, which will live on in the reader's habit of thinking and feeling, long after the individual utterance has vanished from

his mind; but its direct influence ceases with the day or week of the paper's currency. Frankly, then, it is in the hope of protracting, and at the same time focussing, their influence that these articles are collected. They one and all, directly or indirectly, make for a certain line of policy, which I most potently believe to be conducive to the best interests of the English stage. In a detached article, this policy can at best appear in fragmentary fashion; I venture to hope that it may body itself forth more clearly, and perhaps more persuasively, in the collected effort and thought of a whole year. Proselytism is my aim—I confess it freely—but not, I trust, the fierce and narrow proselytism of either an orthodoxy or a heterodoxy. I have no wish to convert my reader to any particular dogma or enthusiasm, but simply to beget or confirm in him a liberal, helpful, and hopeful habit of mind in relation to the stage, equally remote from lax and cynical acceptance of what is base, and from contemptuous rejection of what is better, because it falls short, as yet, of the ideal best.

Do I seem to pontify absurdly, talking of the petty politics of stageland in a strain that might befit imperial themes? Let me remind you once more that just because it is petty almost to ludicrousness in extent, our stageland is susceptible of influence at the hands of any one who brings sympathetic intelligence to bear upon it; while it is well worth influencing by

reason of the vast sphere throughout which its influence, in turn, is felt. A few pages back, I defined Stageland as that tract of ground which lies between Oxford Street and the Thames, between the Law Courts and Sloane Square; but in so doing I really exaggerated its area. It is nothing but a garden divided into some dozen or fifteen plots or beds, which we name the Lyceum stage, the Haymarket, the Garrick, the St James's stage, and so forth. Placed side by side, these play-beds, if I may call them so, might perhaps make up an expanse of two or three acres; and in this very modest pleasance the whole English drama has to be grown. What more natural than that we should supervise it with jealous care, and find an absorbing interest in trying to enable and encourage the different gardeners to cultivate to the best advantage the plots entrusted to them? Yes, entrusted; for such power as they wield involves a species of trust. They are the holders of a monopoly, none the less real because it is conferred on them by circumstances, not by law. Where the whole space is so limited, every inch is of importance. It behoves us, then, to be unwearied in urging that every plot in our little stage-garden should be devoted to the highest form of culture its conditions will admit of; and that, even if it grow only the homeliest greenstuff, the produce shall at least be fresh and wholesome after its kind. That is my reason for including

in this yearly survey even the most insignificant corners of the demesne.

Clearly, if we are to have any influence upon the cultivation of these play-beds, we must attentively study their conditions and possibilities. It is futile to clamour for pine-apples in a climate suited only for cauliflowers, or to insist on a dish of olives for our own private delectation, when we know that the effective demand is for broad beans. To drop the horticultural metaphor, the critic who wishes to be more than a voice crying in the wilderness, must always be a Possiblist; or at least, if he should now and then elect, for the sake of argument, to write as an Impossiblist, he must always know and confess what he is about. I am commonly suspected, I know, of being a hardened Impossiblist—a sort of critical Will-o'-the-Wisp, who would lure into the sloughs of bankruptcy any manager or author rash enough to put trust in my guidance. At a first night, not long ago, I happened to sit beside a dramatic author who is an old friend of mine. "Do you know anything of this piece?" he asked me before the curtain rose. "Yes," I said; "I have read it, and rather believe in it." "Oh! then it's no go," was his reply. In that particular instance, he happened to be right; but he afterwards confessed that, in the main, the innuendo was unjust. It is true that I take the keenest pleasure in certain plays which do not appeal to the general public; but I am so far

from confounding them with the commercial drama (I use the term in no derogatory sense) that I am much more apt to underestimate than to overestimate their attractiveness. In the case of Ibsen, for example, I have several times done my best to discourage experiments which ultimately proved very successful, as such things go. No one is less desirous than I to force Ibsen on the public at large; no one would be more surprised than I if he, or any other foreign dramatist, were to become really popular on the English stage. Ibsen's plays are relished by a small but sufficient public; they have exercised, and are exercising, a marked influence on the English drama, no less than on that of France and Germany; but the critic who should depreciate earnest and worthy English work because it is "not Ibsen," or should try to make room for Ibsen by slaughtering our native playwrights, would be not only a traitor but a fool. I claim for the non-commercial drama a right to exist as best it may, and to influence, in the natural order of things, the commercial drama; but when you find me confounding the two, or decrying the one in the interests of the other, I give you leave to call me an Impossiblist, prefixing whatever most forcible epithet your vocabulary may furnish.

There are haughty spirits among us who hold that it is no part of a critic's business to pay the smallest attention to the public—that he is simply to record

his personal impression, "after what flourish his nature will," and pass on in majestic indifference. No one, I believe, consistently acts up to this doctrine; no one, at all events, who really loves the theatre. Assuredly the critic ought not to be led by the public—to form his opinion in accordance with what he thinks "the public wants." That is one of the commonest and most obstructive vices of criticism. The critic's business is to lead, not to be led; but to that end it is absolutely essential that he should keep fairly in touch with the public he seeks to influence. He will often deal with a play from two aspects—the ideal and the practical. He will try to enable his readers to form their own judgment on the practical question whether they are likely to be entertained by it; and, at the same time, he will point out where it seems to him to achieve, and where to fall short of, a not impossible ideal. Thus he may hope, within his little sphere, gradually to beget a habit of thought more or less consonant with his own; and that he believes his own to be, on the whole, the better opinion, is implied in the fact of his writing and publishing it. This is the sort of proselytism at which I aim. I do not seek to drag my readers by leaps and bounds to my own personal or ideal standpoint, but rather to reinforce their appreciation of what is reasonably good, while insinuating a not too importunate desire for what is practicably better.

Now I make so bold as to believe—and this volume and its predecessor will sufficiently confirm or refute my contention—that so far from being an exceptionally unpractical, crotchety, and "faddy" critic, I have been endowed by nature with a quite normal and average taste in things theatrical. I may often give reasons for my likes and dislikes which would not occur to the man in the street—reasons, indeed, from which he may actively dissent—but in the bare fact of our likes and dislikes, he and I are commonly, and even surprisingly, at one. Putting aside the non-commercial drama, and looking simply at plays bidding for ordinary popularity at the regular theatres, you will find very few instances in which I have radically differed from the public at large. I have liked (without enthusiasm) a few plays which they did not greatly take to, such as *The Charlatan*, *Once upon a Time*, and *Mrs Lessingham;* but in these cases it was rather from the critics than the public that I dissented, for the hapless pieces were killed by criticism before they had any real chance of getting at the public. On the other hand, I doubt whether you will discover in the space of these two years a single play which distinctly bored me, and yet proved permanently attractive to the public. With regard to two plays—one in each year—I have vehemently dissented from the general approval. *The Bauble Shop*, by Mr Henry Arthur Jones, I considered

an unfortunate and ill-inspired effort; and *The Professor's Love Story*, by Mr J. M. Barrie, I regarded as a fitfully amusing improvisation, totally unworthy of the author's talent. In these two cases, then, the public and I disagreed as to the merit of a particular piece of work; but pray observe that, though I disliked the plays in question, I did not find them tedious. For the rest, I am greatly deceived if the general sense of a play's *vitality* indicated in my criticism of it be not, as a rule, approximately justified by its eventual fortunes. There is only one department of theatrical activity—Adelphi melodrama—with regard to which I confess myself very much at fault; and even here such plays as *The Fatal Card* and *The Derby Winner* seem to me to merit their popularity by being distinctly less tedious than the general run of their class. With respect to farce, my taste is nicely coincident with that of the public. For years past, the farces which really amused me have one and all succeeded, the farces which thoroughly bored me have one and all failed, in spite of critical leniency and managerial puffery. As to the musical farces, again, which have lately supplanted the old three-act burlesques, I have from the first welcomed and applauded them, though I have often had to protest against the deliberate indecency in which some authors have seen fit to indulge. I am by no means convinced that even in this respect the

great body of the public is not with me, though the habit of acquiescence, begotten by the Censorship, prevents them from expressing their feelings.

Need I say that in all this I am not claiming any direct influence whatever? If my criticism could make or mar a play, there would be no need to point out the coincidence between my judgment and its fortunes. But a writer in a high-priced weekly paper cannot possibly have any appreciable influence on the fate of any particular play. He may affect the estimation in which it is held, as a work of art, by the few who care to consider it in that light; but if he sends a few hundred people to the theatre, or keeps as many away, that is the utmost immediate effect he can hope to produce; and it is not hundreds but tens of thousands that make a play a success or failure. What I have been trying to point out, at the risk of tedious egoism, is that although I cannot, like some critics, impose my own likes and dislikes on the public, my estimate of a play, except perhaps in the one article of melodrama, affords a very fair prognostic of its chances of success. What entertains me is exceedingly apt to entertain the public; what bores me is almost certain to bore the public. Therefore, when I am accused of being a crotchety, faddy, unpractical critic—in brief, an inveterate Impossiblist—I think I may, with tolerable assurance, plead "Not Guilty."

This faculty for making the best of the actual

without losing sight of the ideal lies at the root of the policy enforced in the foregoing pages. Its inspiring principle, to sum it up as briefly as possible, lies in the conviction that, on pain of becoming an anti-social and almost criminal futility, criticism must be *fertilising*, not *sterilising*, in its tendency. Though there is no shallower sophism, no more pernicious heresy, than that which would place the drama in essential and eternal subjection to the tastes of a sort of abstract, average Populace, which nowhere exists in the flesh, yet it is certainly a popular art in the sense of being capable of giving pleasure to the multitude. The multitude, then, will always have its theatres, and the forms of art which appeal to it will always be worthy of sympathetic study, not only as a matter of social policy, that the fare provided for the people may be good and wholesome of its kind, but also because a vigorous popular drama is an excellent, perhaps an indispensable, basis for higher and subtler artistic developments. The essential fact to be borne in mind, however, is that, in a vast community like ours, there is no Public but many publics, and that if only we can encourage the lesser and better publics to take an interest in the theatre, to think about it, to cultivate an intelligent taste and pay for the gratification of that taste, there is no limit to the possibilities of progress in the direction of intellectual competence and artistic refinement. By a fertilising policy, then,

I understand a policy which makes for the healthy vitality of the theatre as a whole, while insisting on such differentiation of parts as shall enable it to interpret and appeal to the higher, as well as the lower, life and thought of the age.

Such a policy is, with me, not a matter of choice but of irresistible tendency. I was born with an instinctive, unreasoning, unreasonable love for the theatre, simply *as* the theatre, the place of light and sound, of mystery and magic, where, at the stroke of the prompter's bell, a new world is revealed to the delighted sense. That unreasoning love is still strong within me. If all the germs of progress were stamped out, and the stage declined entirely upon spectacle and buffoonery, I should still, I believe, find a melancholy fascination in the glare of the footlights. But close upon the heels of this mania for the theatre came another and still more absorbing passion—the passion for high thoughts and beautiful words, for things delicately seen, and subtly felt, and marvellously imagined—in short, for that divinest emanation of the human spirit which we call literature. These two things have I loved, sometimes blindly and foolishly, sometimes, I hope, with understanding; and it has been the instinctive, inevitable effort of my life to make these two one flesh. Literature in the theatre—great inventions greatly realised, beautiful words beautifully spoken—such literature as can

attain its highest potency only in this most fascinating, because most complex and human, of artistic mediums—that has been the yearning of my whole conscious life. Where I have found it, I have rejoiced with a great joy; wherever I have seen or imagined any movement, any endeavour, towards it, I have proclaimed the fact with an eagerness (I doubt not) often fanatical and disproportionate. That the drama should once more take rank among the highest expressions of English creative genius, and that the theatre, not as a place of mere pastime, should once more become a preponderant interest and influence in the lives of thinking men and women—that is the end to which, like all the rest, this year of my life-work is dedicated.

HEARST LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

SYNOPSIS OF PLAYBILLS, 1894.

By Henry George Hibbert.

JANUARY.

1. **THE COUNTRY GIRL.** Revival at **Daly's.** Cast: *Peggy Thrift*, Miss Ada Rehan; *Squire Moody*, Mr William Farren; *Sparkish*, Mr George Clarke; *Harcourt*, Mr Herbert Gresham; *Belville*, Mr Allan Aynesworth; *Old Will*, Mr Bridgland; *Servant*, Mr Powell; *Althea*, Miss Violet Vanbrugh; *Lucy*, Miss Catherine Lewis. Withdrawn 6th January.

6. **AN OLD JEW:** Comedy in Five Acts, by Sydney Grundy. **Garrick.** Cast: *Julius Sterne*, Mr John Hare; *Paul Venables*, Mr Gilbert Hare; *Bertie Burnside*, Mr W. L. Abingdon; *Douglas Craik*, Mr Eugene Mayeur; *Wybrow Walsingham*, Mr Charles Rock; *John Slater, M.A., LL.D.*, Mr G. W. Anson; *James Brewster*, Mr W. H. Day; *Willie Wandle*, Mr Scott Buist; *The Hon. and Rev. Adolphus Finucane*, Mr Gilbert Farquhar; *Mr Polak*, Mr H. De Lange; *Franconi*, Mr Gilbert Trent; *Old Actor*, Mr Robb Harwood; *Fritz*, Mr G. Du Maurier; *Mrs Venables*, Mrs Theodore Wright; *Eliza*, Miss Conti; *Ruth Venables*, Miss Kate Rorke. Withdrawn 3rd February.—"An Old Jew" was preceded by a **CASE FOR EVICTION.** Cast: *Frank*, Mr Scott Buist; *Dora*, Miss May Harvey; *Servant*, Miss Helen Luck.

8. **TWELFTH NIGHT.** Revival at **Daly's.** Cast: *Orsino*, Mr John Craig; *Sebastian*, Mr Sidney Herbert; *Antonio*, Mr Thomas Bridgland; *A Sea Captain*, Mr Hobart Bosworth; *Valentine*, Mr Alfred Hickman; *Curio*, Mr Lowndes; *Sir Toby Belch*, Mr James Lewis; *Sir Andrew Aguecheek*, Mr Herbert

Gresham; *Malvolio*, Mr George Clarke; *Fabian*, Mr William Sampson; *Feste*, Mr Lloyd Daubigny; *Priest*, Mr Powell; *Officer*, Mr Gollan; *The Countess Olivia*, Miss Violet Vanbrugh; *Maria*, Miss Catherine Lewis; *Viola*, Miss Ada Rehan. Withdrawn 28th April.

17. **UNCLE'S GHOST**: Farce in Three Acts (originally produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, 15th June 1887). **Opera Comique.** Cast: *John Smithson*, Mr John Tresahar; *Cecil Crawley*, Mr Charles Burleigh; *Professor Erasmus Pipjaw*, Mr Alfred Maltby; *Professor Sharp*, Mr Lionel Wallace; *Professor Noodlechump*, Mr Charles Lander; *Doctor Howe*, Mr E. Dagnall; *Dr Watt*, Mr Brandon Hurst; *Nobbs*, Mr H. Norton; *Uncle Josiah Turbot*, Mr Fred Thorne; *Mrs Bartholomew*, Miss Emily Thorne; ? ? ? ? , Miss Carrie Coote; *Ravinia Pipjaw*, Miss E. Brinsley Sheridan; *Jane*, Miss Nolon.—Preceded by **SUNSET.** Cast: *Lois*, Miss Mary Kingsley; *Joan*, Miss Mary Nolon; *Aunt Drusilla*, Miss H. Cowen; *Laurence*, Mr Brandon Hurst; *Azariah Stodd*, Mr Lionel Wallace; *Mr Rivers*, Mr J. F. Graham. Withdrawn 12th February.

18. **THE CHARLATAN**: Play in Four Acts, by Robert Buchanan. **Haymarket.** Cast: *Philip Woodville*, Mr Tree; *The Earl of Wanborough*, Mr Nutcombe Gould; *Lord Dewsbury*, Mr Fred Terry; *The Hon. Mervyn Darrell*, Mr Frederick Kerr; *Mr Darnley*, Mr C. Allan; *Professor Marrables*, Mr Holman Clarke; *Butler*, Mr Hay; *Footman*, Mr Montagu; *Lady Carlotta Deepdale*, Miss Lily Hanbury; *Mrs Darnley*, Mrs E. H. Brooke; *Olive Darnley*, Miss Irene Vanbrugh; *Madam Obnoskin*, Miss Gertrude Kingston; *Isabel Arlington*, Miss Tree. Withdrawn 17th May.

20. **A GAUNTLET**: A Play in Three Acts, translated from the Norwegian of Björnstjerne Björnson by Osman Edwards, adapted by George P. Hawtrey. Cast: *Riis*, Mr Elliot; *Mr Christensen*, Mr George P. Hawtrey; *Alf Christensen*, Mr Gaston Mervale; *Hoff*, Mr Alfred Bucklaw; *Peter*, Mr Herbert George; *Mrs Riis*, Miss Louise Moodie; *Mrs Christensen*, Miss Katherine Stewart; *Marie*, Miss Eileen Munroe; *Frederike*, Miss Cornelie Charles; *Kamma*, Miss Florence Munroe; *Hanna*,

Miss Kate Graves; *Else*, Miss Frances Burleigh; *Olga*, Miss Maud Clifford; *Ortrude*, Miss Edith Maitland; *Svava*, Miss Annie Rose. Withdrawn 24th January.—Preceded by **PENELOPE.** Cast: *Tosser*, Mr C. P. Little; *Pitcher*, Mr George Hawtrey; *Walker Chalks*, Mr Aubrey Lumley; *Mrs Croaker*, Miss Eileen Munroe; *Penelope*, Miss Kate Santley.

27. **THE TRANSGRESSOR**: Play in Four Acts, by A. W. Gattie. **Court.** Cast: *Eric Langley*, Mr Arthur Elwood; *Gerald Hurst, M.D.*, Mr Seymour Hicks; *Colonel Foster*, Mr James Fernandez; *Sir Thomas Hornecliffe, Bart., J.P.*, Mr C. H. E. Brookfield; *The Hon. and Rev. Henry Meredith*, Mr Bucklaw; *Robert*, Mr David Cowis; *Mrs Woodville*, Miss Fanny Coleman; *Constance*, Miss Bessie Hatton; *Anne*, Miss Minna Blakiston; *Sylvia*, Miss Olga Nethersole. Withdrawn 7th April.

FEBRUARY.

1. **BEYOND**: a Study of a Woman by a Woman, suggested by a story of Rene Maizeroy. **Criterion.** Cast: *Mrs Fenton*, Mrs Bernard Beere; *Captain Fenton*, Mr Arthur Bourchier. An afternoon performance.

3. **DICK SHERIDAN**: Comedy in Four Acts, by Robert Buchanan. Cast: *Richard Brinsley Sheridan*, Mr H. B. Irving; *Dr Jonathan O'Leary*, Mr Brandon Thomas; *Lord Dazzleton*, Mr Cyril Maude; *Captain Matthews*, Mr Lewis Waller; *Sir Harry Chase*, Mr Sydney Brough; *Mr Linley*, Mr Edmund Maurice; *David Garrick*, Mr Will Dennis; *Mr Wade*, Mr F. M. Paget; *Captain Knight*, Mr Crawley; *Sir James Loder*, Mr H. J. Carvill; *Mr Abednego*, Mr John Byron; *Servant*, Mr Bertram; *Mr Linley's Servant*, Mr Anning; *Lady Miller*, Miss Vane; *Lady Pamela Stirrup*, Miss Lena Ashwell, *Lady Shuttleworth*, Miss Radcliffe; *The Hon. Mrs Elliott*, Miss Constance Brietzcke; *Miss Copeland*, Miss Ettie Williams; *Miss Beamish*, Miss A. O'Brian; *Mrs Lappett*, Miss Pattie Browne; *Miss Elizabeth Linley*, Miss Winifred Emery. Withdrawn 30th March.

5. **CASTE**: Comedy in Three Acts, by T. W. Robertson. Revived at the **Garrick.** Cast: *The Hon. George D'Alroy*, Mr

J. Forbes Robertson; *Captain Hawtree*, Mr W. L. Abingdon; *Eccles*, Mr G. W. Anson; *Sam Gerridge*, Mr Gilbert Hare; *Dixon*, Mr George Du Maurier; *The Marquise de St Maur*, Miss Rose Leclercq; *Polly Eccles*, Miss May Harvey; *Esther Eccles*, Miss Kate Rorke. Withdrawn 4th April.

6. **THE LEGACY**: Comedy in One Act, by Frank Lindo. Cast: *Jack Martyn*, Mr Douglas Gordon; *Alfred Attleboy*, Mr Robert Castleton; *Jonas Sparley*, Mr A. H. Brooke; *Agnes Hamilton*, Miss Mary Clayton; *Clara Sparley*, Miss Marjorie Christmas; *Eliza*, Miss Mary Bessle.—**JUDITH SHAKESPEARE**: Drama in One Act, by Alec Nelson, founded upon an incident in William Black's novel. Cast: *Jack Orridge*, Mr Rothbury Evans; *Thomas Quincy*, Mr Frank Lacey; *Frank Evans*, Mr E. H. Patterson; *Willie Hart*, Mr Lionel Calhaem; *Judith Shakespeare*, Miss Eva Williams.—**TWO HEARTS**: Drama in One Act, by S. J. Adair Fitzgerald. Cast: *Dr Angus Williams*, Mr Frank Macvicars; *The Rev. Josiah Darville*, Mr W. Aubrey Chandler; *Capel Arliss*, Mr Frederic de Lara; *Heresta Aynsley*, Miss Emilie Calhaem; *Jane*, Miss Kate Bealby. Morning performance promoted by the Society of British Dramatic Art. **Royalty.**

15. **THE LITTLE WIDOW**: Farce in Three Acts, by William Jarman. **Royalty.** Cast: *Mr Wilkins Potter*, Mr Charles Sugden; *Dr Arthur Potter*, Mr Welton Dale; *Captain Rattlebrain*, Mr Frank Lacey; *Auguste Bousieur*, Mr A. E. W. Mason; *Morton*, Mr E. H. Patterson; *Mrs Wilkins Potter*, Miss Sydney K. Phelps; *Emily Randall*, Miss Emilie Grattan; *Sophonisba Bousieur*, Miss Jane Gray; *Mrs Constance Rattlebrain*, Miss Minnie Palmer. Withdrawn 10th March.—Preceded by **IN OLDEN DAYS**: a Dramatic Incident in One Act, by Mrs Hodgson Burnett. Cast: *Jocelyn Durant*, Mr A. E. W. Mason; *Capt. Desborough*, Mr Harry Grattan; *Damaris Nethercliffe*, Miss Emilie Grattan.

17. **WAPPING OLD STAIRS**: Comic Opera in Two Acts, by Stuart Robertson, Music by Howard Talbot. **Vaudeville.** Cast: *Sir Wormwood Scrubbs*, Mr Herbert Sparling; *Mark Mainstay*, Mr Courtice Pounds; *Captain Crook*, Mr Henry

Bouchier; *Ben Brace*, Mr Avon Saxon; *Dick Fid*, Mr Richard Temple; *Nancy Joy*, Miss Mary Turner; *Molly Joy*, Miss Hannah Jones; *Daisy Pennant*, Miss Mary Hutton; *Kate Capstan*, Miss M. Warren; *Fits Binnacle*, Miss L. Stewart; *Susan Sinnett*, Miss Jessie Bond. Withdrawn 6th April.—Eventually preceded by **WET PAINT.** Cast: *Peter Penley*, Mr Herbert Sparling; *Mrs Chiselhurst*, Miss Annie Laurie; *Polly*, Miss Geraldine Wrangham.

20. **DAN'L DRUCE.** Revival. **Prince of Wales.** Cast: *Sir Jasper Coombe*, Mr William Rignold; *Dan'l Druce*, Mr William Mollison; *Reuben Haines*, Mr Sidney Valentine; *Geoffrey Wingard*, Mr Fuller Mellish; *Marple*, Mr Julian Cross; *Joe Ripley*, Mr Fred W. Permain; *Sergeant*, Mr Charles Medwin; *Soldier*, Mr Lionel Wallace; *Dorothy*, Miss Nancy Mackintosh. Afternoon performance.

21. **THE NEW BOY**: Farcical Comedy in Three Acts, by Arthur Law. **Terry's.** Cast: *Archibald Rennick*, Mr Weedon Grossmith; *Dr Candy*, Mr J. Beauchamp; *Felix Roach*, Mr J. D. Beveridge; *Theodore de Brissac*, Mr Sydney Warden; *Bullock Major*, Mr Kenneth Douglas; *Mr Stubber*, Mr T. A. Palmer; *Mrs Rennick*, Miss Gladys Homfrey; *Nancy Roach*, Miss May Palfrey; *Susan*, Miss Esme Beringer. Eventually transferred to the **Vaudeville.** Still running.—Preceded by **THE GENTLEMAN WHIP**, by H. M. Paull. Cast: *Mr Brown*, Mr Frederick Volpe; *Baxter Slade*, Mr Sydney Warden; *Tom Sincott*, Mr J. R. Hatfield; *Dixon*, Mr George Robinson; *Lady Jane Verinder*, Miss Adena Dacre; *Mabel Verender*, Miss Esme Beringer.

23. **THE HEIRS OF RABOURDIN**: Play, by Emile Zola; translated by A. Teixeira de Maltos. **Opera Comique (Independent).** Cast: *Rabourdin*, Mr James Welch; *Chapuzot*, Mr Harding Cox; *Dominique*, Mr C. M. Hallard; *Le Doux*, Mr Douglas Gordon; *Dr Morgue*, Mr Charles Goodhart; *Isaac*, Mr F. Norreys Connell; *Vaussard*, Mrs Arthur Ayers; *Fiquet*, Mrs Lois Royd; *Eugénie*, Miss Lena Dene; *Charlotte*, Miss Mary Jocelyn.

24. **THE WORLD**: Drama in Five Acts, by Henry Pettitt, Paul Meritt, and Augustus Harris. Revived at the **Princess's**. Cast: *Sir C. Huntingford*, Mr C. Dalton; *Moss Jewell*, Mr W. Elton; *Martin Bashford*, Mr Julian Cross; *Harry Huntingford*, Mr C. Glenney; *Mabel Huntingford*, Miss Olga Brandon; *Ned Owen*, Miss Agnes Thomas; *Mary Blyth*, Miss Kate Tyndall; *Blackstone*, Mr Maurice Drew; *Pearson*, Mr F. MacVicars; *Owen*, Mr Clarence Holt; *Langley*, Mr James Francis; *Gilbert*, Mr Maurice Dudley; *Locksley*, Mr F. Mavard; *Hawkins*, Mr J. A. Cave; *Wyndham*, Mr Frank Damer; *Rushton*, Mr J. Horsfall; *Detective*, Mr F. L. Robins; *Commissionaire*, Mr S. Williams; *Commissioner*, Mr John Durant; *Marshall*, Mr Nicholas Nomico; *Alice*, Miss Ethel Verne; *Miss M'Tab*, Miss Lydia Rachel. Withdrawn, 14th April.

28. **MRS DEXTER**: Farcical Comedy in Three Acts, by J. H. Darnley (originally produced at the Court Theatre, Liverpool, on 28th December 1891). **Strand.** Cast: *Major Kildare, M.P.*, Mr Charles Hawtrey; *Frank Fairfield, Q.C.*, Mr Lionel Wallace; *Henry Thornton, Q.C.*, Mr Wilfred Draycott; *The Hon. Timothy Townsend*, Mr Gordon Harvey; *Reginal Dexter, M.P.*, Mr W. F. Hawtrey; *Mr Paxton*, Mr Ernest Cosham; *Fulton*, Mr S. Lascelles; *James*, Mr Alec Mackenzie; *Mrs Dexter*, Miss Fanny Brough; *Mrs Kildare*, Miss Helen Conway; *Mrs Thornton*, Miss Eva Williams; *Miss O'Hara*, Miss Alice Mansfield; *Marie*, Miss Ina Goldsmith. Withdrawn 10th March.—Preceded by **FOR CHARITY'S SAKE.** Cast: *Nicholas Nubbles*, Mr W. F. Hawtrey; *Mr Zebeedy Benjamin Catchpole*, Mr S. Lascelles; *Edward Fisher*, Mr Gordon Harvey; *Inspector Jones*, Mr Alec M'Kenzie; *Nick*, Mr Ernest Asham; *Charity*, Miss Eva Williams.

MARCH.

5. **FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE**: Duologue, by Percy Fendall. **Court.** Cast: *Mr Egerton*, Mr C. H. E. Brookfield; *Mrs Fitz Adam*, Miss Lottie Venne.—A front piece to "The Transgressor."

6. **THE BEST MAN**: Farce in Three Acts, by Ralph R. Lumley. **Toole's.** Cast: *Sir Lovel Gage*, Mr John Billington;

Price Putlow, Mr J. L. Toole; *Allen Skifford*, Mr C. M. Lowne; *Walter Brewer*, Mr E. A. Coventry; *Minch*, Mr George Shelton; *Williams*, Mr Charles Brunton; *Pemble*, Mr F. J. Arlton; *Mrs Mont Aubyn*, Miss Beatrice Lamb; *Brenda Gage*, Miss Florence Fordyce; *Ada Jevons Bailey*, Miss Cora Poole; *Nina Skifford*, Miss Alice Kingsley; *Sarah Spooner*, Miss Eliza Johnstone. Withdrawn 27th June.—Preceded by **HESTER'S MYSTERY.** Cast: *Mr Owen Silverdale*, Mr Henry Westland; *John Royle*, Mr C. M. Lowne; *Joel*, Mr F. J. Arthur; *Nance Butterworth*, Miss Kate Carlyon; *Hester*, Miss Florence Fordyce.

10. **THE COTTON KING**: Drama in Four Acts, by Sutton Vane. **Adelphi.** Cast: *Jack Osborne*, Mr Charles Warner; *Richard Stockley*, Mr Edward O'Neill; *De Fonseca*, Mr Herbert Flemming; *James Shillinglaw*, Mr Charles Cartwright; *Benjamin Tupper*, Mr Arthur Williams; *The Rev. Mr Ponder*, Mr Lennox Pawle; *Dr Gilbert*, Mr Lyston Lyle; *Silas Kent*, Mr John Carter; *George Piper*, Mr W. Northcote; *Peter Bell*, Mr Howard Russell; *Phillips*, Mr Tripp; *Inspector Graham*, Mr Williamson; *Mrs Drayson*, Mrs Dion Boucicault; *Elsie Kent*, Miss Hall Caine; *Kitty Marshall*, Miss Alma Stanley; *Mrs Martin Smith*, Miss Kate Kearney; *Susan*, Miss Harrison; *Hetty Drayson*, Miss Marion Terry (who was replaced a while by Miss Janet Achurch). Withdrawn 5th May.

10. **GO-BANG**: Musical-Farcical Comedy in Two Acts, Libretto by Adrian Ross, Music by Osmond Carr. **Trafalgar Square.** Cast: *Jenkins*, Mr Harry Grattan; *Sir Reddan Tapeleigh, K.C.S.I.*, Mr Arthur Playfair; *Lieut. The Hon. Augustus Fitzpoop*, Mr George Grossmith, junior; *Wang*, Mr Sydney Howard; *Narain*, Mr Frederick Rosse; *Dam Row*, Mr John L. Shine; *Helen Tapeleigh*, Miss Jessie Bond; *Lady Fritterleigh*, Miss Agnes Hewitt; *Sarah Anne*, Miss Adelaide Astor; *Miss Belle Wedderburn*, Miss Maggie Roberts; *Miss Flo Wedderburn*, Miss Rubie Temple; *Miss Di Dalrymple*, Miss Letty Lind. Withdrawn 24th August.

17. **FROU FROU** (a new English version). **Comedy.** Cast: *Henry de Sartorys*, Mr Brandon Thomas; *Monsieur*

Brigard, Mr Cyril Maude; *Le Vicomte Paul de Valreas*, Mr H. B. Irving; *Le Baron de Cambri*, Mr Will Dennis; *Jack*, Miss Gladys Doree; *Zanetto*, Mr Crawley; *M. Brigard's Servant*, Mr Barrett; *Servant in the Palazzo at Venice*, Mr Anning; *La Baronne de Cambri*, Miss Vane; *Louise Brigard*, Miss Marie Linden; *Pauline*, Miss Lena Ashwell; *Governess*, Miss Radcliffe; *Gilberte Brigard*, Miss Winifred Emery. A morning performance. Put in the evening bill, 31st March. Withdrawn 15th June.

28. **ONCE UPON A TIME**: Play, freely adapted from Ludwig Fulda's "Der Talisman," by Louis N. Parker and H. Beerbohm Tree. **Haymarket.** Cast: *The King*, Mr Beerbohm Tree; *Berengar*, Mr Luigi Lablache; *Diomede*, Mr Nutcombe Gould; *Niccola*, Mr Gilbert Farquhar; *Stefano*, Mr Charles Allan; *Panfilio*, Mr Holman Clark; *Ferrante*, Mr H. Revelle; *Basilio*, Mr Hugh Dorrington; *Omar*, Mr Fred Terry; *Beppo*, Mr F. Perceval Stevens; *Benedict*, Mr Willes; *Guido*, Mr Frederick Watson; *Baldino*, Mr Gayer Mackay; *Pedro*, Mr D. Cowis; *Caspar*, Mr Bert Thomas; *The Head Cook*, Mr W. Hargreaves; *Officer of the Guard*, Mr Edward Ritchie; *Habakuk*, Mr Lionel Brough; *Magdalena*, Miss Julia Neilson; *Rita*, Mrs Tree. Withdrawn 21st April.

29. **A COMEDY OF SIGHS**: Comedy in Four Acts, by John Todhunter. **Avenue.** Cast: *Sir Geoffrey Brandon*, Mr Bernard Gould; *Major Chillingworth*, Mr Yorke Stephens; *The Rev. Horace Greenwell*, Mr James Welch; *Williams*, Mr Orlando Barnett; *Lady Brandon*, Miss Florence Farr; *Mrs Chillingworth*, Miss Vane Featherstone; *Miss Lucy Vernon*, Miss Enid Earle. Withdrawn 14th April.—Also, **THE LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE**: Play in One Act, by W. B. Yeats. Cast: *Michael Bruin*, Mr James Welch; *James Bruin*, Mr A. E. W. Mason; *Father Hart*, Mr G. R. Foss; *Bridget Bruin*, Miss Charlotte Morland; *Mary Bruin*, Miss Winifred Fraser; *A Fairy Child*, Miss Dorothy Paget.

29. **IN THE EYES OF THE WORLD**: Play in One Act, by A. C. Fraser Wood. **Globe.** Cast: *Richard Carlton*, Mr H. Reeves Smith; *Lord Wilfred Pontefract*, Mr Harry Farmer; *Horatio Parr*, Mr Cecil H. Thornbury; *Wilks*, Mr

Edwin H. Wynne; *Lady Mabel Wendover*, Miss Mabel H. Lane. —Front piece to "Charley's Aunt." Still running.

31. **AN ARISTOCRATIC ALLIANCE**: Comedy in Three Acts, by Lady Violet Greville, adapted from Augier and Sandeau's "Le Gendre de Monsieur Poirier." **Criterion.** Cast: *Gerald, Earl of Forres*, Mr Charles Wyndham; *Mr Firkin Potter*, Mr Charles Grover; *Mr Anthony Greenwood*, Mr J. G. Taylor; *Captain Marchmont*, Mr Frank Worthing; *Monsieur Cordognac*, Mr H. de Lange; *Jarvis*, Mr Markham; *Lady Winnifred Skipton*, Miss Fowler; *Rose Lea*, Miss Annie Hughes; *Alice*, Miss Mary Moore. Withdrawn 29th May.—Preceded by **MRS HILARY REGRETS.** Cast: *Mrs Hilary*, Miss F. Francis; *Dr Power*, Mr F. Atherley.

APRIL.

2. **JAUNTY JANE SHORE**: Burlesque in Two Acts, by Richard Henry; Music by John Crook. **Strand.** Cast: *Richard, Duke of Gloucester*, Mr Harry Paulton; *Edward IV.*, Mr Edward Lewis; *Grist*, Mr Fred Emney; *Matthew Shore*, Mr George Humphrey; *Waterbury*, Mr Arthur Nelstone; *Telefag*, Mr Alfred B. Phillips; *Dato*, Mr Charles Lovell; *Hastings*, Miss Grace Huntley; *Catesby*, Miss Emmeline Orford; *Elizabeth Woodville*, Miss Florence Daly; *Dame Ursula*, Miss Ada Doree; *Mary*, Miss Carrie Coote; *Alicia*, Miss Hilda Hanbury; *The Young Princes*, Miss Nellie and Miss Maggie Bowman; *Jaunty Jane Shore*, Miss Alice Atherton. Withdrawn 19th May.

3. **MISS RUTLAND**: Play of Modern Life, by Richard Pryce. **Gaiety.** (A morning performance.) Cast: *George Marston*, Mr William Herbert; *The Hon. John Massareen*, Mr W. T. Lovell; *Mr Layton*, Mr W. Wyes; *Mr Mordaunt*, Mr Norest Percy; *Mr Le Marchant*, Mr Mules Brown; *Mr Warburton*, Mr Guy Coulson; *Morisson*, Mr John Byron; *Jackson*, Mr James Welch; *Call-boy*, Mr R. Earle; *Helen Marston*, Miss Frances Ivor; *Lady Wroxeter*, Miss Henrietta Lindley; *Mildred Luxmere*, Miss Helen Forsyth; *Miss Skelt Jordan*, Mrs B. M. de Solla; *Miss Ethel Orient*, Miss Evelyn Faulkner; *Miss Florry Paget*, Miss Olga Garland; *Wilson*, Miss Mabel Hardy; *Mar-*

guret Brown, Mrs T. H. Brooke; *Eleanor Rutland*, Miss Ettie Williams.

4. **THE FIEND AT FAULT**: Mediæval Musical Mystery, by Sutherland Edwardes and William H. Taylor; Music by F. Forster Buffen and W. H. Taylor. **Vaudeville.** Cast: *Enrico*, Mr C. Emlyn Jones; *Satanio*, Mr William Dever; *Vera*, Miss Madeleine Martinez.—A front piece to "Wapping Old Stairs."

5. **THE LITTLE SQUIRE**: Comedy in Three Acts, adapted from a novel by Mrs de la Pasture, by Mrs William Grat and Horace Sedger. **Lyric.** (For a brief series of afternoon performances.) Cast: *Claud Vernon*, Mr Charles Sugden; *Mr Wentworth*, Mr Seymour; *Wilkinson*, Mr W. S. Laidlaw; *Granfer West*, Mr Montelli; *Cartridge*, Mr Bentley; *Adrian De Coursay*, Miss Dorothy Hanbury; *Mrs De Coursay*, Miss Mary Rorke; *Bessie Barton*, Miss Fanny Brough; *Mrs Hardwick*, Miss Rose Leclercq; *Mrs Brownlow*, Mrs Edmund Phelps; *Cicely Hardwick*, Miss Isa Bowman; *Lise de la Riviere*, Miss Empsie Bowman; *First Villager*, Mr Charles Crook; *Second Digger*, Mr S. Williams; *First Wife*, Miss D. Thorne; *Second Wife*, Miss Fenton. Withdrawn 4th May.

7. **MRS LESSINGHAM**: Play in Four Acts, by Miss Fletcher ("George Fleming"). **Garrick.** Cast: *Mr Walter Forbes*, Mr J. Forbes Robertson; *Major Edward Hardy, R.A., V.C.*, Mr John Hare; *The Hon. Archie Hope Glen*, Mr Sheridan Lascelles; *Mr Charles B. Snead*, Mr Charles Rock; *Mr James Vane*, Mr G. W. Hardy; *Master Bobby Snead*, Master Frank Saker; *Farmer*, Mr G. Du Maurier; *Lady Anne Beaton*, Miss Kate Rorke; *Lady Porteous*, Miss Dolores Drummond; *Mrs Lessingham*, Miss Elizabeth Robins; *Mrs Hope Glen*, Miss Helen Luck; *Harper*, Miss Emily Cross. Withdrawn 16th May.

19. **CHARMING MRS GAYTHORNE**: Comedy in Three Acts, by Charles Smith Cheltnam. **Criterion.** (Afternoon performance.) Cast: *Earl Pinchbeck*, Mr C. W. Somerset; *Lord Groomsbury*, Mr York Stephens; *Sir Rupert Oakfield*, Mr

Frank Macrae; *The Hon. Julian Fairmain*, Mr A. E. W. Mason; *Reginald Brightwell*, Mr Granville Barker; *William*, Mr F. Vernon; *Lord Oakfield*, Miss Essex Dane; *Gabrielle*, Miss Di Travers; *Augustine*, Miss Mary Jocelyn; *Mrs Gaythorne*, Mrs Ivy Dacre.

21. **GENTLEMAN JACK**: Drama in Five Acts, by Chas. I. Vincent and William A. Brady (originally produced in America.) **Drury Lane.** Cast: *Jack Royden*, Mr James J. Corbett; *Joseph Royden*, Mr William A. Brady; *Mr Halliday*, Mr Ben Hendricks; *George Halliday*, Mr Cuyler Hastings; *Bat Houston*, Mr John Donaldson; *Schuyler Southgate*, Mr Jay Wilson; *Tom Carlton*, Mr Frank Damer; *Maxey Splash*, Mr John M'Vey; *Manager Short*, Mr J. H. Wren; *Special Officer of the Roof Garden*, Mr F. Harrison; *Waiter at the Roof Garden*, Mr Bert Tuckman; *President of the Olympic Club*, Mr Dan Sawyer; *Captain of Police*, Mr Andrew Hayne; *Alice Saunders*, Miss George Esmond; *Polly Graham*, Miss Sadie M'Donald; *Mrs Royden*, Miss Robertha Erskine; *Mrs Morriarty*, Mr Bud Woodthorpe; *Tottie Splash*, Miss Florrie West. Withdrawn 11th May.

21. **ARMS AND THE MAN**: Romantic Comedy in Three Acts, by G. Bernard Shaw. **Avenue.** Cast: *Major Paul Petkoff*, Mr James Welch; *Major Sergius Saranoff*, Mr Bernard Gould; *Captain Bluntschli*, Mr Yorke Stephens; *Major Plechanoff*, Mr A. E. W. Mason; *Nichola*, Mr Orlando Barnett; *Catherine Petkoff*, Mrs Charles Calvert; *Raïna Petkoff*, Miss Alma Murray; *Louka*, Miss Florence Farr. Withdrawn 7th June.

25. **A BUNCH OF VIOLETS**: Play in Four Acts (founded on Octave Feuillet's "Montjoye"), by Sydney Grundy. **Haymarket.** Cast: *Sir Phillip Marchant*, Mr Tree; *Viscount Mount Sorrell*, Mr Nutcombe Gould; *The Hon. Harold Inglis*, Mr C. M. Hallard; *Mark Murgatroyd*, Mr Lionel Brough; *Jacob Schwartz*, Mr G. W. Anson; *Harker*, Mr Holman Clark; *Butler*, Mr Hay; *Footmen*, Mr Montagu and Mr Ferris; *Lady Marchant*, Miss Lily Hanbury; *Violet*, Miss Audrey Ford; *Mrs Murgatroyd*, Mrs Tree. Withdrawn 19th July; reproduced 8th October to 3rd November.

28. **THE MASQUERADERS**: Play in Four Acts, by H. A. Jones. **St James's.** Cast: *David Remon*, Mr George Alexander; *Sir Bryce Skene*, Mr Herbert Waring; *Montagu Lushington*, Mr Elliott; *Eddie Remon*, Mr H. V. Esmond; *Lord Crandover*, Mr Ian Robertson; *The Hon. Percy Blanchflower*, Mr A. Vane Tempest; *Sir Winchmore Wills, M.D.*, Mr Graeme Goring; *George Copeland*, Mr Ben Webster; *Fancourt*, Mr Arthur Royston; *Carter*, Mr Guy Lane Coulson; *Randal*, Mr J. A. Pentham; *Rodney*, Mr F. Kinsey-Peile; *Sharland*, Mr A. Bromley Davenport; *Jimmy Stokes*, Mr William H. Day; *Brinkler*, Mr Alfred Holles; *Thomson*, Mr F. Loftus; *A Servant*, Mr Theo. Stewart; *Dulcie Larondie*, Mrs Patrick Campbell; *Helen Larondie*, Miss Granville; *Charley Wisranger*, Miss Irene Vanbrugh; *Lady Charles Raindean*, Miss Beryl Faber; *Lady Crandover*, Mrs Edward Saker. Interrupted by Mr Alexander's provincial tour from 28th September to 10th November; withdrawn 22nd December.

30. **AS YOU LIKE IT.** Revival at **Daly's.** Cast: *The Duke*, Mr Campbell Gollan; *Frederick*, Mr Thomas Bridgland; *Amiens*, Mr Roland M'Quarie; *Jaques*, Mr George Clarke; *A Lord*, Mr Bosworth; *Le Beau*, Mr Sydney Harcourt Herbert; *Charles*, Mr Hobart Bosworth; *Oliver*, Mr John Dixon; *Orlando*, Mr John Craig; *Jacques*, Mr Lloyd Lowndes; *Adam*, Mr William Farren; *Dennis*, Mr Rupert Lister; *Touchstone*, Mr James Lewis; *Corin*, Mr Charles Leclercq; *Silvius*, Mr Alfred Hickman; *William*, Mr William Sampson; *Pages*, Mr Olive Barry and Miss Florence Conron; *Hymen*, Miss Dagmar; *Celia*, Miss Sybil Carlisle; *Phœbe*, Miss Ida Molesworth; *Audrey*, Miss Catherine Lewis; *Rosalind*, Miss Ada Rehan. A few performances only.

30. **KING KODAK**: Musical Extravaganza, by Arthur Branscombe and numerous composers. **Terry's.** Cast: *James South*, Mr Edward Terry; *Dick Dashaway*, Mr Charles Danby; *Admiral Sir William Broadsides, R.N.*, Mr George Giddens; *Mr M. T. Head*, Mr Compton Coutts; *Hugh E. Foote*, Mr Huntley Wright; *Lord Deadbroke*, Mr E. H. Kelly; *Lieut. Jack Broadsides, R.N.*, Mr George De Pledge; *Charlie Broadsides*,

Miss Ada Barry; *Harry Vernon*, Mr J. Thompson; *Sergeant O'Flynn*, Mr F. W. Trott; *Boleg Nula*, Mr W. Edwards; *Hilda South*, Miss Violet Robinson; *Letitia Gushington*, Miss Margaret Ayrtoun; *Violet*, Miss Mabel Love; *Lillie*, Miss Eva Levens; *Dora Nightingale*, Miss Lizzie Ruggles; *Frankie Dashaway*, Miss Amy Saunders; *Millie Tarry*, Miss Blanche Barnett; *Jennie Rossity*, Miss Violet Friend; *Eva Nescent*, Miss Marie Lascelles; *Ella Gant*, Miss Irene du Foye; *Kitty Seabrook*, Miss Kate Vaughan. Withdrawn 30th June.

MAY.

2. **HER DEAREST FOE**: Comedy Drama in Four Acts, adapted from Mrs Alexander's novel by Miss Henrietta Lindley. **Criterion.** (Afternoon performance.) Cast: *Colonel Sir Hugh Galbraith*, Mr Frank Worthing; *Major Upton*, Mr Frank Atherley; *Mr Robert Ford*, Mr Acton Bond; *Frank Reid*, Mr Hamilton Revelle; *Adolphus Trapes*, Mr Sydney Valentine; *Dr Slade*, Mr Charles Allan; *Edwards*, Mr C. Terric; *Lady Styles*, Miss Dolores Drummond; *Amy Leigh*, Miss Annie Webster; *Mills*, Mrs E. H. Brooke; *Mrs Travers*, Miss Henrietta Lindley.

4. **THE WILD DUCK**: Play in Five Acts, by Henrik Ibsen. **Royalty.** (Three performances promoted by the Independent Theatre Society.) Cast: *Werle*, Mr George Warde; *Gregers Werle*, Mr Charles Fulton; *Old Ekdal*, Mr Harding Cox; *Hialmar Ekdal*, Mr W. L. Abingdon; *Gina Ekdal*, Mrs Herbert Waring; *Hedvig*, Miss Winifred Fraser; *Mrs Sorby*, Mrs Charles Creswick; *Relling*, Mr Lawrence Irving; *Molvik*, Mr Gilbert Trent; *Graaberg*, Mr Charles Legassick; *Petterson*, Mr Sydney Dark; *Jensen*, Mr C. S. Skarratt; *Flor*, Mr G. Armstrong; *Balle*, Mr Herbert Fletcher; *Kaspersen*, Mr Herbert Maule.

8. **A SILVER HONEYMOON**: Domestic Comedy, by Richard Henry. **Trafalgar.** Cast: *Mathew Brumby*, Mr A. Playfair; *Martha*, Miss Hilda Glenn; *Sawstone*, Mr H. G. Dupres; *Lilian*, Miss Maggie Roberts; *Jim*, Mr Edgar Stevens; *A Personage*, Miss Adelaide Astor.—A front piece to "Go-Bang."

10. **GENTLE IVY**: Play in Four Acts, by Austin Fryers. **Strand.** (Afternoon performance.) Cast: *Lord Hartland*, Mr Alfred B. Cross; *The Hon. Stuart Plowden*, Mr Stanley Pringle; *Lord Ruislip*, Mr H. A. Saintsbury; *The Hon. Tom Bucklaw*, Mr Rowland Atwood; *Mr Job Polwyl*, Mr Leonard Calvert; *The Rev. Stephen Trefelyn*, Mr Orlando Barnett; *Ernie Bower*, Miss Valli Valli; *Mrs Polwyl*, Miss Susie Vaughan; *Countess of Eglin*, Mrs Theodore Wright; *Lady Gwendoline*, Miss Rose Nesbitt: *Lady Adelaide*, Miss Kate Bealby; *Mrs Trefelyn*, Miss C. E. Morland; *Miss Trefelyn*, Mrs Gordon Ascher; *Ivy Bower*, Miss Frances Ivor.—Preceded by **A LOVE LETTER.** Cast: *Captain Damborough*, Mr Graham Wentworth; *John*, Mr V. Flexmore; *Lady Torchester*, Miss Mary Stuart; *Hetty*, Miss Clara Greet; *Nurse Edith*, Miss Ethel Selwyn.

10. **A SOCIETY BUTTERFLY**: Comedy of Modern Life, by Robert Buchanan and Henry Murray. **Opera Comique.** Cast: *Mr Charles Dudley*, Mr William Herbert; *Dr Coppee*, Mr Allan Beaumont; *Captain Belton*, Mr F. Kerr; *Lord Augustus Leith*, Mr Edward Rose; *Major Craigelder*, Mr Henry J. Carvill; *Lord Ventnor*, Mr S. Jerram; *Herr Max*, Mr H. Templeton; *Bangle*, Mr Charles R. Stuart; *The Duchess of Newhaven*, Miss Rose Leclercq; *Lady Milwood*, Mr Walsingham; *The Hon. Mrs Stanley*, Miss Liddie Morand; *Mrs Courtlandt Parke*, Miss E. B. Sheridan; *Miss Staten*, Miss Ethel Norton; *Rose*, Miss Eva Williams; *Marsh*, Miss Eva Vernon; *Mrs Dudley*, Mrs Langtry. Characters in the intermezzo: *Hera*, Miss Walsingham; *Pallas*, Miss Liddie Morand; *Œnone*, Miss Gladys Evisson; *Pans*, Mr F. Kerr; *Aphrodite*, Mrs Langtry. Withdrawn 22nd June.

12. **JEAN MAYEUX**: Mimodrama in Three Acts. **Princess's.** A French Company. Withdrawn 19th May.

12. **THE TWO ORPHANS**: Drama in Five Acts, adapted from the French by John Oxenford. **Adelphi.** Cast: *Count de Liniere*, Mr Herbert Flemming; *Marquis de Presles*, Mr Lyston Lyle; *Armand*, Mr Ernest Leicester; *Jacques*, Mr William Rignold; *Pierre*, Mr Charles Cartwright; *The Doctor*, Mr W. Cheesman; *Picard*, Mr David S. James; *Marlex*, Mr W.

Northcote; *La Fleur*, Mr J. Northcote; *Marais*, Mr Herbert Budd; *Count de Mailly*, Mr V. Everard; *Marquis d'Estrees*, Mr R. Norton; *Charlotte*, Mr R. Collins; *Jacquot*, Mr Nesbitt; *Countess de Liniese*, Miss Alice Lingard; *Louise*, Miss Marion Terry; *Henriette*, Miss Ellis Jeffreys; *La Frochard*, Miss Dolores Drummond; *Marianne*, Miss Edith Cole; *Genevieve*, Miss Harietta Polini; *Florette*, Miss Alma Stanley; *Cora*, Miss Ailsa Craig. Withdrawn 18th June.

14. **THE MAN IN THE STREET**: Play in One Act, by Louis N. Parker. **Avenue.** Cast: *Jabez Gover*, Mr James Welch; *Philip Adare*, Mr G. R. Foss; *Minnie Adare*, Miss Winifred Fraser.—A front piece to "Arms and the Man."

17. **MARRIAGE**: Play in Three Acts, by Brandon Thomas and Henry Keeling. Revived at the **Court.** Cast: *Sir Charles Jenks*, Mr Mackintosh; *Sir John Belton, Bart.*, Mr Sidney Brough; *The Hon. Dudley Chumbleigh*, Mr C. P. Little; *Quayle*, Mr H. Hudson; *Lady Belton*, Miss Lena Ashwell; *The Hon. Mrs Dudley Chumbleigh*, Miss Gertrude Kingston. Withdrawn 14th July.—Preceded by **THE CAPE MAIL.** Cast: *Mrs Preston*, Miss Carlotta Addison; *Mrs Frank Preston*, Miss Vane Featherstone; *Mary Preston*, Miss M. Abbot; *Capt.-Surgeon Hugh Travers*, Mr W. Draycott; *Mr Quicke*, Mr Sant Matthews; *Bartle*, Mr W. H. Quinton; *Mason*, Miss Lilian Lee.

19. **MONEY**: Lord Lytton's Comedy. Revival at the **Garrick.** Cast: *Sir John Vesey*, Mr John Hare; *Lord Glossmore*, Mr Arthur Bourchier; *Sir Frederick Blount*, Mr Alan Aynesworth; *Stout*, Mr Kemble; *Graves*, Mr Arthur Cecil; *Evelyn*, Mr Forbes Robertson; *Captain Dudley Smooth*, Mr C. H. E. Brookfield; *An Old Member*, Mr Gilbert Hare; *Mr Sharp*, Mr C. Rock; *Toke*, Mr Du Maurier; *Servant*, Mr A. Sims; *Lady Franklin*, Mrs Bancroft; *Georgina*, Mrs Maud Millett; *Clara*, Miss Kate Rorke. Withdrawn 20th July; run resumed 27th October; withdrawn 21st December.

24. **TIME, HUNGER, AND THE LAW**: Play in One Act, by Lawrence Irving. **Criterion.** (Afternoon per-

formance.) Cast: *Ivan Ivanovitch Saradoob*, Mr Cyril Maude; *Vasili Ivanovitch*, Mr H. B. Irving; *Dimitri Konstantinovitch*, Mr Lawrence Irving; *Grigori Grigorivitch*, Mr Cecil Ramsey; *Misha*, I. Heslewood; *Nikolai*, Mr Innes; *Anna Ivanova*, Miss Dolores Drummond; *Katyer*, Miss Isa Bowman.—Preceded by **THE SUPER**, a One Act Play, by Arthur M. Heathcote. Cast: *Christopher Tweddle*, Mr A. M. Heathcote; *Kenneth Adare*, Mr R. Horniman; *Mrs Avery*, Mrs Ed. Phelps.

30. **THE CANDIDATE**: Comedy in Three Acts, adapted by Justin Huntly M'Carthy from Alexander Bisson's "La Depute de Bombignac." Revival at the **Criterion**. Cast: *Lord Oldacre*, Mr Charles Wyndham; *Alaric Baffin*, Mr George Giddens; *Barnabas Goodeve*, Mr W. Blakeley; *Amos Martlett, Esq.*, Mr C. W. Somerset; *Captain Hazlefoot*, Mr Frank Worthing; *Jacobs*, Mr Markham; *Dowager Countess Osterley*, Miss Fanny Coleman; *Lady Oldacre*, Miss Miriam Clements; *Mrs Amos Martlett*, Miss Pattie Browne; *Lady Dorothy Osterley*, Miss Mary Moore. Withdrawn 14th August.

JUNE.

5. **JOURNEYS END IN LOVERS MEETING**: Proverb in One Act, by "John Oliver Hobbes" and George Moore. **Daly's**. (Afternoon performance.) Cast: *Sir Philip Soupise*, Mr Forbes Robertson; *Captain Maramour*, Mr William Terriss; *Lady Soupise*, Miss Ellen Terry.

7. **THE BLACKMAILERS**: Play in Four Acts, by John Gray and André Raffalovitch. **Prince of Wales's**. (Afternoon performance.) Cast: *Admiral Sir Felbert Dangar*, Mr Julian Cross; *Mr Dangar Felbert*, Mr C. Colnaghi; *Edward Bond Hinton*, Mr A. B. Davenport; *Guy Joscelyn*, Mr Harry Eversfield; *Claud Price*, Mr W. L. Abingdon; *Servant to Hal Dangar*, Mr Frank Weathersby; *Servant to the Bond Hintons*, Mr E. Bellenden; *Hyacinth Halford Dangar*, Mr Charles Thursby; *Lady Felbert*, Miss Emily Miller; *The Hon. Miss Alcyra Felbert*, Miss Mary Collan; *Mrs Dangar*, Mrs Theodore Wright; *Violet Bond Hinton*, Miss M. T. Brunton; *Susan*, Miss Henrietta Cross; *Camilla Bond Hinton*, Miss Olga Brandon.

14. **SIXES AND SEVENS**: A Dialogue, by E. H. Whitmore. **Criterion.** (Afternoon performance.) Cast: *Miss Edith Cashdown*, Miss Irene Vanbrugh; *Captain George Hope*, Mr Arthur Bourchier.

14. **CHERRY HALL**: Play in Three Acts, by Forbes Dawson. **Avenue.** (Afternoon performance.) Cast: *Lady Baynton*, Mrs Bennett; *Miss Metcalf*, Miss Ettie Williams; *Mrs Taylor*, Miss Marjorie Christmas; *Mabel Vander*, Miss Dora Baston; *Maid*, Miss Agnes Russell; *Mr Trevor*, Mr Charles Glenney; *Lord Baynton, M.F.H.*, Mr J. A. Rosier; *Lord Elgar*, Mr W. L. Abingdon; *Dr Tayler*, Mr Gilbert Trent; *Captain Porter*, Mr J. Barker; *Walter Stockson*, Mr Lawrance Dorsay; *Jack Stockson*, Mr Compton Coutts; *Michael*, Mr James A. Warden; *Reed*, Mr Story Gofton; *Footman*, Mr Barratt.

15. **DULVERYDOTTY**: Farce, by Mrs Adams Acton. **Terry's.** Cast: *Mr Sandbird*, Mr George Belmore; *Mr Joshua Sandbird*, Mr E. H. Kelly; *Mr Quintin Westbrook*, Mr Huntley Wright; *Mrs Sandbird*, Miss Jessie Danvers; *Miss Polly Sandbird*, Miss Blanche Barnett; *Miss Vera Westbrook*, Miss Lizzie Ruggles; *Susie*, Miss Eva Levens.—Front piece to "King Kodak."

16. **THE MIDDLEMAN**: Play in Four Acts, by Henry Arthur Jones. Revived at the **Comedy.** (Mr Willard's season.) Cast: *Sir Seaton Umfraville*, Mr Bassett Roe; *Lady Umfraville*, Mrs George Canninge; *Felicia Umfraville*, Miss Violet Armbruster; *Mr Joseph Chandler*, Mr Royce Carlton; *Mrs Chandler*, Mrs H. Caine; *Maud Chandler*, Miss Keith Wakeman; *Captain Julian Chandler*, Mr W. T. Lovell; *Batty Todd*, Mr H. Cane; *Cyrus Blenkarn*, Mr Willard; *Jesse Pegge*, Mr F. H. Tyler; *Mary Blenkarn*, Miss Agnes Verity; *Nancy Blenkarn*, Mis Nannie Craddock; *Daneker*, Mr F. Maxwell; *Epiphany Danks* Mr Cecil Crofton; *Mr Vachel*, Mr Thos. Sidney; *Dutton*, Mr C. Moore. Withdrawn 23rd June.

18. Madame Sarah Bernhardt began her season at **Daly's** with the production of **IZEYL.** Subsequent productions or revivals were: "Les Rois," "La Femme de Claude," "Fédora," "La

Dame aux Camélias," and "La Tosca."—**THE SPARE ROOM**: Curtain Raiser, by Leopold A. A. D. Montague; and **FOR GOOD OR EVIL**: Play in Three Acts, by Mrs A. J. Macdonnell. **Royalty.** (Afternoon performance.)

20. SHALL WE FORGIVE HER? Drama in Five Acts, by Frank Harvey. **Adelphi.** Cast: *Oliver West*, Mr Fred Terry; *Paul Elsworth*, Mr F. H. Macklin; *Neil Garth*, Mr Charles Dalton; *Doctor M'Kerrow*, Mr Julian Cross; *James Stapleton*, Mr Herbert Flemming; *Reggie*, Mr Harry Eversfield; *Jerry Blake*, Mr Herbert Budd; *Grace*, Miss Julia Neilson; *Aunt Martha*, Mrs H. Leigh; *Joanna Lightfoot*, Ada Neilson; *Nellie West*, Miss Mabel Hardinge. Withdrawn 18th August.

21. THE TEXAN: Play in Four Acts, by Tyrone Power. **Princess's.** Cast: *Sir Eardley Cumming*, Mr Rudge Harding; *Cecil Cumming*, Mr Oswald Yorke; *Major Gordon Tyrrell*, Mr A. E. Drinkwater; *Dr Bryant*, Mr Ernest Cosham; *Jordan Wycke, Esq.*, Mr Littledale Power; *Osborne*, Mr L. Lees; *Crawley*, Mr Mark Paton; *Mr Busteed*, Mr Robert Munro; *William Plainleigh*, Mr Tyrone Power; *Lady Cumming*, Miss May Howard; *Mrs Gordon Tyrrell*, Miss Edith Crane; *Mrs Wycke*, Miss Katherine Stewart; *Maria Barker*, Miss Kate Hartley; *Bishop*, Miss Maggie Byron. Ran only a few nights.

23. MADAME SANS GENE: Play in Four Acts, by M. Victorien Sardou and Emile Moreau (Madame Rejane's engagement).

25. THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE STORY: Play in Three Acts, by J. M. Barrie. **Comedy.** Cast: *Professor Goodwillie*, Mr E. S. Willard; *Dr Cosens*, Mr H. Cane; *Dr Yellowlees*, Mr Hugh Harting; *Miss Agnes Goodwillie*, Mrs G. Canninge; *Lucy White*, Miss Bessie Hatton; *Effie Proctor*, Mrs H. Cane; *Sir George Gilding*, Mr Bassett Roe; *Lady Gilding*, Miss Keith Wakeman; *The Dowager Lady Gilding*, Miss Nannie Craddock; *Henders*, Mr Royce Carlton; *Pete*, Mr F. H. Tyler; *Servants*, Messrs Moore and Maxwell. Transferred to the **Garrick** Theatre. Withdrawn 26th October.

27. **A FAMILY MATTER**: Comedy in Three Acts, by C. G. Compton and A. George Hockley. **Garrick**. (Afternoon performance.) Cast: *The Rev. John Conisbee*, Mr Charles Groves; *Gilbert*, Mr C. M. Hallard; *The Rev. William Richardson*, Mr Alfred Bucklaw; *Lord Eustace Leslie*, Mr W. Granville; *Colonel Sir George Mitchell*, Mr Howard Sturge; *Bartram*, Mr Albert Sims; *Lady Conisbee*, Miss Mary Rorke; *Dulcie*, Miss Winifred Fraser; *Jean*, Miss Ellis Jeffries; *Maid*, Miss Pendennis.—Preceded by **IN TWO MINDS**: Commedietta, by A. M. Heathcote. Cast: *Lady Margaret Minniver*, Miss Annie Webster; *Parkins*, Mrs Agnes Hill.

28. **A NIGHT IN TOWN**: Farcical Comedy in Three Acts, by H. A. Sherbourn (originally produced at the Strand, on 21st April 1891. Afternoon performance.) **Royalty**. Cast: *Mr Babbicombe, Q.C.*, Mr Harry Paulton; *Fred*, Mr Cecil Ramsey; *Mr Dovedale*, Mr Hindman Lucas; *Frank Darlington*, Mr Loring Fernie; *Mr Culpepper*, Mr William Lockhart; *Jorkins*, Mr Compton Coutts; *Simmons*, Mr Henry Nelson; *Policeman*, Mr Hubert Evlyn; *Pierotte*, Mr Grahame Herrington; *Mrs Babbicombe*, Miss Emily Miller; *Mrs Dovedale*, Miss Louisa Peach; *Mabel*, Miss Henrietta Cross; *Beatrice*, Miss Florence Friend; *Polly Parker*, Miss Julia Warden; *Mrs Pegwell*, Miss Blanche Eversleigh; *Maud Merrilon*, Miss Lucille Heaton; *Lottie*, Miss K. M'Iver; *Nellie*, Miss Ada Palmer; *Bettie*, Miss Legh; *Carrie Cuthbert*, Miss Kate Santley. Withdrawn 11th July.—Preceded by **FLOATING A COMPANY**, in which Miss Henrietta Cross and Mr Hurdman Lucas appeared, and by **VILLON**. Cast: *Francois Villon*, Mr Loring Fernie; *Father Gervais*, Mr William Lockhart; *Helene*, Miss Florence Field.

JULY.

2. **A MODERN EVE**: Play in Three Acts, by Malcolm C. Salaman. **Haymarket**. (Afternoon performance.) Cast: *Vivian Hereford*, Mrs Tree; *Mrs Mowbray Meryon*, Miss Lottie Venne; *Mrs Malleson*, Mrs Boucicault; *Sir Gerald Raeburn*, Mr Charles Allan; *Eardley Hereford*, Mr Fred Terry; *Kenyon Wargrave*, Mr Tree; *Servant*, Miss Conover; *Melford*, Mr Hay.

—**OUR FLAT**: Comedy in Three Acts, by Mrs Musgrave. **Strand.** (A revival.) Cast: *Margery Sylvester*, Miss May Whitty; *Lucy M'Callum*, Miss Georgie Esmond; *Bella*, Miss Annie Goward; *Clara Pryout*, Miss May Edouin; *Madam Volant*, Miss Ina Goldsmith; *Elsie Claremont*, Miss Grace Lane; *Reginald Sylvester*, Mr Charles S. Fawcett; *Clarence Vane*, Mr Herbert Ross; *Mr M'Callum*, Mr Ernest Hendrie; *Stout*, Mr E. M. Sillward; *Pinchard*, Mr Robert Wainby; *Foreman*, Mr Douglas Gordon; *Nathaniel Glover*, Mr Willie Edouin. Withdrawn 11th October.

3. **MIRETTE**: Opera in Three Acts; Book by Michel Carré, English Lyrics by Frederic E. Weatherley, English Dialogue by Harry Greenbank, Music by Andre Messager; the book eventually revised by Adrian Ross. **Savoy.** Cast: *Gerard*, Mr Scott Fishe; *The Baron Vanden Berg*, Mr John Coates; *Notary*, Mr Herbert Rolland; *Picorin*, Mr Courtice Pounds; *Bobinet*, Mr Walter Passmore; *Francal*, Mr Avon Saxon; *Berbicao*, Mr Scott Russell; *Burgomaster*, Mr John Coates; *Max*, Mr Herbert Ralland; *Mirette*, Miss Maud Ellicott; *Bianca*, Miss Florence Perry; *The Dancing-Girl*, Miss Emmie Owen; *The Marquise*, Miss Rosina Brandram. Withdrawn 11th August; revived 6th October to 6th December.

5. **THE NEW LIFE**: Play in One Act, by William Gayer Mackay. **Avenue.** (Afternoon performance.) Cast: *Dennis Wylde*, Mr W. Gayer Mackay; *Robert Capper*, Mr Herbert Flemming; *Vera Wilde*, Miss Mary Allestree.—Also **IN THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA**: Musical Fantasy in One Act and Two Scenes; Words and Lyrics by William Gayer Mackay, Music by Angela Goetze. Cast: (*Mortals*) *Sir James Barker*, Mr Robert Legge; *Algy Fitzroy*, Mr Hamilton Revelle; *Lady Barker*, Miss Carlingford; *Maud Fitzroy*, Miss Hilda Rivers; (*Immortals*) *Sylvia Whiting*, Mrs Herbert Morris; *Marina*, Miss Jenny Featherstone; *Ruby Mullett*, Miss Juliet Groves; *John Doricus*, Mr W. Gayer Mackay.—Also **SUCH IS LOVE**: Comedy in One Act, by Alfred M. Mond. Cast: *Clarence Montagu*, Mr Montgomery; *Mr Greville*, Mr Dawson

Millward; *Augustus Stanley*, Mr Robert Legge; *Mrs Rainer*, Miss Cowper Coles; *Miss Daisy Rainer*, Miss Braithwaite; *Mrs Greville*, Miss Mary Allestree; *Servant*, Mr Shiel.—**THE HOUSE OF LORDS**: Operetta in One Act, written by Harry Greenbank; Music by G. W. Byng and Ernest Ford. **Lyric.** Cast: *Duke of Hanover Square*, Mr Furneaux Cook; *Halifax Finsbury*, Mr Wilbur Gunn; *Mr Murgatroyd*, Mr W. S. Laidlaw; *Duchess of Hanover Square*, Miss Adelaide Newton, *Lady Victoria Portobello*, Miss Dora Thorne.

12. **TERPSICHORE**: Play in One Act, by Justin Huntly M'Carthy. **Lyric.** (Morning performance for the benefit of the Choristers' Association.) Cast: *Margaret*, Miss Ada Jenoure; *Barbara*, Miss Marianne Caldwell; *Lord Mohun*, Mr A. H. Revelle; *Master Oldacre*, Mr Rudge Harding. — Also **A DRAWN BATTLE**: Duologue, by Malcolm Watson.

14. **A SUCCESSFUL MISSION**: Duologue, in One Act. **Prince of Wales's.** (Tentative production, before an afternoon performance of "The Gaiety Girl.") Cast: *Alice Gray*, Miss Maud Hobson; *John Winton*, Mr George Mudie.

20. **A LIFE POLICY**: Play in Four Acts, by Helen Davis. **Terry's.** (Afternoon performance.) Cast: *Colonel Leigh*, Mr Charles Rock; *Lawrence Maber*, Mr Herbert Flemming; *Dr Langley*, Mr Phillip Cunningham; *Reginald Lowthian*, Mr Rudge Harding; *The Rev. Mr Govette*, Mr F. Percival Stevens; *Mr Kelp*, Mr Robb Harwood; *Dr Rogers*, Mr Albert Sims; *Dr Drew*, Mr Harold Mead; *Detective*, Mr E. G. Woodhouse; *John*, Mr Rivers; *Little Lawrence*, Miss Valli Valli; *Elsie*, Miss Winifred Fraser; *Beatrice Morte*, Mrs Herbert Waring; *Mrs Lothian*, Miss Bertha Staunton; *Nurse Billings*, Mrs Edward Saker; *Matilda*, Miss Rose Dudley.

23. **NOT A BAD JUDGE**: Comic Drama in Two Acts, by J. R. Planche. Revival at the **Royalty.** Cast: *Marquis de Treval*, Mr Leslie Kenyon; *Count de Steinberg*, Mr W. Lugg; *John Caspar Lavater*, Mr W. L. Abingdon; *Christian*, Mr J. Kingston; *Betman*, Mr Compton Coutts; *Zug*, Mr E. Dagnal; *Rutley*, Mr F. Macrae; *Notary*, Mr Arthur Coe; *Servant*, Mr

Barrett; *Louise*, Miss Ettie Williams; *Madam Betman*, Miss Katherine Stewart. — Also a Revival of **THE LINEN-DRAPER**: Farcical Comedy in Three Acts, by J. R. Brown and J. F. Thornthwaite. Cast: *Benjamin Basin*, Mr E. M. Robson; *Squire de Broke*, Mr W. Lugg; *Captain Harold de Broke*, Mr Leslie Kenyon; *Reginald Maitland*, Mr Compton Coutts; *Lush*, Mr E. Da_nall; *George*, Mr Barrett; *Sarah*, Miss Cicely Richards; *Elinor Marsh*, Miss Ettie Williams; *Mary Basin*, Miss Mary Raby; *Mrs Maitland*, Miss Katherine Stewart. Withdrawn.

26. THE PURITAN: Play in Four Acts, by Christie Murray, Henry Murray, and J. L. Shine. **Trafalgar.** (Afternoon performance.) Cast: *Frank Milton*, Mr Charles Glenney; *Sir John Saunderson*, Mr W. L. Abingdon; *Baron de Marsal*, Mr Edward O'Neill; *James Burdock*, Mr J. L. Shine; *Mr Duflos*, Mr Sant Mathews; *Colonel Cheriere*, Mr George Warde; *Delbecchi*, Mr Harry Grattan; *Suisse*, Mr S. Hill; *Jean*, Mr H. G. Dupres; *Waiter*, Mr J. Mahoney; *Countess de Ricquiere*, Miss Florence Seymour; *Mary Milton*, Miss Winifred Fraser; *Leonide de Blanc*, Mrs Theodore Wright; *Baroness de Marsac*, Miss Alice de Winton; *Madame Duflos*, Miss Agnes Hewitt; *Adele Duflos*, Miss Dora Barton.

AUGUST.

9. LOYAL: Play in One Act, by H. T. Johnson. Produced as a front piece to "The New Boy." **Vaudeville.** Cast: *Col. Clulow*, Mr F. Volpe; *King Charles II.*, Mr T. Kingston; *Master Perkin Portsoken*, Mr A. Helmore; *Robin Ruddock*, Mr T. A. Palmer; *Sergeant Joel*, Mr J. Mackay; *Lilian Clulow*, Miss Esme Bezinger; *Cicely*, Miss A. Beet.

11. LITTLE JACK SHEPPARD: Burlesque in Three Acts, by H. P. Stephens and W. Yardley; Music by various composers. (A revival.) **Gaiety.** Cast: *Jack Sheppard*, Miss Georgina Preston; *Jonathan Wilde*, Mr Seymour Hicks; *Blueskin*, Mr Charles Danby; *Mr Wood*, Mr E. W. Royce; *Abraham Mendez*, Mr Frank Wood; *Mrs Sheppard*, Miss Lizzie Collier; *Kneebone*, Mr W. Warde; *Sir Roland Trenchard*, Mr

W. Cheeseman; *Thames Darrell*, Miss Amy Augarde; *Poll Stanmore*, Miss Florence Levey; *Edgeworth Bess*, Miss Violet Monckton, *Kitty Kettleby*, Miss Georgina Preston; *Mrs Wood*, Miss Maria Jones; *Winifred Wood*, Miss Ellaline Terriss. Withdrawn 29th September.

15. **HOT WATER**: Farcical Comedy in Three Acts, adapted from MM. Meilhac and Halevy's "La Boule." (A revival.) **Criterion.** Cast: *Chauncery Pattleton*, Mr Charles Hawtrey; *Sir Philander Rose*, Mr Edward Righton; *Martin*, Mr George Giddens; *Corbyn*, Mr J. G. Taylor; *M'Lud*, Mr William Blakeley; *Moddle*, Mr Sydney Valentine; *Clerk of the Court*, Mr W. Wyes; *Stage Manager*, Mr F. Atherley; *Pietro*, Mr F. Vigay; *Footman*, Mr Nichols; *Tiger*, Master Westgate; *Mrs Pattleton*, Miss Edith Chester; *Madam Marietta*, Miss Edith Clements; *Lady Rose*, Miss Alice de Winton; *Mrs Pitcher*, Miss Emily Vining; *Jane*, Miss Katherine Drew; *Nina*, Miss Annie Saker. Withdrawn 15th September.

30. **THEN FLOWERS GREW FAIRER**: Piece in One Act, by Sutton Vane. **Terry's.** Cast: *Jasper Hope*, Mr George Warde; *Lieut. Fergus Boyne*, Mr Oswald Yorke; *Morgan*, Mr Stanley Kenness; *Felicia Hope*, Miss Lizzie Webster; *Beatrice*, Miss Gwynne Herbert. — Also **THE FOUNDLING**: Farce in Three Acts, by W. Lestocq and E. M. Robson. Cast: *Major Cotton*, Mr Charles Groves; *Dick Pennell*, Mr Sydney Brough; *Timothy Hucklebridge*, Mr Huntley Wright; *Jack Stanton*, Mr Oswald Yorke; *Sir Nicholas Pennell*, Mr George Warde; *Alice Meynall*, Miss Ellis Jeffries; *Mrs Cotton*, Miss Susie Vaughan; *Sophie Cotton*, Miss Fanny Erris; *Miss Ussher*, Miss Minnie Clifford; *The Tricky Little Maybud*, Miss Emmeline Orford. Withdrawn 26th October.

SEPTEMBER.

1. **THE NEW WOMAN**: Comedy in Four Acts, by Sydney Grundy. **Comedy.** Cast: *Gerald Cazenove*, Mr Fred Terry; *Colonel Cazenove*, Mr Cyril Maude; *Captain Sylvester*, Mr J. G. Grahame; *Mr Armstrong*, Mr W. Wyes; *Mr Percy*

Pettigrew, Mr S. Champion; *Wells*, Mr J. Byron; *Lady Wargrave*, Miss Rose Leclercq; *Mrs Sylvester*, Miss Alma Murray; *Enid Bethune*, Miss Laura Graves; *Victoria Vivash*, Miss Gertrude Warden; *Dr Mary Bevan*, Miss Irene Rickards; *Margery Armstrong*, Miss Winifred Emery. Still running.

6. **THE FATAL CARD**: Play in Five Acts, by C. Haddon Chambers and B. C. Stephenson. **Adelphi.** Cast: *Gerald Austen*, Mr William Terriss; *George Marrable*, Mr Murray Carson; *Harry Burgess*, Mr Harry Nichols; *A. K. Austen*, Mr Charles Fulton; *James Dixon*, Mr W. L. Abingdon; *Terence O'Flynn*, Mrs Richard Purdon; *Sulky Smith*, Mr Cory Thomas; *Harry Curles*, Mr Herbert Budd; *Hiram Webster*, Mr Caleb Porter; *Cyrus Wackford*, Mr Ackerman May; *Bully Jack*, Mr W. A. Harrison; *Dutch Winnigan*, Mr W. Strickland; *Cowboy*, Mr W. Younge; *Cattleman*, Mr Walford; *Mike*, Mr F. Boden; *Margaret Marrable*, Miss Millward; *Mercedes*, Miss Vane; *Cecile Austen*, Miss Laura Linden; *Miss Penelope Austen*, Miss Sophie Larkin; *Kate Threestars*, Miss Du Foye; *Servant in Act III.*, Miss Retta Villis; *Servant in Act IV.*, Miss Beatrice Hayden. Still running.

8. **THE QUEEN OF BRILLIANTS**: Comic Opera in Three Acts, adapted by Brandon Thomas from the German of Theodor Taube and Isodor Fuchs; Music by Edward Jakobowski. **Lyceum.** Cast: *Florian Bauer*, Mr Hubert Wilke; *Della Fontana*, Mr Arthur Williams; *Lucca Rabbiato*, Mr W. Denny; *Grelotto*, Mr John Le Hay; *Major Victor Pulvereitzer*, Mr Avon Saxon; *Count Radaman Caprimonte*, Mr Owen Westford; *Moritz*, Mr Fred Story; *Max*, Mr F. Wright, jun.; *Beppo*, Mr Compton Coutts; *Andrea*, Mr Rupert Lyster; *Waiter*, Mr Henry George; *Fritz*, Mr George Honey; *Don Garcia*, Mr James Pearson; *Footman*, Mr Hendon; *A Hackney Coachman*, Mr Robert Stevens; *Head Gardener*, Mr John Evans; *Madame Englestein*, Madame Amadi; *Emma*, Miss Lizzie Ruggles; *Orsola*, Miss Annie Meyers; *Mirandola*, Miss Florence Burle; *Carola*, Miss Sadie Wigley; *Fioretta*, Miss Lillie Comyns; *Minna*, Miss Susanne Leonard; *Fraulein Kauf*, Miss Zoe Gilfillian; *Fraulein Schmidt*, Miss Jessie Bradford; *Head*

Matron, Miss Bertha Staunton; *Bella*, Miss Lillian Russell. Withdrawn 18th October.

13. **THE CHINAMAN**: Farcical Comedy in Three Acts, by John Tresahar. **Trafalgar**. Cast: *The Hon. Henry Reginald Hampton*, Mr John Tresahar; *Percy Fenton*, Mr T. G. Warren; *Ephraim Z. van Beekman*, Mr Graham Wentworth; *Cotton*, Miss Clara Jecks; *M. Henri Gratin*, Mr Frank Wyatt; *Julia*, Miss Cicely Richards; *Constance Fenton*, Miss Rhoda Halkett; *Lucy*, Miss Delia Carlyle; *Stella van Beekman*, Miss Edith Kenward. — Preceded by **THE ELECTRIC SPARK**: Adaptation by Elizabeth Bessle of "L'Etincelle." Cast: *Lady Treherne*, Miss Blanche Ripley; *Geraldine*, Miss Delia Carlyle; *Captain Norreys*, Mr Graham Wentwater. Withdrawn 4th October.

14. **LITTLE MISS 'CUTE**: Variety Comedy in Four Acts, by C. T. Vincent; arranged for the English stage by E. B. Norman. **Royalty**. Cast: *Archie Forrester*, Mr Gerald Spencer; *Sir Arthur Radcliffe*, Mr Frank H. Fenton; *Admiral Caroll Leslie*, Mr Eardley Turner; *Edward Mountfort*, Mr Edward Broughton; *Count Giuseppe Marani*, Mr Ivan Watson; *Jones*, Mr Albert Sims; *Filippo*, Mr A. H. Brooke; *Lady Radcliffe*, Miss Alexis Leighton; *Helen Dean*, Miss Violet Armbruster; *Mrs Leslie*, Miss Ethel Hope; *Miss Cute Dexter*, Miss Hope Booth. Withdrawn after one performance.—Preceded by **ON TOAST**. Cast: *Mrs Leigh*, Miss Violet Armbruster; *Mrs Mapleson*, Miss Lillie Young; *Mr Peter Mapleson*, Mr S. Lascelles; *Mr Leigh*, Mr Owen Harris; *Joseph*, Mr Albert Sims.

15. **THE DERBY WINNER**: Drama in Four Acts, by Sir Augustus Harris, Cecil Raleigh, and Henry Hamilton. **Drury Lane**. Cast: *The Duchess of Milford*, Mrs John Wood; *The Countess of Desborough*, Miss Beatrice Lamb; *Mrs Donelly*, Miss Louise Moodie; *Annette Donelly*, Miss Pattie Browne; *Vivien Darville*, Miss Alma Stanley; *Mary Aylmer*, Miss Hetty Dene; *Nurse Lumley*, Miss Amy Abbott; *The Earl of Desborough*, Mr Arthur Bourchier; *Harold, Viscount Fernside*, Miss Evelyn Hughes; *Colonel Myles Donelly*, Mr James East; *Major*

Geoffrey Mostyn, Mr Charles Cartwright; *Captain Lord Chisholm*, Mr Rudge Harding; *Rupert Leigh*, Mr Charles Dalton; *The Hon. Guy Bagot*, Mr Ernest Lawford; *Cyprian Streatfield*, Mr George Giddens; *Joe Aylmer*, Mr Lionel Rignold; *Dick Hammond*, Mr Harry Eversfield; *Mr Langford*, Mr Maurice Drew; *Mr Wilson*, Mr Charles Hurst; *Mr Wallace*, Mr Henry Loraine; *Waiter at the Railway Hotel*, Mr James Francis; *Boots at the Railway Hotel*, Mr Jervis Vincent; *Auctioneer at Tattersal's*, Mr Maurice Dudley; *Guide at the Law Courts*, Mr Arthur Cowley; *Usher at the Law Courts*, Mr John Lock; *Servant to Lord Desborough*, Mr Digby Roberts; *Waiter at the White Hart Hotel*, Mr Charles Danvers; *Lady Hilborough*, Miss Lena Delphine; *Lady Mary Prestbury*, Miss Lizzie Wilson; *Countess of Longfield*, Miss Georgie Cook; *Duchess of Queenstown*, Miss Lydia Rachel; *Lady Betty Tufnell*, Miss L. Brooking; *Lady Broadmoor*, Miss L. Feverell; *Lady Hilda Pentonville*, Miss E. Beaumont; *The Hon. Mrs Bentomond*, Miss J. Talbot; *Miss Amelia P. Calhoun*, Miss M. Thyler; *Miss Grace O'Grady*, Miss St Aubyn. Transferred to the Princess's, several alterations being made in the cast, 22nd December.—A German Company opened at the **Opera Comique** with **GRAF WALDEMAR**, and during a season that was continued at the **Royalty**, produced "Tilli," "Der Pfarrer von Kirchfeld," "Robert und Bertram," "Die Meinedbauer," "Doctor Klaus," "Der Bibliothekar," "Krieg im Frieden," "Mein Leopold," "Stiftungsfest," "Wilhelm Tell," "Faust," "Nora," "Die Räuber," "Hasemann's Tochter," "Hermann und Dorothea," "Eine Partie Piquet," "Man Suchteinen Erzieher," "Der Sportsman," and "Schwabenstreiche."

25. CLAUDE DUVAL: Musical Piece in Two Acts, written by Frederick Bowyer and Payne Nunn; Music composed by John Cook and Lionel Monckton. **Prince of Wales's.** Cast: *Sir Philip Saxmundham*, Mr Eric Thorne; *Percy*, Mr Fitzroy Morgan; *Sherlock Holmes-Spotter*, Mr H. O. Clarey; *Pincher, alias Lord Touchem*, Mr Charles E. Stevens; *Johnny Albany*, Miss Georgie Edwards; *Harry Burlington*, Miss Maud Crichton; *Gussy Criterion*, Miss Ada Peppiatte; *Bertie Grafton*,

Miss Marie Burdell; *Jasper*, Mr J. Winterbottom; *Simon Wuzzle*, Mr Hayman; *Jeames*, Mr Laidman; *Claude Duval*, Mr Arthur Roberts; *Lady Joan Saxmundham*, Miss Amy Liddon; *Gertie*, Miss Eva Ellerslie; *Dolly*, Miss Nellie Arline; *Betty*, Miss Thornhill; *Letty*, Miss Louise Norman; *Polly*, Miss Ida Young; *Marjorie Saxmundham*, Miss Florice Schuberth; *Lady Dorcas Chetwynd*, Miss Marie Hatton. Still running.

29. A TRIP TO CHINATOWN: Musical Comedy in Two Acts, by Charles Hoyte. **Toole's.** Cast: *Welland Strong*, Mr R. G. Knowles; *Ben Gay*, Mr H. de Lange; *Rashleigh Gay*, Mr Edgar Stevens; *Norman Blood*, Mr Harry Hilliard; *Willie Grow*, Miss Clara Jecks; *Norah Heap*, Mr Albert Bernard; *Price*, Mr George Egbert; *Slavin Payne*, Mr Fred Bousfield; *Tiny Gay*, Miss Audrey Ford; *Isabella Dame*, Miss Edith Vane; *Flirt*, Miss Georgie Wright; *Mrs Guyer*, Miss Edith Bruce. Transferred to the Strand, 17th December. Still running.—Preceded by **RICHARD'S PLAY**. Cast: *Richard Maitland*, Mr H. Tripp Edgar; *Admiral Clipperton*, Mr Albert Bernard; *Sylvia Delaraine*, Miss Madeline Rowsell; *Postboy*, Master Watson; *Prudence*, Miss Kate Everleigh.—**ODETTE**: Adaptation of Sardou's Play, by Clement Scott. **Princess's.** Cast: *Lord Henry Trevene*, Mr Charles Warner; *Johnny Stratford*, Mr Bernard Gould; *Philip Eden*, Mr Herbert Flemming; *Lord Shandon*, Mr Sheridan Lascelles; *Lord Arthur Trevene*, Mr Eardley Howard; *Prince Nobitskvy*, Mr Rothbury Evans; *Dr Wilkes*, Mr Sydney Bowkett; *Mr Hanway*, Mr Gordon Tompkins; *Narcisse*, Mr Paul M. Berton; *Joseph*, Mr Frederic Jacques; *Francois*, Mr W. Rosse; *Eva Trevene*, Miss Ettie Williams; *Margaret Eden*, Miss Marie Cecil; *Lady Walker*, Miss Brinsley Sheridan; *Countess Varola*, Mrs W. L. Abingdon; *Mrs Hanway*, Mrs B. M. de Solla; *Miss Bertram*, Miss M. Duppe; *Olga*, Miss Eva Valmard; *Odette*, Mrs Anna Ruppert. Withdrawn 13th October.

OCTOBER.

2. **TRUTHFUL JAMES**: Comedy in Three Acts, by James Mortimer and Charles Klein. **Royalty**. Cast: *Nathaniel Tugstock*, Mr G. W. Anson; *Lemuel Bignold*, Mr T. P. Haynes; *James Verity*, Mr Philip Cunningham; *Guy Pontefract*, Mr Douglas Hamilton; *James Selwyn*, Mr Wyndham Guise; *Mrs Bignold*, Miss Elsie Chester; *Florence Bignold*, Miss Annie Ferrell; *Ada Selwyn*, Miss Carrie Coote; *Sarah Tugstock*, Miss Kate Kearney; *Emma Roseby*, Miss May Allestree; *Elisa*, Miss Lydia Cowell. Transferred to the **Strand** 15th October; withdrawn 27th October.—Preceded by **A PIOUS FRAUD.** Cast: *Sir George Allison*, Mr Wyndham Guise; *Herbert Allison*, Mr Douglas Hamilton; *May*, Miss Carrie Coote; *Miss Martin*, Miss Kate Kearney.

3. **THE CASE OF REBELLIOUS SUSAN**: Comedy, by Henry Arthur Jones. **Criterion**. Cast: *Sir Richard Kato, Q.C.*, Mr Charles Wyndham; *Admiral Sir Joseph Darby*, Mr Kemble; *James Harabin*, Mr C. P. Little; *Fergusson Pybus*, Mr Fred Kerr; *Lucien Edensor*, Mr Ben Webster; *Mr Jacomb*, Mr E. Dagnall; *Kirby*, Mr Markham; *Lady Darby*, Miss Fanny Coleman; *Mrs Quesnel*, Miss Gertrude Kingston; *Elaine Shrimpton*, Miss Nina Boucicault; *Lady Susan Harabin*, Miss Mary Moore. Still running.

18. **MARRIED BY PROXY**: Farcical Comedy in Three Acts, written by A. W. Yuill. **Toole's**. (A morning performance.) Cast: *Major Chardin*, Mr Clifford Bown; *Albert Chardin*, Mr Edward Compton; *Captain Lumley*, Mr Robert Greville; *Lieut. Archer*, Mr Harrison Hunter; *Lieut. Pettigrew*, Mr Arnold Fitzroy; *Humphrey*, Mr Reginald Dartrey; *John*, Mr John H. Brewer; *Mrs Hudson*, Miss Bessie Thompson; *Cecilia Hudson*, Miss Sidney Crowe; *Olive Milford*, Miss Madeleine Meredith; *Hemma*, Miss Elsa Wylde; *Mrs Bummer*, Miss Jessie Cross.

20. **THE LADY SLAVEY**: Musical Farce in Two Acts, by George Dance; Music by John Crook. **Avenue**. Cast: *Roberts*, Mr Charles Danby; *Major O'Neill*, Mr Robert Pate-

man; *Vincent A. Evelyn*, Mr Henry Beaumont; *Lord Lavender*, Mr Herbert Sparling; *Captain Fitznorris*, Mr George Humphrey; *Flo Honeydew*, Miss Jenny M'Nulty; *Maud*, Miss Adelaide Astor; *Beatrice*, Miss Blanche Barnett; *Madame Pontet*, Miss Elcho; *Madame Louise*, Miss Dufoye; *Liza*, Miss Maryon; *Emma*, Miss Turner; *Phyllis*, Miss May Yohe. Still running. —**A GAY WIDOW**: Adaptation, by F. C. Burnand, of MM. Sardou and Deslandes' Farcical Comedy "Belle Maman." **Court.** Cast: *Horace Dudley*, Mr Charles Hawtrey; *Peter Rutherford*, Mr Edward Righton; *Algy Bruce*, Mr Gilbert Hare; *Johnny Danford*, Mr Nye Chart; *The Hon. Hugh Anstruther*, Mr E. H. Kelly; *Vicomte de Barsac*, Mr Wilfred Draycott; *Colonel Mumby*, Mr Fred Thorne; *Dodd*, Mr Compton Coutts; *Mr Bentham*, Mr Will Dennis; *Count Caramanti*, Mr Robb Harwood; *Uncle Popley*, Mr Fred Vaughan; *Walworth Mumby*, Mr Aubrey Fitzgerald; *Inspector Percy*, Mr V. Everard; *Robert*, Mr W. Ritter Riley; *James*, Mr C. Francis; *Joseph*, Mr Ernest Bertram; *Nellie Dudley*, Miss Eva Moore; *Mrs Pipwidge*, Mr Charles Maltby; *Adelisa*, Miss Mabel Hardinge; *Countess Caramonti*, Miss Violet Raye; *Miller*, Miss Arlette Mowbray; *Miss Witham*, Miss Lydia Rachel; *Mrs Marbrook*, Miss Lottie Venne. Withdrawn.

22. ROBBERY UNDER ARMS: Drama in Five Acts, adapted by Alfred Dampier and Garnet Welch from Rolf Boldrewood's romance. (Originally produced in Australia.) **Princess's.** Cast: *Captain Starlight*, Mr Alfred Dampier; *Dick Marston*, Mr Herbert Flemming; *Jim Marston*, Mr Rothbury Evans; *Sir Ferdinand Morringer*, Mr Paul Perton; *Inspector Goring*, Mr Henry Vibart; *Trooper M'Ginnis*, Mr Bernard Gould; *Trooper O'Hara*, Mr George Buller; *Old Ben Marston*, Mr Clarence Holt; *George Storefield*, Mr Owen Harris; *Moran*, Mr Charles Charrington; *Daly*, Mr Charles Lander; *Black Jack*, Mr E. G. Pont; *Hulbert*, Mr Swift; *Mr Baxter*, Mr Fred Jacques; *The Champion Cook*, Mr T. Dwyer; *Warrigal*, Mr William Bonny; *Bilbah*, Mr Archer; *King Billy*, Mr F. Ford; *Lucky Jack*, Mr Cohen; *Clifford*, Mr Edward Bonfield; *Dandy Green*, Mr H. Powis; *Harry the Reefer*, Mr West; *Dan Robinson*, Mr Garrett;

Sam Dawson, Mr Scot; *Arizona Bill*, Mr Edwards; *Aileen Marston*, Mrs Anna Ruppert; *Kate Morrison*, Miss Katherine Russell; *Grace Storefield*, Miss Rose Dampier; *Jennie*, Miss Marie Cecil; *Miss Euphrosyne Aspen*, Miss Carrie Daniels; *Norah*, Mrs B. M. De Solla; *Bella Barnes*, Miss Margaret Warren; *Lady Passenger*, Miss Erlyn. Withdrawn 9th November.

27. **HIS EXCELLENCY**: Comic Opera in Two Acts, by W. S. Gilbert; Music by F. Osmond Carr. **Lyric.** Cast: *The Regent*, Mr Rutland Barrington; *Governor Griffenfeld*, Mr George Grossmith; *Erling*, Mr C. Kenningham; *Tortennssen*, Mr Augustus Cramer; *Mats Munck*, Mr John Le Hay; *Harold*, Mr Arthur Playfair; *Sentry*, Mr George Temple; *First Officer*, Mr Ernest Snow; *Second Officer*, Mr Frank Morton; *Christina*, Miss Nancy Mackintosh; *Nana*, Miss Jessie Bond; *Thora*, Miss Ellaline Terriss; *Dame Courtlandt*, Miss Alice Barnett; *Bianca*, Miss Gertrude Aylward. Still running.

31. **ALL MY EYE-VANHOE**: Burlesque in Two Acts, by Philip Hayman; Music by John Crook, Howard Talbot, Philip Hayman, and Edward Solomon. **Trafalgar.** Cast: *Ivanhoe*, Mr J. L. Shine; *Will Scarlettina*, Mr Harry Grattan; *Robert Fitzoof*, Mr Fred Storey; *Seedie Wreck*, Mr Fred Wright, junior; *The Prior of Jawfolke Abbey*, Mr E. M. Robson; *Sir Brandiboy Gilbert*, Mr H. M. Clifford; *Mr Ithaacth*, Mr James Stevenson; *Prince Johnnie*, Mr Harold Eden; *The Lady Soft Roeina*, Miss Maggie Robert-; *Nell Guitar*, Miss Alice Lethbridge; *Tomba*, Miss Clara Jecks; *The Countess of Grundy*, Miss Agnes Hewitt; *Boilden Oiley, Esq.*, Miss Bertha Meyers; *Lady Alicia Fitzworse*, Miss Nita Carlyon; *Miss Rebecca Hothouse Peach*, Miss Phyllis Broughton. Withdrawn 7th November.

NOVEMBER.

8. **JOHN-A-DREAMS**: Play in Four Acts, by C. Haddon Chambers. **Haymarket.** Cast: *Harold Wynn*, Mr Tree; *Sir Hubert Garlinge*, Mr Charles Cartwright; *Lord Barbridge*, Mr Charles Allan; *The Hon. and Rev. Stephen Wynne*, Mr Nutcombe Gould; *Percy de Coburn*, Mr Herbert Ross; *Mr George*

Wanklyn, Mr Edmund Maurice; *Captain Harding*, Mr Percival Stevens; *First Mate*, Mr Willes; *Boatswain*, Mr Bert Thomas; *First Steward*, Mr Montagu; *Second Steward*, Mr Lesley Thomson; *Butler*, Mr Hay; *Kate Cloud*, Mrs Patrick Campbell; *Lady Barbridge*, Miss Le Thiere; *Mrs Wanklyn*, Miss Janette Steere; *Servant*, Miss Conover. Withdrawn 27th December.

13. **THE JOKER**: Farcical Comedy in Three Acts, by M. Howard Tennyson. **Avenue.** (A morning performance.) Cast: *Joseph Miller*, Mr Fred Thorne; *George Miller*, Mr H. Ashford; *Mr Caryon Crowe*, Mr Alfred Maltby; *Felix*, Mr Lewis Fitzhamon; *Gerard Brewster*, Mr Cosmo Stewart; *James*, Mr W. Powell; *Mrs Caryon Crowe*, Miss Emily Thorne; *Penelope*, Miss Ethel Christine; *Mrs Lowe*, Miss E. M. Page; *Stella Lovel*, Miss E. Neilda; *Fannie*, Miss Annie Fox-Turner.

14. **A KNIGHT-ERRANT**: Romance in One Act, written by Rutland Barrington, composed by A. J. Caldicott; front piece to "His Excellency." **Lyric.** Cast: *The Baron de Boncœur*, Mr Ernest Snow; *The Lady Ermengarde*, Miss May Cross; *Armand*, Mr Alexander; *Sir Florian de Gracieux*, Mr W. Philp.

21. **THE WRONG GIRL**: Farcical Comedy in Three Acts, by H. A. Kennedy. **Strand.** Cast: *Captain Harry Montagu*, Mr Forbes Dawson; *George Glenfield*, Mr W. Blakeley; *Oliver Chester*, Mr Howard Russell; *Willoughby Chester*, Mr Phillip Cunningham; *Willie Edouin*, Mr Willie Edouin; *Isaac Lynx*, Mr Dudley Cloran; *Colb*, Mr Pickard Blunt; *Gladys Gordon*, Miss Violet Armbruster; *Florence Craven*, Miss Fanny Brough; *Mrs Glenfield*, Miss Helen Cresswell; *Eva Glenfield*, Miss Daisy Bryer; *Mrs Freemantle Wyville*, Miss K. Lucille Foote.—Also **THE QUEEN'S PRIZE**: Comedietta, by Fenton Mackay. Cast: *Captain Tom Dallis*, Mr Forbes Dawson; *Colonel Dallis*, Mr Richard Blunt; *Sergeant Jones*, Mr Charles Harvey; *Lieut. Bob Graves*, Mr Gordon Harvey; *Captain Kate Rivers*, Miss R. Lucille Foote; *Lieut. Hetty Wren*, Miss Ettie Williams; *Lucy Waveley*, Miss Violet Armbruster. Withdrawn

15th December; but there were subsequently a few morning performances of "The Wrong Girl."

24. **THE SHOP GIRL**: Musical Farce by H. J. Dam; Music mainly by Ivan Caryll. **Gaiety**. Cast: *Mr Hooley*, Mr Arthur Williams; *Charles Appleby*, Mr Seymour Hicks; *Bertie Boyd*, Mr George Grossmith, junior; *John Brown*, Mr Colin Coop; *Sir George Appleby*, Mr Cairns James; *Colonel Singleton*, Mr Frank Wheeler; *Count St Vannen*, Mr Robert Nainby; *Mr Tweets*, Mr Willie Warde; *Mr Miggles*, Mr Edmund Payne; *Lady Dodo Singleton*, Miss Helen Lee; *Miss Robinson*, Miss Katie Seymour; *Lady Appleby*, Miss Maria Davis; *Ada Smith*, Miss Lillie Belmore; *Faith*, Miss Lillie Dickinson; *Hope*, Miss Agatha Roze; *Charity*, Miss Lillie Johnson; *Maud Plantagenet*, Miss Maud Hill; *Eva Tudor*, Miss Fannie Warde; *Lillie Stuart*, Miss Maud Sutherland; *Mabel Beresford*, Miss Violet Monckton; *Agnes Howard*, Miss Louie Coote; *Maggie Jocelyn*, Miss Maggie Ripley; *Violet Tierney*, Miss Topsy Sinden; *Bessie Brent*, Miss Ada Reeve. Still running.

26. **THE WIFE OF DIVES**: Comedy Drama in Three Acts, by S. X. Courte (originally produced at Birmingham as "The Great Pearl Case"). **Opera Comique**. Cast: *Julius Van Duccat*, Mr G. W. Anson; *Lord Cyril Sieveking*, Mr Cosmo Stuart; *The Rev. Boanerges Bodkin*, Mr Cecil Ramsey; *Humphries*, Mr Frank May; *Darryl Dreighton*, Mr Charles Glenny; *Lady Haltwhistle*, Miss Carlotta Addison; *Muriel Haltwhistle*, Miss Lucy Wilson; *Cecily Allardyce*, Miss Florence Friend; *Mrs Van Duccat*, Miss Olga Brandon. Withdrawn 8th December.—Preceded by **A FOLLY OF AGE**: Comedy in One Act, by Arthur Ingram. Cast: *Dick Ardingley*, Mr Hurdman Lucas; *Richard Ardingley*, Mr C. Medwin; *Violet Ardingley*, Miss Nanson; *Kate*, Miss Beatrice Summers; *Augustus*, Master Hal Bailey; *James Barlow*, Mr L. Bean.

30. **ASHES**: Play in Three Acts, by Edward Collins and R. Saunders. **Prince of Wales's**. (A morning performance.) Cast: *Reginald Denning*, Mr Charles Glenney; *Sir Everett Kerr*, Mr Phillip Cunningham; *Dr James Courtney*, Mr Oswald Yorke;

Mr Broadleigh, Mr Stuart Champion; *Frank Fairfax*, Mr Richard Saunders; *Mr Frazer*, Mr J. R. Hatfield; *Captain Fawcett*, Mr Lawrence D'Orsay; *Muriel Kerr*, Miss Lucy Wilson; *Comtesse de St Maur*, Miss Gwynne Herbert; *Mrs Ponsonby*, Miss Robertha Erskine; *Lady Constance Kerr*, Miss Alice de Winton.

DECEMBER.

8. **DR BILL**: Farcical Comedy, adapted from the French by Hamilton Aïdé. Revival at the **Court**. Cast: *Dr William Brown*, Mr Charles Hawtrey; *Mr Firman*, Mr William H. Day; *Mr Horton*, Mr Robb Harwood; *George Webster*, Mr E. H. Kelly; *Baggs*, Mr F. Featherstone; *Sergeant of Police*, Mr Francis; *Louisa Brown*, Miss Dora de Winton; *Jennie Firman*, Miss Violet Lyster; *Mrs Firman*, Miss Dolores Drummond; *Ellen*, Miss Mabel Harding; *Miss Fauntleroy*, Miss Edith Kenward; *Mrs Horton*, Miss Lottie Venne. Still running.—Preceded by **THE BIRTHDAY**: Comedy in One Act, by George Bancroft. Cast: *Mr Leslie*, Mr William H. Day; *Dr Wakefield*, Mr Wilfred Draycott; *Hubbard*, Mr W. Quinton; *Ruth Leslie*, Miss Dora de Winton.

11. **VILLAIN AND VICTIM**: Duologue, by W. R. Walkes. (Morning performance for a Charity.) Cast: *Adolphus*, Mr Cyril Maude; *Millicent*, Miss Winifred Emery. **Haymarket.**

12. **THE CHIEFTAIN**: Opera in Two Acts, written by F. C. Burnand, composed by Sir Arthur Sullivan (an elaboration of "The Contrabandista," by the same author and composer, produced at St George's Hall on 18th December 1867). **Savoy.** Cast: *Count Vasquez de Gonzago*, Mr Courtice Pounds; *Peter Adolphus Grigg*, Mr Walter Passmore; *Ferdinand de Roxas*, Mr Scott Fishe; *Sancho*, Mr Richard Temple; *Jose*, Mr R. Morand; *Pedro Gomez*, Mr Scott Russell; *Blazzo*, Mr Bowden Haswell; *Escatero*, Mr Powis Pinder; *Pedrillo*, Master Snelson; *Inez de Roxas*, Miss Rosina Brandram; *Dolly*, Miss Florence Perry; *Juanita*, Miss Emmie Owen; *Maraquita*, Miss Edith Johnston;

Anna, Miss Ada Newall; *Zitella*, Miss Beatrice Perry; *Nina*, Miss Ethel Wilson; *Rita*, Miss Florence St John. Still running.

15. **HAL THE HIGHWAYMAN**: Play in One Act, by H. M. Paull. **Vaudeville.** Cast: *Handsome Hal*, Mr T. Kingston; *Sir James Mortimer*, Mr F. Volpe; *Danby*, Mr Arthur Helmore; *Tim*, Mr J. L. Mackay; *Celia Mortimer*, Miss Esme Beringer; *Kitty Carter*, Miss Helena Dacre.—A front piece to "The New Boy."

24. **EASTWARD HO!** An Operatic Burlesque, by C. M. Rodney; Revised by Willie Younge; Music by C. E. Howells. **Opera Comique.** Cast: *Reginald Nanty*, Mr Joseph M'Bride; *Kitty Spangles*, Miss Jenny Dawson; *Julian Ranter*, Mr Fowler Thatcher; *Betterton Burge*, Mr C. A. White; *Gwendoline Brougham*, Miss Fanny Selby; *Rhoda Royal*, Miss Annesley; *Tiny*, Miss Maudie Brookman; *Minnie Pateman*, Miss Alice Beresford; *Bella Vavasour*, Miss Maude Adams; *Inez Brabazon*, Miss Edith Hoppe; *Gladys Fontenbleu*, Miss Lilian Stead; *Vera Fancourt*, Miss Florence Lavender; *Muley Muspha*, Mr George De Pledge; *Fasti*, Miss Madge Rockingham; *Zeffa*, Miss Kate Everleigh; *Atcha*, Miss Lilian Morgan; *Balradour*, Miss Rose Bernard; *Bebie*, Miss Lilly Piercey; *Zeni*, Mr Charles Baldwin; *Mista Murphi*, Mr Gerald Hoole.—Also **THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT**: A Pantomime, played by children (Afternoons only), by H. Chance Newton. Still running.

26. **DICK WHITTINGTON**: Pantomime, by Augustus Harris, Cecil Raleigh, and Henry Hamilton. **Drury Lane.** Cast: *Dick Whittington*, Miss Ada Blanche; *Alice*, Miss Marie Montrose; *Idle Jack*, Mr Dan Leno; *Eliza the Cook*, Mr Herbert Campbell; *Fitzwarren*, Mr Spry; *Prince Mi-Yung-Man*, Miss Lily Harold; *Emperor of China*, Miss Agnes Hewitt; *Princess Ni-si-pi-see*, Miss Queenie Lawrence; *King Cat*, Miss Eva Westlake; *King Rat*, Miss Madge Lucas; *Cat and Mate*, the Brothers Griffiths; *Fairy Christmas*, Miss D. Wood; *Fairy Blue Bell*, Miss Lydia Flopp; *Fairy Snowdrop*, Miss Morris; *Captain of the Seagull*, Miss Kate Dudley; *Steersman*, Mr Percy Mordy; *Mangold*, Mr Hendon; *Cabby*, Mr Fawdon Vokes; *The Sexton*,

Mr J. Cave; *Aides de Camp*, Miss Arrowsmith and Miss Gerard; *Tee-To-Tum*, Miss Delphine; *Pang-Si-Ku*, Miss Kemble; *Ho-Che-Fow*, Miss V. Murton; *Kin-Ya-Bow*, Miss E. Pritchard; *Major Domo*, Miss A. Esmond; *Zim-Dra-Fus*, Miss V. Ellicott; *Fond Mother*, Miss Darkin. Still running.—**SANTA CLAUS**: A Fairy Pantomime, written by Horace Lennard. **Lyceum.** Cast: *Santa Claus*, Mr William Rignold; *Queen Mab*, Miss Amy Farrell; *Robin Goodfellow*, Miss Lily Twyman; *Fantasy*, Miss Ina Lucas; *Truth*, Miss Alice Rene; *Memory*, Miss Bertha Staunton; *Hope*, Miss H. Nicholl; *Jack Frost*, Miss Cicely Turner; *Holly*, Miss Cassie Bruce; *Ivy*, Miss H. Gallon; *Mistletoe*, Miss H. Gallon; *Sir Joseph Grimshaw*, Mr Fred Emney; *Lady Gay Grimshaw*, Miss Susie Vaughan; *Marian*, Miss Lillie Comyns; *Eric*, Miss Kitty Loftus; *Rosamund*, Miss Rosie Leyton; *Evadne Newfangle*, Mr Victor Stevens; *Pert*, Miss Clara Jecks; *Richard Cœur de Lion*, Mr Charles Thorburn; *The Sheriff of Nottingham*, Mr Harold Coulter; *Rufus*, Mr Francis Hawley; *Uriah*, Mr Richard Blunt; *Robin Hood*, Miss Annie Schuberth; *Friar Tuck*, Mr Wattie Brunton; *Little John*, Mr Picton Roxborough; *Alan-a-dale*, Miss Grace Lane; *Will Scarlett*, Miss Marie Lascelles; *Much the Miller's Son*, Mr G. Durlach; *Jack*, Mr Reginald Roberts; *Polly*, Miss Grace Leslie; *Dorothy*, Miss Dislay; *Notary*, Mr E. Zanfretta; *Steward*, M. Philippe; *Toy Soldiers*, Mr Harry Kitchen and Mr Fred Kitchen; *Tatters*, Mr Charles Lauri; *Moonbeam*, Mdlle. Zanfretta; *Lullaby*, Miss Judith Espinoza; *Nightmare*, Signor Edouard Espinoza; *Fly*, Miss Geraldine Somerset. Still running.—**HANSEL AND GRETEL**: Fairy Opera; Music by Humperdinck; the Libretto, founded on one of Grimms' Fairy Tales, by Adelheid Wette. **Daly's.** Cast: *Peter*, Mr Charles Copland; *Gertrude*, Madame Julia Lennox; *Hansel*, Miss Marie Elba; *Gretel*, Miss Jeanne Douste; *The Witch who eats Children*, Miss Edith Miller; *Sandman*, Miss Marie du Bedat; *Dewman*, Miss Jessie Huddleston. — Preceded by **BASTIEN AND BASTIENNE**: Opera, by Mozart. Cast: *Bastien*, Mr Reginald Brophy; *Bastienne*, Miss Jessie Huddleston; *Colas*, Mr Joseph Claus. Still running.

29. **SLAVES OF THE RING**: Play in Three Acts, by

Sydney Grundy. **Garrick.** Cast: *The Earl of Ravenscroft*, Mr John Hare; *The Hon. George Delamere*, Mr Arthur Bourchier; *Mr Egerton, M.P.*, Mr Will Dennis; *Captain Douglas*, Mr Brandon Thomas; *Harold Dundas*, Mr Gilbert Hare; *Sir William Kennedy, Bart.*, Mr Charles Rock; *Mr Tweedie, M.R.C.S.*, Mr Gerald Du Maurier; *Helen Egerton*, Miss Kate Rorke; *Ruth Egerton*, Miss Eleanor Calhoun; *Mrs Egerton*, Mrs Boucicault; *Mrs Winterbotham*, Miss Kate Phillips. Still running.

HEESE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

INDEX.

THEATRES.

Adelphi, xvi., 76, 154, 180, 233.
Avenue, 91, 109, 155, 286.

Cambridge, Theatre Royal, 324.
Comedy, 47, 106, 175, 186, 223.
Court, 41, 79, 155, 276, 332.
Covent Garden, xxiii.
Criterion, xxix., 94, 166, 222, 266.
Crystal Palace, 8.

Daly's, 22, 59, 143, 151, 160, 170, 176, 193, 196, 209, 244.
Deutsches Theater, 251, 253, 256, 265, 288, 300, 310.
Drury Lane, xvi., 6, 245.

Gaiety, 108, 183, 218, 316.
Garrick, xxix., 9, 53, 96, 158, 186, 343.

Haymarket, 32, 85, 118, 199, 302, 333.

Independent, 65, 136.

Lyceum, xxiii., xxix., 1, 103, 208.
Lyric, 102, 289, 302.

Opera Comique, 40, 65, 147, 253, 256, 265, 288, 300, 310, 320.

Prince of Wales's, 59, 67, 264.
Princess's, 68, 153, 182, 246, 259, 281.

Royalty, 38, 58, 136, 193, 244, 276.

Saint James's, 126, 311.
Savoy, 203, 339.
Strand, 72, 103, 182, 275, 276, 312.

Terry's, 62, 150, 232, 302.
Toole's, 75, 275.
Trafalgar Square, 80, 237, 298.

Vaudeville, 62, 221, 338.

PLAYS.

Alan's Wife, 213.
All My Eye-Vanhoe, 298.
An Aristocratic Alliance, 94, 106.
Arms and the Man, xxvii., 109, 296.
As You Like It, 69.

The Ballad Monger, 334.
La Basoche, 206.
Becket, 208.
The Best Man, 75.
The Birthday, 332.
Belle Maman, 278.
Der Bibliothekar, 288.

PLAYS—*Continued.*

The Black Cat, 94.
La Boule, 222.
The Bunch of Violets, 118.

La Cagnotte, 238.
The Candidate, 166.
The Case of Rebellious Susan, 266.
Caste, xvii., 53.
Cavalleria Rusticana, 143, 160.
Célimare le Bien-Aimé, 296.
Chamillac, 144.
The Charlatan, 32, 48.
Charlie's Aunt, 110, 238.
The Chieftain, 339.
The Chinaman, 237.
Cinderella, 1.
Claude Duval, 264.
Claudie, 266.
A Comedy of Sighs, 92.
The Contrabandista, 341.
The Cotton King, 76.
The Country Girl, 22.
The Crusaders, 127.

La Dame aux Camélias, 107, 143, 177, 193.
Dandy Dick, 63, 148, 238.
Denise, 39, 95, 145.
Le Député de Bombignac, 168.
The Derby Winner, 245.
Dick Sheridan, 47.
Diplomacy, xvii., 261.
Divorçons! 143, 148, 151.
Doctor Bill, 333.
A Doll's House, xxv., xxvii., 311.
Don Juan, 108, 112.
Dora, xvii., 261.

An Enemy of the People, xx., 118.
L'Enfant Prodigue, 153.

Fashionable Intelligence, 79.
The Fatal Card; 233.
Faust, 103.
Fédora, 177, 261.
La Femme de Claude, 177, 209.
Le Festin de Pierre, 52.
Les Filles de Marbre, 146.
A Fool's Paradise, 225.
The Foundling, 232, 240.
Francillon, 147, 271.
François le Champi, 266.
Frou-Frou, 106, 148.

A Gaiety Girl, 59, 83, 244.
A Gauntlet, 38.
A Gay Widow, 276.
Le Gendre de M. Poirier, 94.
The Gentleman Whip, 65.
Go-Bang, 80.
The Gondoliers, 289.
Graf Waldemar, 253.

Haddon Hall, 124.
Hal the Highwayman, 338.
Hamlet, xvii., 334.
Hedda Gabler, 322.
Les Héritiers Rabourdin, 65.
His Excellency, 289.
H.M.S. Pinafore, 339.
The Hobby-Horse, 148.
Hot Water, 222.

Iphigenia in Tauris, 324.
Izéyl, 176.

Jack and the Beanstalk, 8.
Jack Sheppard, 281.
Jaunty Jane Shore, 103.
Jean Mayeux, 153.
The Jerry-Builder, 182.
John-a-Dreams, 302, 334.
Journeys End in Lovers Meeting, 170.

PLAYS—*Continued.*

King Kodak, 150.
King Lear, xvii.
Krieg im Frieden, 288.

The Lady from the Sea, 92.
The Lady Slavey, 286.
The Land of Heart's Desire, 91.
Liberty Hall, 56.
Little Christopher Columbus, 302.
Little Jack Sheppard, 218.
Little Miss 'Cute, 244.
The Little Squire, 102.
The Little Widow, 58.
La Locandiera, 143, 160.
Lohengrin, xxiii.
London Assurance, 56.
Love for Love, 52.
Loyal, 221.

Madame Sans-Gêne, 185.
The Magistrate, 63.
Le Maître, 266.
The Man in the Street, 155.
Le Mariage d'Olympe, 95, 147, 214.
Marriage, 155.
The Master Builder, 59, 142, 214.
The Masqueraders, 126, 311.
Der Meineidbauer, 258, 265.
Mein Leopold, 288.
The Merry Wives of Windsor, 334.
The Middleman, 175.
The Mikado, 289.
Mirette, 203.
Mrs Dexter, 72.
Mrs Lessingham, 96.
A Modern Eve, 199.
Money, 56, 158.
Morocco Bound, 80.
The Mountebanks, 291.

The New Boy, 62, 110, 238.
The New Woman, xxv., 223.
A Night in Town, 193.
Niobe, 58, 238.

Odette, 259.
An Old Jew, 9.
Once Upon a Time, 85.

A Pair of Spectacles, xvii.
The Palace of Truth, 295.
Les Pattes de Mouche, 261.
Der Pfarrer von Kirchfeld, 256.
Phèdre, 177, 194.
The Pink Dominoes, 238.
The Pirates of Penzance, 289.
Le Plus Heureux des Trois, 296.
The Private Secretary, 288.
The Professor's Love-Story, 186.
The Profligate, 39, 95.

Die Räuber, 300.
The Red Lamp, 334.
Robbery under Arms, 281.
Robert und Bertram, 259.
Robinson Crusoe, 6.
Les Rois, 177, 196.

Salome, 10.
The Schoolmistress, 63.
The Second Mrs Tanqueray, 55, 95, 102, 128, 141, 149, 335.
Shall We Forgive Her? 180.
The Shop Girl, 316.
Sigurd Slembe, 38.
A Society Butterfly, 147.
Sodom's Ende, 301.
Sowing the Wind, 49, 225.
La Statue du Commandeur, 153.
Das Stiftungsfest, 288.
Still Waters Run Deep, xxvi.
A Story of Waterloo, 343.

PLAYS—*Continued.*

The Tempter, 105.
The Texan, 182.
Tilli, 259.
La Tosca, 63, 177.
The Transgressor, 41.
A Trip to Chinatown, 275.
Tristan und Isolde, 339.
Truthful James, 276.
Twelfth Night, 22.
Two Orphans, 153, 154

Uncle's Ghost, 40, 240.

Der Veilchenfresser, 288.
The Vicarage, 345.
Le Village, 345.
Villon, Poet and Cut-throat, 193.
Volpone, 66.
Vor Sonnenaufgang, 149.
Le Voyage de M. Perrichon, 296.

A White Lie, 225.
The Wife of Dives, 320.
The Wild Duck, xix., 100, 136.
The World, 68.
The Wrong Girl, 312.

The Yeomen of the Guard, 291.

AUTHORS.

Aïdé, Hamilton, 333.
Anzengruber, Ludwig, 257, 265.
Augier, Emile, 94, 147, 213.

Bancroft, George, 332.
Barrie, J. M., 186.
Barrière, Théodore, 146.
Bisson, Alexandre, 169.
Björnson, Björnstjerne, 38.
Boucicault, Dion, 54.
Bowyer, Frederick, 264.
Branscombe, Arthur, 151.
Buchanan, Robert, 32, 38, 47, 79, 147.
Burnand, F. C., 276, 339.
Byron, H. J., 55.

Carré, —, 204, 333.
Carton, R. C., 55.
Chambers, Haddon, 233, 302, 334.
Congreve, William, 52.
"Courte, S. X.," 193, 320.
Dam, H. J. W., 319.
Dampier, Alfred, 282.
Dance, George, 286.
Darnley, J. H., 72.
De La Pasture, Mrs, 102.
Deslandes, Raymond, 276.
Doyle, Dr Conan, 343.
Dumas, A., *fils*, 209, 291.

Edwards, Osman, 38.
Euripides, 324.

Farnie, H. B., 222.
Fendall, Percy, 79.
Feuillet, Octave, 345.
"Fleming, George," 96.
Freitag, Gustav, 253.
Fulda, Ludwig, 89.

Gattie, A. W., 41.
Gilbert, W. S., 23, 81, 115 203, 289.
Godfrey, G. W., 55.

AUTHORS—*Continued.*

Goethe, 103, 327.
Greenbank, Harry, 60.
Greet, Mrs W., 102.
Greville, Lady Violet, 94.
Grundy, Sydney, 9, 22, 118, 223.

"Hall, Owen," 60.
Hamilton, Henry, 245.
Harris, Sir Augustus, 68, 245.
Harvey, Frank, 180.
Hauptmann, Gerhart, 149.
Hawtrey, G. P., 38.
Hayman, Philip, 299.
"Henry, Richard," 103.
"Hobbes, John Oliver," 173.
Hoyt, Charles A., 275.
Hugo, Victor, 328.

Ibsen, Henrik, xix., 59, 92, 136, 304, 311.

Jarman, William, 59.
Jerrold, Douglas, 54.
Johnson, H. T., 221.
Jones, Henry Arthur, 55, 105, 127, 175, 266.
Jonson, Ben, 66.
Jullien, Jean, 266.

Keeling, Henry, 155.
Kennedy, H. A., 312.
Klein, Charles, 276.

Labiche, Eugène, 296.
L'Arronge, Adolf, 288.
Law, Arthur, 62.
Lemaître, Jules, 196.
Lennard, Horace, 3, 8.
Lestocq, W., 232.
Lumley, Ralph, 75.
Lytton, Lord (Bulwer), 158.

M'Carthy, J. H., 169.
Marlowe, Christopher, 301.
Marston, Dr Westland, 54.
Meilhac and Halévy, 106, 222.
Melford, Mark, 182.
Meritt, Paul, 68, 79.
Molière, 52, 66.
Moore, George, 173.
Morand, —, 179.
Mortimer, James, 276.
Moser, Gustav von, 288.
Murray, Henry, 147.

"Nunn, Payne," 264.

Parker, Louis N., 90, 155.
Paull, H. M., 65, 338.
Pettitt, Henry, 68, 79, 233.
Pinero, A. W., 55, 63, 94, 128, 148, 335.
Power, Tyrone, 182.

Räder, Gustav von, 259.
Raleigh, Cecil, 245.
Reade, Charles, 54.
Robertson, T. W., 53.
Robson, E. M., 232.
"Ross, Adrian," 80, 319.

Salaman, Malcolm, 199.
Sand, Georges, 266.
Sapte, W., jun., 40.
Sardou, V., 63, 152, 185, 259, 276, 329.
Schiller, 300.
Schöntann, F. von, 288.
Scribe, Eugène, 328.
Scott, Clement, 345.
Sedger, Horace, 102.
Shakespeare, 22, 69.
Shaw, George Bernard, 28, 109, 296.
Sherburn, H. A., 193.

AUTHORS—*Continued.*

Sims, G. R., 79.
Stahl, Franz von, 259.
Stephenson, B. C., 232.
Sudermann, Hermann, 301.
Sylvestre, Armand, 179.

Taylor, Tom, xxvi., 54.
Tennyson, 208.
Thomas, Brandon, 155.
Todhunter, Dr John, 92.
Tristram, Outram, 336.

Vane, Sutton, 76.
Vincent, C. T., 244.

Walch, Garnet, 282.
Wilde, Oscar, 3, 55.
Wills, W. G., 105.
Wycherley, W., 22.

Yeats, W. B., 91.

Zola, Emile, 65.

ACTORS.

Abingdon, W. L., 20, 57, 138, 237.
Albertieri, Signor, 8.
Allan, Charles, 37.
Alexander, George, xvi., xxiv., 127, 135, 312, 333.
Anson, G. W., 120, 157, 276, 323.
Archer, Frank, 160.
Aynesworth, Allan, 160.

Bancroft, S. B., 345.
Barnett, Orlando, 118.
Barrington, Rutland, 245, 297.
Beauchamp, J., 64.
Beaumont, Allen, 150.
Beck, Cæsar, 255, 258, 266, 288, 311.
Beveridge, J. D., 64.
Billington, John, 76.
Blakeley, W., 170, 223, 313, 315.
Bonney, W., 286.
Bosworth, Hobart, 29.
Bourchier, Arthur, 160.
Brookfield, Charles, 47, 80, 159.
Brough, Lionel, 91, 126.
Brough, Sydney, 53, 158, 232.
Bucklaw, A., 47.
Buist, Scott, 20.
Buller, George, 286.

Campbell, Herbert, 7.
Candé, —, 185.
Cane, H., 176.
Carleton, Royce, 176, 192.
Carson, Murray, 236.
Cartwright, Charles, 79, 154, 310.
Cecil, Arthur, 159, 345.
Champion, Stuart, 232.
Charrington, Charles, 286, 343.
Clarey, H. O., 264.
Clark, Holman, 37, 126.
Clarke, George, 29.
Coop, Colin, 320.
Coquelin *aîné*, 95, 144.
Craig, John, 29.
Cunningham, Philip, 276.

Dale, Welton, 59.
Dalton, Charles, 69, 182.
Dampier, Alfred, 285.
Danby, Charles, 220, 287.
Daubigny, Lloyd, 28.
Day, W. H., 20, 127, 333.
De Lange, Hermann, 20, 96, 276.
De Max, —, 180.
Dennis, Will, 53, 281.
Deval, —, 218.

ACTORS—*Continued.*

Douglas, Kenneth, 65.
Draycott, Wilfred, 281, 333.
Du Maurier, G., 20.
Duquesne, —, 185.

Edouin, Willie, 183, 314.
Elliott, W. G., 40, 127, 312.
Elton, W., 69
Elwood, Arthur, 47, 159.
Emney, Fred, 5.
Esmond, H. V., 127, 312.
Evans, Rothbury, 286.

Farquhar, Gilbert, 20.
Fernandez, James, 47.
Fishe, Scott, 204.
Flemming, Herbert, 79, 154, 182, 264, 286.
Foss, George, 155.
Fulton, Charles, 138, 237.

Giddens, George, 170.
Glenney, Charles, 69, 323.
Got, Edmond, 95.
Gould, Bernard, 93, 117, 264, 286.
Gould, Nutcombe, 37, 90, 310, 338.
Grahame, J. G., 232.
Grattan, Henry, 85, 300.
Gresham, Herbert, 30.
Grossmith, George, 297.
Grossmith, George, jun., 320.
Grossmith, Weedon, 62.
Groves, Charles, 95, 232.
Guitry, —, 179, 218.

Hare, Gilbert, 20, 57, 281.
Hare, John, xvi., xix., 9, 20, 96, 102, 159.
Harwood, Robb, 20.
Hawtrey, Charles, xxiv., 73, 223, 280, 333.
Hendrie, Ernest, 183.
Herbert, W., 150.
Hicks, Seymour, 47, 220, 317, 319.
Holt, Clarence, 286.
Humphrey, George, 287.

Inch, Reuben, 8.
Irving, Henry, xvi., xxiii., 105, 208, 344.
Irving, H. B., 50, 106.
Irving, Lawrence, 138.

Kemble, Henry, 159, 275.
Kerr, Frederick, 37, 150, 275.
Kingston, T., 221, 339.
Knowles, R. G., 275.

Lablache, Luigi, 91.
Lacy, Walter, 159.
Lauri, Charles, 4, 5.
Le Hay, John, 298.
Leno, Dan, 7.
Lewis, James, 30.
Little, C. P., 157, 275.
Lonnen, E. J., 302.
Lowne, C. M., 76.

Mackay, J. L., 339.
Mackintosh, W., 157.
Macklin, F., 182.
Macready, W. C., 159.
Maude, Cyril, 53, 108, 232.
Maurice, Edmund, 53, 310.
Mellish, Fuller, 344.
Monkhouse, Harry, 61.
Morgan, Fitzroy, 264.

Nicholls, Harry, 237.

O'Neill, Edward, 79.
Outram, Leonard, 72.

ACTORS—*Continued.*

Parker, Harry, 5.
Passmore, Walter, 205.
Pateman, Robert, 287.
Paulton, Harry, 103, 193.
Payne, Edmund, 316, 319.
Penley, W. H., xvi.
Peterson, Ernst, 288.
Playfair, Arthur, 298.
Poluskis, The Two, 8.
Poulsen, Emil, 139.
Poulsen, Olaf, 139.
Pounds, Courtice, 204.
Power, Tyrone, 182.

Ramsay, Cecil, 323.
Righton, E., 223, 281.
Rignold, W., 154.
Roberts, Arthur, 108, 264.
Robertson, Forbes, xxiii., 57, 102, 159, 174.
Robson, E. M., 300.
Rose, Edward, 150.
Ross, Herbert, 183, 310.
Rossi, Cesare, 145, 166.
Rusing, Ludwig, 311.

Schubart, Ludwig, 288.
Shelton, George, 76.
Sheridan, J., 302.
Shine, J. L., 85, 300.
Stephens, Yorke, xxiii., 93, 117.
Stevens, Charles E., 264.
Stevens, Victor, 5.
Storey, Fred, 300.
Stuart, Cosmo, 323.
Sugden, Charles, 59, 103.
Sullivan, Barry, xxiii.
Terriss, W., 105, 174, 236.
Terry, Edward, xvi., 150.
Terry, Frederick, xxiii., 37, 90, 182, 202, 232.
Thorne, Eric, 264.
Thorne, Fred, 40.
"Tich, Little," 7.
Thomas, Brandon, xxiii., 53, 106.
Toole, J. L., xvi., 75.
Tree, H. Beerbohm, xvi., xix., 37, 85, 119, 126, 202, 310, 338.
Tresahar, John, 40, 240.
Tyler, F. H., 176, 192.

Valentine, S., 223.
Volpe, —, 221.

Waller, Lewis, xvi., xxiv., 53.
Ward, Willie, 220.
Warden, Sydney, 65.
Waring, Herbert, xxiii., 127, 135, 311, 312.
Warner, Charles, 79, 260.
Watson, Ivan, 244.
Webster, Ben, 275.
Weilenbeck, Max, 258, 288, 302.
Welch, James, 65, 93, 118, 155.
Willard, E. S., 176, 192.
Williams, Arthur, 320.
Wyatt, Frank, 243.
Wyndham, Charles, xvi., xxvi., 94, 166, 275.

ACTRESSES.

Achurch, Miss Janet, xxix., 338.
Addison, Miss Carlotta, 323.
Ashwell, Miss Lena, 53, 158.
Astor, Miss Adelaide, 287.
Atherton, Miss Alice, 163.

Bancroft, Mrs, 57, 159, 183, 345.
Barnett, Miss Alice, 298.
Bartet, Madame, 145.
Belmore, Miss Lillie, 72, 320.
Beringer, Miss Esmé, 65, 221, 339.
Bernhardt, Sarah, 63, 141, 146, 177, 193, 196.
Blanche, Miss Ada, 6.
Bond, Miss Jessie, 85, 298.
Booth, Miss Hope, 244.
Boucicault, Miss Nina, 275.
Bowman, Miss Empsie, 102.
Bowman, Miss Isa, 102.
Brandon, Miss Olga, 69, 323.
Brandram, Miss Rosina, 205.
Brookes, Miss Alice, 5.
Brough, Miss Fanny, 73, 103, 313.
Broughton, Miss Phyllis, 300.
Browne, Miss Pattie, 53, 170.
Bruce, Miss Edith, 8.

Calvé, Madame, 160.
Calvert, Mrs Charles, 118.
Campbell, Mrs Patrick, 126, 134, 310.
Chard, Miss Kate, 5.
Chaumont, Madame Céline, 152.
Chester, Miss Edith, 223.
Clements, Miss Miriam, 170, 223.
Coleman, Miss Fanny, 47, 170, 275.
Conyers, Miss Addie, 302.
Coote, Miss Carrie, 40.
Cowell, Miss Lydia, 276.
Craddock, Miss Nannie, 176, 192.
Crane, Miss Edith, 182.
Cutler, Miss Kate, 245.

Dacre, Miss Helena, 339.
D'Auban, Miss Emma, 8.
Dene, Miss Hetty, 246.
De Winton, Miss Dora, 333.
Driller, Frl. E. von, 255, 258, 266, 288, 302, 311.
Drummond, Miss Dolores, 154.
Duse, Eleanora, 141, 143, 151, 160.

Edouin, Miss Mary, 183.
Ellicott, Miss Maud, 204.
Elsinger, Frl. Milli, 255.
Emery, Miss Winifred, 53, 106, 231.

Farr, Miss Florence, xxix., 93, 117.
Featherstone, Miss Vane, 93.
Ferrar, Miss Ada, 72.
Fowler, Miss Emily, 95.
Fraser, Miss Winifred, 138, 155.
Friend, Miss Florence, 193, 323.

Granville, Miss, 127, 312.
Grey, Miss Sylvia, 85.
Guilbert, Yvette, 183.

Hall Caine, Miss, 79.
Hanbury, Miss Dorothy, 102.
Hanbury, Miss Lily, 37, 119, 126.
Harvey, Miss May, 57.
Hatton, Miss Bessie, 47, 192.
Hennings, Fru Betty, 139, 152.
Hocke, Frl. Anna, 288.

ACTRESSES—*Continued.*

Homfrey, Miss Gladys, 64.
Hope, Miss Naomi, 72.
Hughes, Miss Annie, 95, 344.

Ivor, Miss Frances, 72.

Jecks, Miss Clara, 5, 243.
Jeffries, Miss Ellis, 154, 232.
Johnstone, Miss Eliza, 76.

Kent, Miss Julia, 8.
Kenward, Miss Edith, 243.
Kingston, Miss Gertrude, 37, 157, 275.

Lamb, Miss Beatrice, 76, 246.
Langtry, Mrs, 150.
Larkin, Miss Sophie, 72, 237.
Lea, Miss Marion, xxix.
Leclercq, Miss Rose, 57, 103, 150, 232.
Leigh, Mrs H., 182.
Lethbridge, Miss Alice, 300.
Levey, Miss Florence, 220.
Lewis, Miss Catherine, 30.
Lind, Miss Letty, 84.
Linden, Miss Laura, 237.
Linden, Miss Marie, 106.
Lloyd, Miss Marie, 6.
Loftus, Miss Cissie, 85.
Loftus, Miss Kitty, 8.
Loveday, Miss Louie, 5.
Luck, Miss Helen, 102.

Mackintosh, Miss Nancy, 298.
Millard, Miss Evelyn, 311.
Millett, Miss Maud, 159.
Millward, Miss, 236.
Moodie, Miss Louise, 40.
Moore, Miss Eva, 281.
Moore, Miss Mary, xxix., 95, 170, 275.
Morland, Miss Charlotte, 72.
Murray, Miss Alma, 117, 231.

Neilson, Miss Ada, 182.
Neilson, Miss Julia, 90, 182.
Nethersole, Miss Olga, 45, 46.

Palfrey, Miss May, 65.
Palmer, Miss Minnie, 59.
Perry, Miss Florence, 204.
Poole, Miss Cora, 76.
Preston, Miss Jennie, 220.

Reeve, Miss Ada, 317, 320.
Rehan, Miss Ada, xviii., 22, 30, 133, 275.
Réjane, Madame, 183.
Robins, Miss Elizabeth, xxix., 101.
Rorke, Miss Kate, xxix., 20, 57, 101, 159.
Rorke, Miss Mary, 103.
Rose, Miss Annie, 40.
Ruppert, Mrs Anna, 263, 286.

Selwyn, Miss Beatrice, 72.
Seymour, Miss Kate, 85, 316, 320.
Sinden, Miss Topsy, 320.
Steer, Miss Janette, 310.

Terriss, Miss Ellaline, 5, 220, 298.
Terry, Miss Ellen, xvii., xxix., 174, 208.
Terry, Miss Marion, 79, 154.
Terry, Miss Minnie, 5.
Thomann, Frau Heinold, 258, 288.
Tree, Mrs Beerbohm, 37, 90, 119, 125, 201.
Tyndall, Miss Kate, 69.

ACTRESSES—*Continued.*

Vanbrugh, Miss Violet, 29.
Vane, Miss, 53, 235.
Vaughan, Miss Kate, 150.
Vaughan, Miss Susie, 5, 183, 232.
Venne, Miss Lottie, 80, 183, 202, 280, 333.
Verity, Miss Agnes, 176.
Victor, Miss M. A., 105.
Waring, Mrs Herbert, 138.
Williams, Miss Ettie, 264.
Wood, Mrs John, xvi., xxiv.
Wright, Mrs Theodore, 20.
Yohé, Miss May, 287.
Zanfretta, Mlle., 5.
Zucchi, Madame, 8.

MANAGERS, CRITICS, COMPOSERS, &c.

Bancroft, S. B., 259.
Barrett, Oscar, 1, 8.
Carr, J. Comyns, xviii., 49, 108.
Carr, Dr Osmond, 84, 290.
Carte, R. D'Oyly, 203.
Caryll, Ivan, 320.
Craven, Hawes, 5.
Crook, John, 286.
Daly, Augustin, xviii., 25.
Emden, — (Scenic Artist), 5.
Gatti, The Brothers, 235.
Grein, J. T., xviii.
Harris, Sir Augustus, xxiii., 6.
Holloway, W. J., 232.
Lanner, Madame Katti, 5.
M'Carthy, J. H., 74.
Maurice, Charles, 253, 257.
Messager, André, 204.
Pigott, E. F. S. (Examiner of Plays), 281.
Quiller-Couch, A. T., 66.
Sarcey, Francisque, 280.
Scott, Clement, 23, 74, 140, 147.
Shaw, G. Bernard, 160.
Stoker, Bram, 73.
Sullivan, Sir Arthur, 203, 289, 339.
Thomas, W. Moy, 265.
Wagner, Richard, xxv., 339.
Walkley, A. B., 74, 119, 180.
Watson, Malcolm, 74.
Wilhelm, — (Costumier), 5.
Wood, Charles, 331.
"X. Y. Z.," 333.

REESE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

VOLUMES OF PLAYS, ENGLISH AND FOREIGN, AND OF DRAMATIC CRITICISM, PUBLISHED BY WALTER SCOTT, LTD.

INDEX.

PAGE

THE THEATRICAL WORLD FOR 1893 3

THE THEATRICAL WORLD FOR 1894 3

IBSEN'S PROSE DRAMAS 4

PEER GYNT 5

THE QUINTESSENCE OF IBSENISM 6

DRAMATIC ESSAYS 7

VOLUMES OF PLAYS IN THE "SCOTT LIBRARY" . 8

VOLUMES OF PLAYS IN THE "CANTERBURY POETS" . 8

Crown 8vo, Half Antique, Paper Boards, 3s. 6d.

THE THEATRICAL "WORLD" FOR 1893.

By WILLIAM ARCHER. With an Epistle Dedicatory to Mr. Robert W. Lowe.

"That the literary drama dealing with social problems made great advance during 1893 is universally admitted, but if proof were wanted nothing could be more conclusive than Mr. Archer's series of thoughtful and pointed articles."—*Daily Chronicle.*

"As a record of the year's doings in the theatres Mr. Archer's volume stands unrivalled."—*Daily News.*

"We have ourselves read it, so to speak, in a breath, and though not always in accord with the writer, cannot too strongly admire the cleverness and subtlety of the whole. Mr. Archer's reasons for republication, and his method of dealing with his existing work, are exposed in a dedicatory address to his friend and associate, Mr. Robert W. Lowe, in which is also given an avowal of his dramatic faith. . . . There is in this volume a mass of sound criticism, delivered in a highly cultivated and effective style. There is, perhaps, more disputatiousness than is absolutely desirable, but it is generally good-natured, and is invariably defensive rather than aggressive. The volume is, in fact, worthy of Mr. Archer, will be valued by an intelligent public, and is of the highest importance to all who take an enlightened interest in the stage."—*Athenæum.*

Uniform with the above, Price 3s. 6d.

THE THEATRICAL "WORLD" FOR 1894.

By WILLIAM ARCHER. With an Introduction by GEO. BERNARD SHAW; an Epilogue giving a review of the year, its dramatic movements and tendencies; and a Synopsis of Casts of Plays produced during 1894.

Both the above Volumes contain complete Indices of the Plays, Authors, Actors, Actresses, Managers, Critics, etc., referred to.

London: WALTER SCOTT, LIMITED, Paternoster Square.

IBSEN'S PROSE DRAMAS.

Edited by William Archer.

COMPLETE IN FIVE VOLUMES.

CROWN 8vo, CLOTH, PRICE 3/6 PER VOLUME.

"We seem at last to be shown men and women as they are; and at first it is more than we can endure. . . . All Ibsen's characters speak and act as if they were hypnotised, and under their creator's imperious demand to reveal themselves. There never was such a mirror held up to nature before: it is too terrible. . . . Yet we must return to Ibsen, with his remorseless surgery, his remorseless electric-light, until we, too, have grown strong and learned to face the naked—if necessary, the flayed and bleeding—reality."—SPEAKER (London).

VOL. I. "A DOLL'S HOUSE," "THE LEAGUE OF YOUTH," and "THE PILLARS OF SOCIETY." With Portrait of the Author, and Biographical Introduction by WILLIAM ARCHER.

VOL. II. "GHOSTS," "AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE," and "THE WILD DUCK." With an Introductory Note.

VOL. III. "LADY INGER OF ÖSTRÅT," "THE VIKINGS AT HELGELAND," "THE PRETENDERS." With an Introductory Note and Portrait of Ibsen.

VOL. IV. "EMPEROR AND GALILEAN." With an Introductory Note by WILLIAM ARCHER.

VOL. V. 'ROSMERSHOLM," "THE LADY FROM THE SEA," "HEDDA GABLER." Translated by WILLIAM ARCHER. With an Introductory Note.

The sequence of the plays *in each volume* is chronological; the complete set of volumes comprising the dramas thus presents them in chronological order.

"The art of prose translation does not perhaps enjoy a very high literary status in England, but we have no hesitation in numbering the present version of Ibsen, so far as it has gone (Vols. I. and II.), among the very best achievements, in that kind, of our generation."—*Academy*.

"We have seldom, if ever, met with a translation so absolutely idiomatic."—*Glasgow Herald*.

London: WALTER SCOTT, LIMITED, Paternoster Square.

AUTHORISED VERSION.

Crown 8vo, Cloth, Price 6s.

PEER GYNT: A Dramatic Poem.

BY HENRIK IBSEN.

TRANSLATED BY

WILLIAM AND CHARLES ARCHER.

This Translation, though unrhymed, preserves throughout the various rhythms of the Original.

"To English readers this will not merely be a new work of the Norwegian poet, dramatist, and satirist, but it will also be a new Ibsen. . . . Here is the imaginative Ibsen, indeed, the Ibsen of such a boisterous, irresistible fertility of fancy that one breathes with difficulty as one follows him on his headlong course. . . . 'Peer Gynt' is a fantastical satirical drama of enormous interest, and the present translation of it is a masterpiece of fluent, powerful, graceful, and literal rendering."—*The Daily Chronicle.*

Crown 8vo, Cloth, 5s.

THE STRIKE AT ARLINGFORD.

(PLAY IN THREE ACTS.)

BY GEORGE MOORE.

"It has the large simplicity of really great drama, and Mr. Moore, in conceiving it, has shown the truest instinct for the art he is for the first time essaying."—W. A. in *The World.*

London: WALTER SCOTT, LIMITED, Paternoster Square.

Crown 8vo, Cloth, Price 2s. 6d.

THE QUINTESSENCE OF IBSENISM.

By GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

CONTENTS.

I. THE TWO PIONEERS.
II. IDEALS AND IDEALISTS.
III. THE WOMANLY WOMAN.
IV. THE PLAYS.

(An Analysis and Description of *Brand*, *Peer Gynt*, and of each of Ibsen's Prose Dramas.)

V. THE MORAL OF THE PLAYS.
APPENDIX.

(Dealing with the difficulties which attend the impersonation of Ibsen's characters on the stage in England.)

"Intentionally provocative . . . Mr. Shaw's *Quintessence of Ibsenism* is vigorous, audacious, and unflaggingly brilliant. Most people think what they imagine they ought to think. Mr. Shaw is of the few who think their own thought. His determination to go over everything again, and to state all his opinions in unhackneyed terms, even if they tally exactly with current expressions, has resulted in one of the most original and most stimulating essays we have read for a long time. As an expression of individual opinion, it would be difficult to beat it in power and fluency."—*The Speaker*.

London: WALTER SCOTT, LIMITED, Paternoster Square.

DRAMATIC ESSAYS

(3 VOLS.).

Edited by WILLIAM ARCHER and ROBERT W. LOWE.

Crown 8vo, Cloth, Price 3s. 6d. each.

VOL. I.

DRAMATIC ESSAYS BY LEIGH HUNT.

Selected and Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by WILLIAM ARCHER and ROBERT W. LOWE. With an Engraved Portrait of Leigh Hunt as Frontispiece.

This Volume contains the Criticisms collected by LEIGH HUNT himself in 1807 (long out of print), and the admirable articles which he contributed more than twenty years later to "The Tatler," and never republished.

"All students of drama and lovers of 'the play' will welcome the admirably produced volume of *Dramatic Essays by Leigh Hunt*, selected and edited by Mr. Archer and Mr. Lowe, with notes, and an extremely interesting introduction written by Mr. Archer."—*The World.*

VOL. II.

SELECTIONS FROM THE CRITICISMS OF WILLIAM HAZLITT.

Annotated, with an Introduction by WILLIAM ARCHER, and an Engraved Portrait of Hazlitt as Frontispiece.

"A book which every one interested in the history of the London stage will prize highly, and will not only read with pleasure, but will desire to have always by them for purposes of reference."—*Scotsman.*

VOL. III. IN PREPARATION.

SELECTIONS FROM THE DRAMATIC CRITICISMS OF JOHN FORSTER (hitherto uncollected), GEORGE HENRY LEWES, and WILLIAM ROBSON.

London: WALTER SCOTT, LIMITED, Paternoster Square.

IN THE SCOTT LIBRARY.

Crown 8vo, Cloth Elegant, Price 1s. 6d. per vol.

THE PLAYS OF RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN. Edited, with Introduction, by RUDOLF DIRCKS.

PLAYS AND DRAMATIC ESSAYS. By CHARLES LAMB. With an Introduction by RUDOLF DIRCKS.

SCHILLER'S WILLIAM TELL. Translated, with an Introduction and Notes, by MAJOR-GENERAL PATRICK MAXWELL.

SCHILLER'S MAID OF ORLEANS. Translated, with an Introduction, Appendix, and Notes, by MAJOR-GENERAL PATRICK MAXWELL.

COMEDIES BY ALFRED DE MUSSET. Translated and Edited, with an Introduction, by S. L. GWYNN.

THE INSPECTOR-GENERAL (or "Revizor"). A Russian Comedy. By NIKOLAI V. GOGOL. Translated from the original, with Introduction and Notes, by ARTHUR A. SYKES.

IN THE CANTERBURY POETS.

Square 8vo, Cloth, cut and uncut edges, Price 1s. per vol.

DRAMAS AND LYRICS OF BEN JONSON. (Selected.) With an Essay, Biographical and Critical, by JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

PLAYS OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. (Selected.) With an Introduction by J. I. FLETCHER.

POEMS AND PLAYS OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH. With Introductory Sketch, Biographical and Critical, by WILLIAM TIREBUCK.

GOETHE'S "FAUST" (BAYARD TAYLOR'S TRANSLATION), with some of the Minor Poems. Edited, with an Introductory Notice, by ELIZABETH CRAIGMYLE.

The last two Vols. may be had in Art and White Cloth, with Photogravure Frontispieces, price 2s. per vol.

London: WALTER SCOTT, LIMITED, Paternoster Square.

MR. GEORGE MOORE'S NEW NOVEL.

Cloth, Crown 8vo, Price 6s.

ESTHER WATERS: A Novel.

BY GEORGE MOORE.

"Strong, vivid, sober, yet undaunted in its realism, full to the brim of observation of life and character, *Esther Waters* is not only immeasurably superior to anything the author has ever written before, but it is one of the most remarkable works that has appeared in print this year, and one which does credit not only to the author, but the country in which it has been written."—*The World.*

"As we live the book through again in memory, we feel more and more confident that Mr. Moore has once for all vindicated his position among the half-dozen living novelists of whom the historian of English literature will have to take account."—*Daily Chronicle.*

"It may be as well to set down, beyond possibility of misapprehension, my belief that in *Esther Waters* we have the most artistic, the most complete, and the most inevitable work of fiction that has been written in England for at least two years."—A. T. Q. C. in *The Speaker.*

"Hardly since the time of Defoe have the habits and manners of the 'masses' been delineated as they are delineated here. . . . *Esther Waters* is the best story that he (Mr. Moore) has written, and one on which he may be heartily congratulated."—*Globe.*

"Matthew Arnold, reviewing one of Tolstoi's novels, remarked that the Russian novelist seemed to write because the thing happened so, and for no other reason. That is precisely the merit of Mr. Moore's book. . . . It seems inevitable."—*Westminster Gazette.*

OTHER NOVELS BY GEORGE MOORE.

Crown 8vo, Cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

A DRAMA IN MUSLIN. Seventh Edition.

A MODERN LOVER. New Edition.

A MUMMER'S WIFE. Twentieth Edition.

VAIN FORTUNE. New Edition. With Five Illustrations by Maurice Greiffenhagen.

Second Edition, Crown 8vo, Cloth, 6s.

MODERN PAINTING. By George Moore.

"Of the very few books on art that painters and critics should on no account leave unread this is surely one."—*Studio.*

"His book is one of the best books about pictures that have come into our hands for some years."—*St. James's Gazette.*

"A more original, a better informed, a more suggestive, and, let us add, a more amusing work on the art of to-day, we have never read than this volume."—*Glasgow Herald.*

London: WALTER SCOTT, LIMITED, Paternoster Square.

Crown 8vo, about 350 pp. each, Cloth Cover, 2s. 6d. per vol.
Half-polished Morocco, gilt top, 5s.

COUNT TOLSTOÏ'S WORKS.

The following Volumes are already issued—

A RUSSIAN PROPRIETOR.

THE COSSACKS.

IVAN ILYITCH, AND OTHER STORIES.

MY RELIGION.

LIFE.

MY CONFESSION.

CHILDHOOD, BOYHOOD, YOUTH.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF WAR.

ANNA KARÉNINA. 3s. 6d.

WHAT TO DO?

WAR AND PEACE. (4 VOLS.)

THE LONG EXILE, AND OTHER STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

SEVASTOPOL.

THE KREUTZER SONATA, AND FAMILY HAPPINESS.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN YOU. 2s. 6d.

Uniform with the above.

IMPRESSIONS OF RUSSIA.

BY DR. GEORG BRANDES.

London: WALTER SCOTT, LIMITED, Paternoster Square.

RETURN TO ➡ **CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT**
202 Main Library

LOAN PERIOD 1 **HOME USE**	2	3
4	5	6

ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS

RENEWALS AND RECHARGES MAY BE MADE 4 DAYS PRIOR TO DUE DATE.
LOAN PERIODS ARE 1-MONTH, 3-MONTHS, AND 1-YEAR.
RENEWALS: CALL (415) 642-3405

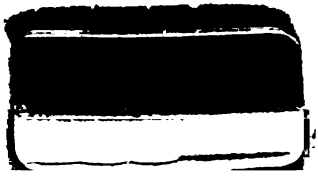
DUE AS STAMPED BELOW

AUTO DISC OCT 0 8 1987		
MAY 3 0 2000		

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY

FORM NO. DD6, 60m, 1/83 BERKELEY, CA 94720

YB 74354

U.C. BERKELEY LIBR

C004069390